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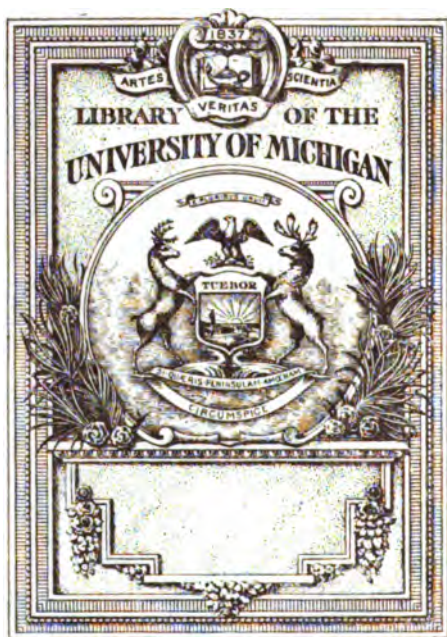
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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
HALF-YEARLY VOLUME



EDITED BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE
AND
ARTHUR INNES.

NEW SERIES.—XIV.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1897.

LAWRENCE CLAVERING.

BY A. E. W. MASON, AUTHOR OF 'THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER.'

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CHAPTER XIV.

I DROP THE CLOAK.

THE lesson, however, was lost on me, or rather, to speak by the book, had the very reverse effect to that it aimed at. For my solemnity was increased thereby. I reflected that Dorothy would never have played this trick upon an enemy, or even upon an unconsidered acquaintance, but only upon one whom she thought of as a friend. And there was the trouble. I held her in that reverence that it irked me intolerably to masquerade to her, though the masquerading was to my present advantage in her esteem. I had, of course, no thought that ever I could win her, since I saw myself hourly either doomed to the gallows, or, if I failed of that, to a more disgraceful existence. But I was fain that she should know me through and through for no better than I was; and so I wore her friendship as a stolen cloak.

Now, a thief, if the cloak galls him, may restore it. That I could not do without telling her the whole story; and the story I could not tell, since it was not I alone whose honour was concerned in it, but a woman with me. Or the thief may drop the cloak by the roadside without a word, and get him into the night. Over that alternative I pondered a long, dreary while.

But while I was yet tossed amidst these perplexities, news came to hand which quite turned the current of my thoughts.

It was the 18th day of September, and Mr. Curwen, I remember, had left Applegarth early that morning on horseback, and, though it was now past nightfall, had not yet returned; the which was causing both his daughter and myself no small uneasiness at the very time when Tash rapped upon the door. He brought me a letter. I mind me that I stood in the hall staring in front of me, holding the open letter in my hand. It seemed that I saw the lock fall from a door, and the door opening on an unimagined dawn.

'What is it?' cried Dorothy, and for a second she laid a gentle hand upon my arm.

'It is,' I exclaimed, drawing in a breath, 'it is that the Earl of Mar—the duke, God bless him! for now one may give him his proper title—has raised King James's standard at Kirk-michael in Braemar.'

Dorothy gave a cry of delight, and I joined in with it. For if the duke did but descend into England, if England did but rise to welcome him—why, there would be the briefest imprisonment for those lying under charge, whether true or false, of conspiring for King James.

Through the open doorway sounded the tramp of a horse.

'My father!' said Dorothy.

I crammed the letter into my pocket without a glance at its conclusion, and ran down the pathway to the gate. As I opened the gate Mr. Curwen rode up to it.

'I am glad to have this chance of speaking to you alone,' said he, as he dismounted. 'I have been to-day to Whitehaven. My ship, the *Swallow*, is fitting out. I have given orders that the work should be hurried, and the crew shipped with the least delay. The *Swallow* will sail the first moment possible, and lie off Ravenglass until you come. It is an arduous journey from here to Ravenglass, but safe.'

A farm-servant came up and led away the horse.

'The *Swallow* should be at Ravenglass in six weeks from to-day,' he continued.

'But, sir,' said I in a whisper, though I felt an impulse to cry the news out, 'there will be no need, I trust, for the *Swallow*. There is the grandest news to tell you;' and I informed him of the contents of my letter.

Mr. Curwen said never a word to me, but dropped upon his knees in the pathway.

'God save the King!' he cried in a quavering voice, and

the fervour of it startled me. His hands were clasped and lifted up before him, and by the starlight I saw that there were tears upon his cheek. Then he stood up again and mopped his face with his handkerchief, leaning against the palings of the garden fence. 'Mr. Clavering, I could add with a full heart, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," but that there is work even for an arm as old and feeble as mine.' At that he stopped, and asked, in a very different tone of trepidation, 'Does Mary Tyson know?'

'Miss Dorothy does.'

'Ah, of course, of course,' he said with resignation. 'It is all one;' and he walked slowly up the path. At the door he turned to me, and set a hand on my shoulder. 'There is work, Mr. Clavering, for the feeblest arm?' he asked wistfully.

Now, all my instincts urged me to say 'Yes,' but, on the other hand, I remembered certain orders which had been given to me in a very decided voice, so that I stood silent. With a sorrowful shake of the head, Mr. Curwen passed through the door.

'Maybe you are right,' said he, disconsolately; and then, 'But the question is worth proving'—this bracing his shoulders and making a cut in the air with an imaginary sabre. However, Mary Tyson bustled forward to help him off with his great-coat, and scolded all the boldness out of him in the space of a minute, drawing such a picture of the anxiety into which his early outgoing and late home-coming had thrown the household, as melted him to humility.

'It was to do me a service,' said I, interposing myself.

'And the more shame to you,' says she, bluntly; 'white hairs must wait on young legs!' and off she flung to the kitchen.

It was not until the following morning that Dorothy made allusion to his absence.

'I went on business to Whitehaven,' he replied with a prodigious wink at me, which twisted the whole side of his face—his daughter could not but have observed it—'though the business might have waited;' and he added hurriedly, 'However, I bring a message for you, my dear, for I chanced to meet old Mr. Aislabie in the street, and he sent his love to Miss Cherry-cheeks.'

'Cherry-cheeks!' cried she, indignantly, 'Cherry-cheeks! How dare he? Is it a bumpkin, a fat country milk-maid he takes me for?'

'My dear,' said Mr. Curwen, with the gentlest spice of raillery, 'you certainly deserve the charming title now.'

She said no more concerning the journey to Whitehaven, being much occupied with her indignation. Once or twice I heard her mutter, 'Cherry-cheeks!' to herself, but with a tone as though her tongue was too delicate for the gross epithet, and, as if to disprove its suitability, she sailed in to dinner that day with her hair all piled and builded on the top of her head under a little cap of lace, and a great hoop petticoat of silk, and the funniest little shoes of green and gold brocade with wonderful big paste buckles and the highest heels that ever I saw. Nor was that the whole of her protest. For though, as a rule, she was of a healthy, sensible appetite, now she would only toy with her meat, protesting that she could not eat a bit.

'I have no doubt,' says I, 'but what you are troubled with the vapours,' and got a haughty glance of contempt for my pains. And after dinner what does she do but sit in great state in the drawing-room, with her little feet daintily crossed upon a velvet cushion, fanning herself languidly, and talking of French gowns, as the latest Newsletter represented them, and the staleness of matrimony, and such-like fashionable matters.

'But no doubt,' says she with a shrug of the shoulders, and a pretty voice of insolence, 'Mr. Clavering will marry;' she paused for a second. 'And what will the wife be like?'

I was taken aback by the question, and from looking on her face, I looked to the ground or rather to the velvet cushion by which I happened to be sitting. It was for that reason, that not knowing clearly what I should say, I answered absently—

'She must have a foot.'

'I suppose so,' she replied, 'and why not two?'

'Yes!' I continued slowly, 'she must certainly have a foot.'

'And maybe a head with eyes and a mouth to it,' says she; 'or does not your modesty ask so much?'

'I wonder you can walk on them at all,' said I.

The heels were popped on the instant demurely under the hoop petticoat.

'Owl,' she said in a very soft, low, reflective voice, addressing the word in a sort of general way to the four walls of the room.

'Miss Cherry-cheeks,' said I, in as near the same tone as I could manage.

She rose immediately, the very figure of stateliness and dignity, swam out of the room, without so much as a word or a

nod, and, I must suppose, went hungry to bed ; for we saw no more of her that night.

For the next few days, as may be guessed, we lived in a great excitement and stress of expectation at Applegarth. Mr. Curwen would get him to his horse early of the morning, now rather encouraged thereto than dissuaded, and ride hither and thither about the country side, the while his daughter and I bided impatiently for his return. I cannot say, however, that the information which he gleaned was a comfort to compensate us for the impatience of our waiting. From Scotland, indeed, the news was good. We heard that the Earl of Mar was gathering his forces at the market-town of Moulin, and that the sixty men who proclaimed King James at Kirkmichael were now swelled to a thousand. But of England—or rather of those parts of it which lay about us—it was ever the same disheartening story that he carried back, a story of messengers buzzing backwards and forwards, betwixt a poor handful of landlords, and, for the rest, of men going quietly about their daily work. Once or twice, indeed, he returned uplifted with a rumour that the towns of Lancashire were only waiting for the Scottish army to march into England, before they mounted the White Cockade ; on another occasion he satisfied us with a fairy-tale that the insurgents had but to appear before the walls, and Newcastle would forthwith open its gates ; and at such times the old panels of the parlour would ring with laughter, as doubtless they had rung in the old days after Atherton Moor, and I would sit with a heart unworthily lightened by a thought that I might escape the payment which was due. But for the most part I had ever in my mind Lord Derwentwater's word about the pawns, and those yet earlier forebodings of my kinsman Bolingbroke. It seemed to me, indeed, that in this very rising of the Earl of Mar's, I had a proof of the accuracy of his forecasts. For he had sent word that the rebellion would be deferred, and here were the orders reversed behind his back. Moreover, we heard that the French King had died upon September 1st, and that I counted the most disheartening of calamities.

In this way, then, a week went by. On the evening of the eighth day, being the 25th September, I was leaning my elbows on the gate of the little garden, when I heard a heavy step behind me on the gravel. I turned, and there was Mary Tyson. It seemed to me that she was barring the path.

'Good-evening, Mary,' said I, as pleasantly as possible.

'I am wishing for the day,' said she, 'when I can say the same to you, Mr. Clavering.'

'And why?' said I, in astonishment. 'It is no doing of mine that Mr. Curwen rides loose about the country-side.'

'It is not of the father I am thinking,' she interrupted; and I felt as though she had struck me.

'What do you mean?' I asked shortly.

'I know,' she said, 'this is no way for a rough old serving-body to speak to the likes of you. But see, sir,' and her voice took on a curiously gentle and pleading tone, 'I remember when she couldn't clinch her fist round one of my fingers. It's milk of mine, too, that has fed her, and it's honey to my heart to think she owes some of her sunshine to it. I've seen her here at Applegarth grow from baby to child, and from child to woman. Yes, woman, woman,' she repeated; 'perhaps you forget that.'

'No, indeed,' said I, perplexed as to what she would be at; 'it was the first thought I had of her.'

'Then the more blame to you,' she cried, and speech rushed out of her in a passion. 'What is it that you're seeking of her—you that's hunted, with a price on your head? What is it? what is it?' And she stretched out her great arms on either side of her as though to make a barrier against myself. 'Ah, if I were sure it would bring no harm on her, you should have the soldiers on your heels to-morrow. Many and many's the time I've been tempted to it when I've spied you in the orchard or on the lake. I have been sore tempted to it—sore tempted! What is it you want of her? It's the brother's clothes you are wearing, but is it the brother's heart beneath them?'

'Good God, woman!' I cried, dumfounded by her words.

She stood in the dusk before me, her grotesque figure dignified out of all knowledge by the greatness of her love for Dorothy. The very audacity of her words was a convincing evidence of that, and at the sight of her the anger died out of my heart. If she accused me unjustly, why, it was to protect Dorothy, and that made amends for all. Nay, I could almost thank her for the accusation, and I answered very humbly—

'I am like to get little good in my life, but may I get less when that is done if ever I had a thought which could disparage her.'

'And how will I be sure of that?' asked Mary Tyson.

‘Because I love her,’ said I.

An older man would have made, and a more experienced woman would have preferred, perhaps, a different answer ; but I suppose she gauged it by the depth of her own affection. It struck root in a responsive soil.

‘Ay, and how could you help it !’ she cried, with a little note of triumph in her voice. But the voice in an instant deadened with anxiety. ‘You will have told her?’

‘Not a syllable,’ says I. ‘I am, as you say, a man with a price on his head. I may be mated with an axe, but it is the only mate that I can come by.’

She drew a deep breath of relief, and hearing it I laughed, but with no merriment at my heart. She took a step forward on the instant.

‘Well, and I am sorry,’ said she, ‘for you are not so ill-looking a lad in the brother’s clothes.’ It was a whimsical reason, but given in a voice of some tenderness. ‘Not so ill-looking,’ she repeated, and at that her alarm reawakened. ‘But there’s a danger in that !’ she cries. ‘Miss Dorothy has lived here alone, with but a rare visitor once or twice in the twelvemonths. Maybe you speak to her in the same voice you use to me.’

‘Nay,’ I interposed, and this time my laugh rang sound enough. ‘Miss Curwen treats me with friendliness—a jesting friendliness, which is the very preclusion of love.’

She bent forward a little, peering at me.

‘Well, it may be,’ said she, ‘though I would never trust a boy’s judgment on anything, let alone a woman.’

Dorothy’s voice called her from the house. She looked over her shoulder, and went on, lowering her tone—

‘Look,’ said she, ‘at these boulders here,’ and she pointed to the darkening hillside. ‘They are landmarks to our shepherds in the mist. But when the snow lies deep in winter, they will cross them and never know until they come to something else that tells them. It’s so with us. We cross from this friendliness into love, thinking there are landmarks to guide us ; but the landmarks may be hid, and we do not know until something else tells us we have crossed. And with some,’ and she nodded back towards the house, ‘there will be no retracing of the steps. Suppose you left your image with her. A treasure she will think it. It will prove a curse. You say you care for her?’

I saw what she was coming to, and nodded in assent.

‘There is the one way to show it—not to her. No, not to

her. That is the hardest thing I know, but the truest proof, that you will be content, for your love's sake, to let her think ill of you.'

Dorothy's voice sounded yet louder. She came out into the porch. Mary Tyson hurried towards her, and receiving some order, disappeared into the house. Dorothy came slowly down the path towards me.

'You were very busy with Mary Tyson,' said she.

'She was talking to me of the landmarks,' said I.

'But one cannot see them,' said she, looking towards the hillside.

I stood silent by her side. It was not that Mary Tyson's words had so greatly impressed me. I believed, indeed, that she spoke out of an overmastering jealousy for the girl's welfare. But I asked myself, since she had said so much, knowing so little of me, what would she have said had she known the truth? The temptation to set the sheriff on my path would long ago, I was certain, have become an accomplished act. Nor could I have blamed her. I was brought back to my old thought that I was wearing this girl's friendship as a thief may wear a stolen cloak.

'There is something I ought to tell you,' said I suddenly, and came to a no less sudden stop, the moment that the sound of the words told me whither I was going. 'But at this time,' I continued in the lamest of conclusions, 'I have no right to tell it you,' and so babbled a word or two more.

She gave a little quiet laugh, and instead of answering me, began to hum over to herself that melody of 'The Honest Lover.' In the midst of a bar she broke off. I heard her breath come and go quickly. She turned and ran into the house.

That night, at all events, I acted upon an impulse of which I have never doubted the rectitude. Since I could not restore to her the stolen cloak, I took that other course, and dropped it by the wayside. I wrote a brief note of thanks to Mr. Curwen, and when the house was quiet, I crept from my room along the passage, and dropping out of that window which my host had shown me on the night of my coming to Applegarth, betook me under the starshine across the fells.

CHAPTER XV.

I REVISIT BLACKLADIES.

THAT night I lay in the bracken on the hillside looking down into Ennerdale. Far below I could see one light burning in an upper window at the eastern side of Applegarth. It burned in Dorothy's chamber, and its yellow homeliness tugged at my heart as I lay there, the lonesome darkness about me, the shrill cry of the wind in my ears. The light burned very late that night. The clouds were gradually drawn like a curtain beneath the stars, and still it burned, and it was the blurring of the rain which at the last hid it from my sight.

For the next three days I hid amongst the hills betwixt Borrowdale and Applegarth. I was now fallen upon the last days of September, and the weather very shrewd with black drenching storms of rain which would sweep up the valleys with extraordinary suddenness, impenetrable as a screen, blotting out the world. The wind, too, blew from the north, bitter and cold, moaning up and down the faces of cliffs, whistling through the grasses, with a sound inimitably desolate, and twisting to a very whirlpool in the gaps between the mountain-peaks. To make my case the harder, I had come away in that haste, and oblivion of all but the necessity of my departure, that I had made little provision in my dress to defend me against the lashing of the wind and rain. I had picked up a hat and a long cloak, it is true, but for the rest, I wore no stouter covering than that suit of white which Mary Tyson had laid out for me so reluctantly. It was an unfit garb for my present life, and one that was to prove a considerable danger to me. But it was the cold discomfort of it which vexed me now. I had occasion enough to reflect on the folly of my precipitation, as I lay crouched in some draughty cave of boulders, watching the livelong day the clouds lower and lift, the battalions of the rain trample across the fells, and seeking to warm myself with the thought of that army in Scotland marching to the English borders. At nightfall I would creep down into Borrowdale, procure food from one of my old tenants who was well-disposed to me, and so get me back again to some jutting corner whence I could look down Gillerthwaite to Applegarth. But I looked in vain for the lights of the house. On the night of my departure, I saw them, but never afterwards, even when the air was of the

clearest, so that I knew not what to think, and was almost persuaded to return to the house, that I might ascertain the cause of their disappearance.

So for four days and nights, whilst an old thought shaped to a resolve. For in the pocket of my coat, I had carried away not merely the button I had discovered in the garden at Blackladies—that never left my person—but the letter Tash had brought to me from Lord Derwentwater. I had been interrupted in the reading of it by Mr. Curwen's return, and so crammed it into my pocket with some part of it unread. However, I gave very careful heed to it now.

'My own affairs,' it ran on, 'have come to so desperate a pass that I dare not poke my nose into the matter of Herbert's disappearance; I live, indeed, myself, in hourly expectation of arrest. Your servant came again to me from Blackladies the other day, and told me a watch was no longer kept upon the house.'

And since I had no knowledge that England was stirring in support of the rebellion, I determined to hazard an interview with my cousin, and so late on the fifth night climbed into the garden of Blackladies and let myself into the house as I had once seen Jervas Rookley do. I stood for a little in the parlour, feeling the darkness throb heavily about me with all the memories of that fatal night which had compassed my undoing.

Then I crossed towards the hall, but, my cloak flapping and dragging noisily at a chair as I passed, I loosed it from my shoulders and left it there. No lamp was burning in the hall, and since the curtains were drawn close over the lower windows, only the faintest of twilights penetrating through the upper panes made a doubtful glimmering beneath the roof; so that one seemed to be standing in a deep well.

The dining-room lay to my right on the further side of the hall. I made towards it, and of a sudden came sharply to a halt, my heart fairly quivering within me. For it seemed to me that the figure of a man had suddenly sprung out of the darkness and was advancing to me, but so close that the next step would bring our heads knocking against each other. And he had made no sound. As I stopped, the figure stopped. For a moment I stood watching it, holding my breath, then I clapped my hand to my sword, and the next moment I could have laughed at my alarm. For the figure copied my gesture. It was, moreover, dressed in clothes of a white colour from top

to toe, and it was for that reason I saw its movements so distinctly. But I was likewise dressed in white. The one difference, in fact, between us which I noted was a certain black sheen in which it stood framed. I reached out a hand ; it slid upon the polished surface of a great mirror.

The dining-room, I knew, opened at the side of this mirror, and I groped cautiously for the handle of the door, but before I found it my hand knocked against the key. With equal caution I opened the door to the width of an inch or so. A steady light shone upon the side of the wall, and through the opening there came the sound of a man snoring. I put my head into the room ; and there to my inexpressible relief was Jervas Rookley. He was dressed in a suit of black satin, stretched to his full length upon a chair in front of a blazing fire, his head thrown back, his periwig on the floor, his cravat loosened, his shoes unbuckled off his feet.

I closed the door behind me ; then opened it again and pocketed the key against which my hand had struck. The truth is that now that I was come into the man's presence, which I had before considered the most difficult part of the business, I now, on the contrary, saw very clearly that it was the easiest. I had not merely to come into his presence ; I had to win out of it afterwards ; and moreover I had somehow or other to twist from him the information about Mr. Herbert's whereabouts, for which I had adventured the visit.

I stepped on tiptoe across the carpet and seated myself in a chair facing him at the corner of the fireplace. Then I sought to arrange and order the questions I should put to him. But in truth I found the task well-nigh beyond my powers. It was all very well to tell myself that I was here on behalf of my remnant honour to secure the enlargement of Mr. Herbert. But the man was face to face with me ; the firelight played upon his *honest* face and outstretched limbs ; and I felt hatred spring up in me and kindle through my veins like fire. Up till now, so engrossed had I been by the turmoil of my own more personal troubles, I had given little serious thought to Jervas Rookley : I had taken his treachery almost callously as an accepted thing, and the depths of my indignation had only been stirred against myself. Now, however, every piece of trickery he had used on me crowded in upon my recollections. I might cry out within myself, 'Anthony Herbert ! Anthony Herbert !' Anthony Herbert was none the less pushed to the

backward of my mind. That honest face was upturned to the light, and my thoughts swarmed about it. I scanned it most carefully. It was more than common flushed and swollen, for which I was at no loss to account, since a bottle of French brandy stood on a little table at his elbow, three parts empty, and a carafe of water three parts full. I reached over for the bottle, and rinsing out his glass, helped myself, bethinking me that after my exposure of the three last days, its invigoration might prove of use to me.

But as I sat there and drank the brandy and watched Jervas Rookley's face, my fingers ever strayed to the hilt of my sword; I moved the weapon gently backwards and forwards so as to satisfy my ears with the pleasant jingle of the hanger; I half drew the blade from the sheath and rubbed my thumb along the edge until the blood came; and then I sat looking at the blood, and from the blood to Jervas Rookley, until at last an overmastering desire grew hot about my heart. It was no longer the edge or the point of the sword which I desired to employ. I wanted to smash in that broad, honest face with the big pommel, and I feared the moment of his awakening lest I should yield to the temptation.

Fortunately, his first movement was one that diverted my thoughts. For as he opened his eyes he stretched out his hands to the brandy bottle. It was near to my elbow, however, on the mantelpiece, and I refilled my own glass. It was, I think, the sound of the liquor tinkling into the glass more than the words I spoke to him which made Rookley open his eyes. He blinked at me for a moment.

'You?' said he, but blankly with the stupor of his sleep still heavy upon him.

'Yes!' said I, drinking the brandy.

He followed the glass to my lips and woke to the possession of some part of his senses.

'I had expected you before,' says he, and sits clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth and swallowing, as though his throat was parched.

'So I believe,' I returned. 'You had even gone so far as to prepare for me a fitting welcome.'

He was by this time wide awake. He picked up his peruke, clapped it on his head, and stood up in his stocking feet.

'Your servants, sir,' says he with inimitable assurance, 'will always honour their master with a fitting welcome, so long

as I am steward, on whatever misfortunes he may have declined.'

'I meant,' said I, 'a welcome not so much fitting my mastership as that honesty of yours, Mr. Rookley, which my Lord Derwentwater tells me is all on the outside.'

I bent forward, keeping my eyes upon his face. But not a muscle jerked in it.

'Ah!' said he, in an indifferent voice. 'Did Lord Derwentwater tell you that? Well, I had never a great respect for his discernment;' and he stood looking into the fire. Then he glanced at me and uttered a quiet little laugh.

'So you knew,' said he, easily, 'I had it in my mind, but I could not be certain.'

'I have known it——' I cried, exasperated out of all control by his cool audacity; and with a wave of the hand he interrupted me.

'You will excuse me,' he said politely; and then, 'There is no longer any reason why I should stand, is there?' and he resumed his seat and slipped his feet into his shoes. 'Now,' said he, 'if you will pass the bottle.'

'No,' I roared in a fury.

'Well, well,' he returned, 'since there seems some doubt which of us is host and which guest, I will not press the request. You were saying that you have known it——?'

'Since one evening when you showed me a private entrance into Blackladies,' I cried; and bending forward to press upon him the knowledge that he had thereby foiled himself, I added in some triumph, 'I have great reason to thank you for that, Mr. Jervas Rookley.'

He leaned forward too, so that our heads were close together.

'And for more than that,' said he. 'Believe me, dear Mr. Clavering, that is by no means all you have to thank me for;' and he very affectionately patted my knee.

'And that is very true,' says I, as I drew my knee away. 'For I have to thank you for the fourth part of a bottle of brandy, but I cannot just bring to mind any other occasion of gratitude.'

'Oh, gratitude!' says he, with a reproachful shake of the hand. 'Fie, Mr. Clavering! Between gentleman and cousins the word stinks—it positively stinks. Whatever little service I have done for you, calls for no such big-sounding name.'

His voice, his looks, his gestures were such as a man notes only

in a friend, and a friend that is perplexed by some unaccountable suspicion.

‘But you spoke of honesty,’ he continued, throwing a knee across the other and spreading out his hands. ‘It is very true I played a trick on you in coming to Paris as your servant. But it is a trick which my betters had used before me. Your Duke of Ormond got him into France with the help of a lackey’s livery. And your redoubtable Mar——’

At that name I started.

‘It is indeed so,’ he said earnestly. ‘The Earl of Mar, I have it on the best authority, worked his passage as a collier into Scotland.’

It was not, however, that I was concerned at all as to how the Earl of Mar had escaped unremarked from London. But it suddenly occurred to me, as an explanation of Rookley’s friendly demeanour, that the insurrection might be sweeping southwards on a higher tide of success than I had been disposed to credit. If that was the case, Mr. Jervas Rookley would of a certainty be anxious still to keep friends with me.

‘So you see, Mr. Clavering,’ he went on, ‘I have all the precedents that a man could need to justify me.’

‘Well,’ said I, ‘it is not the trick itself which troubles me so much as your design in executing it.’

‘Design?’ says he, taking me up in a tone of wonderment. ‘You are very suspicious, Mr. Clavering. But I do not wonder at it, knowing in what school you were brought up;’ and rising from his chair he took a pipe from the mantelshef and commenced to fill it with tobacco. ‘The suspicion, however, is unjust.’ He bent down and plucked a splinter of burning wood out of the fire. ‘You do not smoke, I believe, but most like you do now, and at all events you will have grown used to the smell.’

I started forward and stared at him. He lighted his pipe with great deliberation.

‘Yes,’ said he nodding his head at me, ‘the suspicion is unjust.’ He tossed the splinter into the fire and sat down again.

‘And how is little Dorothy Curwen?’ he asked, with a lazy, contemptuous smile.

I sprang out of my seat, stung by the contempt rather than the surprise his words were like to arouse in me. And this, I think, he perceived, for he laughed to himself. ‘Where-

upon I felt my face flush ; and that too he noted, and laughed again.

‘Then you knew,’ I exclaimed, recovering myself—‘you knew where I was sheltered!’

‘A gentleman riding down Gillerthwaite at three o’clock of the morning is a sufficiently rare a sight to attract attention. I believe that, luckily, the shepherd who saw you only gossiped to a tenant of Blackladies.’

I remembered the flock of sheep which I had seen scared up the hillside across the valley. But it was on my return from Keswick that I had been remarked—no later than a day after Rookley had striven to encompass my arrest.

‘The news,’ said I, very slowly, ‘came to you in a roundabout fashion, and took, I suppose, some time in the coming. I infer, therefore, that it came to your ears after the Earl of Mar had risen in Scotland.’

I was leaning upon the mantelpiece, looking down into his face on which the fire shone with a full light ; and just for a moment his face changed, the slightest thing in the world, but enough to assure me that my conjecture was right.

‘There are inferences, my good cousin,’ he said sharply, ‘which it is not over-prudent for a man so delicately circumstanced as yourself to draw.’

There was a note of disappointment in his tone, as though he would fain have hoodwinked me still into the belief that he stood my friend. And it suddenly occurred to me that there was a new danger in this knowledge of his—a danger which threatened not so much me as the people who had sheltered me. I resumed accordingly in a more amicable tone :

‘It was not, however, of my whereabouts that I came hither to speak to you, but of the whereabouts of Mr. Herbert.’

‘Mr. Herbert?’ says he, playing surprise. ‘What should I know of Mr. Herbert? Now, if I was to ask you the whereabouts of Mrs. Herbert, there would be some sense in the question, eh?’ and he chuckled cunningly and poked a fore-finger into my ribs. I struck the hand aside.

‘What, indeed, should you know of Mr. Herbert,’ I cried—‘you that plotted his arrest!’

‘Arrest?’ he interrupted, yet more dumfounded. ‘Plot?’

‘That is the word,’ said I—‘plot! a simple word enough, though with a damned dirty underhand meaning.’

‘Ah,’ he returned, with a sneer, ‘you take that interest in

the husband, it appears, which I imagined you to have reserved for his wife. But as for plots and arrests—why, I know no more of what you mean than does the Khan of Crim Tartary.’

‘Then,’ said I, ‘will you tell me why you paid a visit to Mr. Herbert the night before he was arrested? And why you told him that if he came to Blackladies on the afternoon of the next day he would find Mrs. Herbert and myself in the garden?’

It was something of a chance shot, for I had no more than suspicion to warrant me, but it sped straight to its mark. Rookley started back in his chair, huddling his body together. Then he drew himself erect, with a certain defiance.

‘But zounds, man!’ he exclaimed, like one exasperated with perplexity, ‘what maggot’s in your brains? Why should I send Herbert—devil take the fellow!—to find you in the garden when I knew you would not be there?’

‘And I can answer that question with another,’ said I. ‘Who were in the garden at the time Mr. Herbert was to discover us?’

‘The gardeners, I suppose,’ said he, thrusting his wig aside to scratch his head.

‘It is a queer kind of gardener that wears buttons of this sort,’ said I; and I pulled the button from my pocket, and held it before his eyes in the palm of my hand.

He bent forward, examined the button, and again looked at me inquiringly.

‘I picked it up,’ I explained, ‘on a little plot of trampled grass in the Wilderness on the next morning.’

Rookley burst into a laugh and slapped his thighs.

‘Lord! Mr. Clavering,’ he cried, and rising from his chair he walked briskly about the room, ‘your button is something too small to carry so weighty an accusation.’

‘Nay,’ I answered, smiling in my turn, ‘the button, though small, is metal solid enough. It depends upon how closely it is sewn to the cloth of my argument. It is true that I picked up the button on the morning that the soldiers came for me but I was in the house on the afternoon before, and I saw——’

Jervas Rookley stopped in his walk, and his laughter ceased with the sound of his steps.

‘You were in the house?’ His mouth so worked that he pronounced the words awry. ‘You were in the house?’

‘In the little parlour which gives on to the terrace.’

Had I possessed any doubt before as to his complicity, the

doubt would have vanished now. He reeled for a moment as if he had been struck, and the blood mottled in his cheeks.

'The house-door may be left open for one man, but two men may enter it,' said I.

'You saw?' He took a step round the table and leaned across the corner of it. 'What did you see?'

I took up a lighted candle from the table.

'I will show you,' said I, and walked to the door.

He followed me, at first with uncertain steps. The steps grew firm behind my back.

They seemed to me significant of a growing purpose—so in the hall I stopped.

'We are good cousins, you and I,' said I, holding the candle so that the flame lighted his face.

'Without a doubt,' says he, readily. 'You begin to see that you have mistaken me.'

'I was thinking rather,' said I, 'that being good cousins, we might walk arm-in-arm.'

'I should count it an honour,' said he, with a bow.

'And it will certainly be a relief to me,' said I. And accordingly I took his arm.

We crossed the hall into the parlour. The window stood open, as I had left it, with the curtains half drawn. Rookley busily pushed them back while I set the candle down. The sky had cleared during the last half hour, and the moon, which was in its fourth quarter, hung like a globe above the garden.

'I met Mr. Herbert in the hall,' said I, 'just outside this room. We had some talk—of a kind you can imagine. He went down the steps with his sword drawn. There he dropped his cloak, there he slashed at the bushes. Between those two trees he passed out of sight. I stepped out into the terrace to follow him, but before I had reached the flight of steps, I heard a pistol crack and saw a little cloud of smoke hang above the bushes there. I found the button the next morning at the very spot, and near the button, the pistol. It was Mr. Herbert's pistol. That,' said I, 'is my part of the story. But perhaps if we go back to the warmer room you will give me your part. For I take it that you were not in the house, else you would have heard my voice, but rather in the garden. You made a great mistake in not looking towards the terrace, my cousin.' And again I took his arm, and we walked back.

I was, indeed, rather anxious to discover the whereabouts of

Rookley during that afternoon, since so far I had been able to keep Mrs. Herbert's name entirely out of the narrative. If Jervas Rookley had been in the garden during the afternoon, and had only returned to the house in time to intercept Lord Derwentwater's letter concerning the French King's health, and had thereupon ridden off to apply for a warrant against me, why, there was just a chance that I might save Mrs. Herbert from figuring in the business at all.

Rookley said nothing until we were got back into the dining-room, but walked thoughtfully, his arm in mine. I noticed that he was carrying in his left hand the cord by which the curtains in the little parlour were fastened. He stood swinging it to and fro mechanically.

'Your suspicions,' said he, 'discompose me. They discompose me very much. I gave you credit for more generosity;' and lifting up the brandy bottle, he held it with trembling hands betwixt himself and the candle.

'I am afraid that it is empty,' said I.

'If you will pardon me,' said he, 'I will even fetch another.'

He laid the cord upon the table, advanced to the door and opened it wide. I saw him slide his hand across the lock.

'The key is in my pocket,' I said.

He looked at me with a sorrowful shake of the head.

'Your suspicions discompose me very much,' and he came back for a candle. I noticed too that he carelessly picked up the cord again.

'I think,' said I, 'that I will help you to fetch that bottle;' and I went with him into the hall.

There was something new in the man's bearing which began to alarm me. He still used the same tone of aggrieved affection, but with an indefinable difference which was none the less very apparent to me. His effort seemed no longer to aim at misleading me, but rather to sustain the pretence that he was aiming to mislead me. It seemed to me that since he had become aware of what I knew concerning his treachery he had devised some new plan, and kept his old tone to hinder me from suspecting it. I noticed, too, a certain deliberateness in the indifference of his walk, a certain intention in the discomposure.

In the hall he stopped, and setting down the candle upon a cabinet, turned to face me.

'Why did you come with me?' he asked gently.

'I did not know but what you might call your servants, and, as you put it, I am delicately circumstanced.'

He raised his hands in a gesture of pity.

'See what suspicion leads a man to! My servants hold you in so much respect that if I harboured designs against your safety, to call my servants would be to ruin me.'

I was inclined to believe that what he said was in a measure true, for I remembered the interview which I had had with Ashlock in the steward's office, and the subsequent consideration which had been shown me.

Then, 'Look!' I cried of a sudden, pointing my arm. Right in front of me on that vacant space of the wall amongst the pictures hung the portrait of Jervas Rookley.

Rookley started ever so little and then stood eyeing me keenly, the while he swung round and round in a little circle the tassel of the curtain cord.

'You prate to me of suspicions,' I cried, 'there's the proof of their justice. This estate of Blackladies I held on one condition—that you should receive no benefit from it. We jogged side by side, you and I, cousins with hearts cousinly mated in the same endeavour! You still profess it! Then explain to me: how comes it the Whigs leave you alone, you stripped of your inheritance because of the very principles which outlawed me? Explain that, and I'll still believe you. Prove that you live here without the Government's connivance, I'll forget the rest of my suspicions. I'll count you my loyal friend. Only show me this: how comes it that I make my bed upon the bracken, and you lord it at Blackladies? Your presence the common talk, your picture staring from the walls?' and in my rage I plucked my sword from the sheath, and slashed his portrait across the face, lengthwise and breadthwise, in a cross.

The tassel stopped swinging. His shoulders hunched ever so little, his head came forward, the eyes shone out bright like beads, and his face tightened to that expression of foxy cunning I had noted before in mid Channel between Dover and Dunkirk.

'It is a gallant swordsman,' he said, with a sneer, 'and a prudent too.'

'He looks to the original,' I cried, 'to give him the occasion of imprudence;' and I faced him.

'There is a better way,' said he, with the quietest laugh, and he sprang back suddenly to the cabinet on which the candle

stood. 'We will make a present of a Michaelmas goose to King George.'

I saw his hand for an instant poised above the flame, red with the light of it; I saw his figure black from head to foot, and at his elbow another figure white from head to foot, the reflection of myself in the mirror by his side; and then his palm squashed down upon the wick.

The hall fell to darkness just as I made the first step towards him. I halted on the instant. He could see me, I could not see him! He had thrown off the mask; he had proclaimed himself my enemy, and he knew where I had been sheltered. It was that thought which slipped into my mind as the darkness cloaked about me, and made me curse the folly of my intrusion here. I had hazarded not merely myself, but Dorothy and her father. He could see me, I could not see him, and the outcome of this adventure struck at Dorothy.

I stepped backwards as lightly as I could, until the edge of a picture-frame rubbed against my shoulder-blades, and so stood gripping my sword-hilt, straining my ears. Across the hall I seemed to hear Rookley breathing, but it was the only sound I heard. There was no shuffle of a foot; he had not moved.

Above me the twilight glimmered beneath the roof; about me the chamber was black as the inside of a nailed coffin. If I could only reach the windows and tear the curtains back! But half the length of the hall intercepted me, and to reach them I must needs take my back from the wall. That I dared not do, and I stood listening helplessly to the sound of Rookley's breathing. In that pitch-dark hall it seemed to shift from quarter to quarter. At one moment I could have sworn I heard his breath, soft as a sigh, a foot's length from me; I could almost have sworn I felt it on my neck; and in a panic I whirled my sword from side to side, but it touched nothing within the half circle of its reach. My fears indeed so grew upon me, that I was in two minds whether or no to shout and bring the servants about me. It would at all events end the suspense. But I dared not do it. Jervas Rookley distrusted them. But how much more cause had I! I could not risk the safety of Applegarth upon their doubtful loyalty. And then a sharp sound broke in upon the silence. It set my heart fluttering and fainting within me by reason of its abruptness, so that for a moment I was dazed and could not come at the

reason of it. It was a clattering sound, and, so far as I could gather, it came from the spot where I had last seen Jervas Rookley standing. It was like—nay, it *was* the sound of a shoe dropped upon the boards. I know not why, but the sound steadied, though it appalled me. It spoke of a doubled danger and cried for a doubled vigilance. Rookley could not only see my white figure; he could move to it noiselessly, for he was slipping off his shoes.

I listened for the creak of a board, for the light padding sound of stockinged feet, for the rustle of his coat; and while I listened, I moved my sword gently in front of me, but my sword touched nothing and my ears heard nothing. Yet he must be coming—stealthily stepping across the hall—I felt him coming. But from what quarter would he come? During those seconds of waiting the question became a torture.

And then a momentary hope shot through me. When he put the candle out his sword was in the scabbard. He had not drawn it, since I had listened so strenuously that I must have heard. However carefully he drew it, a chain would clink; or if not that, the scabbard might knock against his leg; or if not that, there would be a little whirr, a sort of whisper as the blade slid upwards out of the sheath.

There was still a chance, then. At that point of the darkness from which the sound should come I would strike—strike the moment I heard it, with all my strength, down towards the floor. I tightened my fingers about my sword-hilt and waited. But it was a very different noise which struck upon my hearing, a noise that a man may make in the dragging of a heavy sack. I drew myself up close to the wall, setting my feet together, pressing my heels against the panels. The sound filled me with such terror as I think never before or since I have known the like of. For I could not explain it to myself. I only knew that it was dangerous. It seemed to me to come from somewhere about midway of the room, and I held my breath that I might judge the better on its repetition. After a moment it was repeated, but nearer, and by its proximity it sounded so much the more dangerous. I sprang towards it. A sobbing cry leapt from my lips, and I lunged at a venture into the darkness. But again my sword touched nothing, and with the force of that unresisted thrust I stumbled forward for a step or two. My cry changed into a veritable scream. I felt the fingers of a hand gently steal about each of my ankles and then tighten

on them like iron fetters. I understood ; halfway across the room Rookley had lowered himself full-length upon the floor and was crawling towards me. I raised my sword to strike, but even as I raised it he jerked my feet from beneath me, and I fell face forwards with a crash right across his body. My sword flew out of my hand and went rolling and clattering into the darkness. My forehead struck against the boards, and for a moment I lay half stunned. It was only for a moment, but when that moment had passed, Jervas Rookley was upon me, above me, his arms twined about mine and drawing them behind me, his knees pressed with all his might into the small of my back.

‘We will truss the goose before we send it to King George,’ said he.

(To be continued.)

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

AN OLD RAILWAY ROAD-BOOK.

NAMELY, 'Drake's Road-Book of the Grand Junction Railway, from Liverpool and Manchester to Birmingham.' The book was issued very promptly after the completion of the line. Manchester and Liverpool had been connected September 15th, 1830. The Grand Junction Railway, which put Liverpool and Birmingham into direct communication, joined the earlier line at Newton-le-Willows, and was opened July 4th, 1837, a fortnight after our Queen's accession. Its Birmingham terminus was located at 'Curzon Street, at a station adjoining that of the London and Birmingham Railway.' But London was not yet in working connection with the Midland capital, for a notice is found at the end of the Preface that 'Arrangements are made on the part of Coach Proprietors, by which passengers may secure places in Liverpool and Manchester for London and other parts south of Birmingham by coaches, which will await the arrival of the trains at Birmingham.' Our Queen's reign has witnessed practically the whole growth of the now so gigantic L. and N. W. system from such small beginnings.

The enterprising publisher, 'James Drake, 52, New Street (opposite the Theatre), Birmingham,' has been induced to offer his work to the public by 'the evident want of an efficient and amusing Road-Book of the Grand Junction Railway.' To modern readers the little volume—which is quite a superior thing in its get-up, with an engraved map, and copperplate trade-advertisements—is 'amusing' in a way not intended by its editor and publisher. At the date of our book both publisher and readers feel, and are ingenuous enough to show, almost the pretty, frank, open-eyed astonishment of our children at what was then all so novel. There is more than a dash of fear, too, for such sharp lessons as the death of Huskisson were still fresh in the public memory. Railroads were risky things to meddle with! And this frankly simple astonishment as of the child is

clothed in the stately, formal, dignified language which sat so well upon our grandsires, but is as utterly gone out to-day as the cut of their clothes. A touch of rather ponderous pleasantry is no doubt intended in the following paragraph ; but the whole style of the publication forbids our writing it down as only inflated, penny-a-line, journalistic, local guide-book English. 'Onwards we go, under and over many a bridge of great and small degree ; for the railroad even renders a common dirty gutter a thing of so great importance, that a stately and ponderous arch must be erected for its insignificant accommodation ! Verily we grow aristocratic in our indignation at such upstart doings. The honourable fraternity of Ditch, Gutter, and Co., may, with a good grace, quote the old fable, and exclaim, "How we apples swim !" They are marvellously promoted since "a hundred years ago."'

At that early date, however, there were persons who would on no account betray wonder at even a railroad. 'The Station-House of the Grand Junction Company is situated near, and in the same area with the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Offices, in Lime Street, Haymarket. To a stranger coming into the station-yard for the first time, the whole scene is one of great novelty : the long train of treble-bodied coaches, waiting for passengers and baggage ; the bustle and animation of the host of porters, guards, conductors, etc. ; the amazement depicted on some of the faces of the lookers-on ; the state of "intellectual complication" evinced by others, especially those who, having various items of property to convey with them, are tremblingly solicitous for the welfare of sundry "red-striped carpet-bags"—trunks with "wrapping over," bandboxes which will be ruined by a drop of rain, and fish-baskets which have a mortal antipathy to be squeezed. Other important-looking passengers make up their minds to take things as a matter of course, and not betray any vulgar surprise ; and from their extremely overdone *nonchalance*, would fain persuade you they had made a journey round the globe in a first-rate train, and reached the antipodes by a tunnel. These valiant and adventurous individuals are by far the most severe sufferers by the new cigar act, passed by the company, for which the unsmoking part of the community, especially the fair sex, are greatly indebted.'

These new railways are introducing new and fearsome words into the language. Mr. Drake thus apologises :—'This word

cutting is an inelegant term, which does not fall into our prose with ease, but we cannot avoid it, belonging, as it does, to railroad phraseology.' Our Road-Book wavers between 'railway,' which has become English, and 'railroad,' which settled down into being American. The 'platforms' were at that date occasionally 'parades.' When there were any platforms; for we find suggestions of such elementary arrangements at roadside stations, as the traveller may still find on the Northern Railway of the Isle of Man, or on the 'toy railways' of North Wales. The carriages are 'coaches,' which is still their official designation. Evidently they are thought of precisely as are the stage-coaches, which at different points 'connect' with the Grand Junction route. Like the stage-coach, 'each train is provided with Guards, and a Conductor, who is responsible for the order and regularity of the journey.' It is a far cry from the North-Western guard of our times to his predecessor in times earlier than even our Road-Book, when passengers and mails were under the care of a literal 'guard,' armed to protect the coach against the perils of highwaymen. In old prints and drawings the very pattern of the painting of the sides of the carriages shows very clearly that they are really two, or three, of the old coach bodies mounted end to end upon one set of wheels. In the evolution of the modern carriage, the widening, 'to seat five,' disguises the fact that each compartment is one stage-coach, In our little book the first-class carriage only seats three on each side, as the coach did, and the first-class 'mail' carriage only two. Steam horses have taken the place of flesh and blood cattle, but the passenger is riding in a coach as before. A notice which still appears upon some time-tables is also a survival of the old order; it stands thus in Mr. Drake's volume:—'Passengers will be booked only conditionally upon there being room on the arrival of the Trains, and they will have the preference of seats in the order in which they are booked.' This is the omnibus system of Paris now, and in the easy-going, leisured coach times, so rudely to be thrust aside by these bustling railways, it had been common enough that, if there were no places in the coach when it arrived, another coach or another route must be tried, or even the journey deferred in hope of better luck with the 'machines' of the following day. In these pages the word 'omnibus' is seen struggling to become naturalised. What should its plural be? 'The station is a mile distant from the town of Wolverhampton, whence divers kinds

of vehicles, varying in dignity from post-chaises and landaus to caravans and omnibi (as a refined friend of ours pluralises these universal conveyances), are sent for the conveyance of passengers from the trains to their further destinations.' We have settled the point then under discussion—'vans' and 'busses.'

For the 'amusement' of his readers, Mr. Drake provides anecdotes which to our ears lose nothing of their amusing quality by the stilted dialect in which they are told. When the passenger is entering Warwickshire from Staffordshire, at Witton Bridge, he finds this story attached to the neighbourhood he is traversing. 'All Grand Junction patrons must be gratified to find such expectations'—of ugliness and ruin everywhere, because of railways—'so pleasingly disappointed in the cheerful aspect of the fields, groves, and little running brooks, closely bordering on the excavations or embankments. Cattle are quietly feeding just on the other side of the fence, and gay wild-flowers already enamel the newly made banks. Sometimes, certainly, a horse or a cow may be abruptly interrupted in a quiet meditation by the rapid rushing by of a *Centaur* or *Alecto*, with its lengthened *tail* of many ponderous joints (beside which even the "Liberator's" were brief indeed). One accident, very singular, if true, occurred lately. A certain luckless individual of the pig family, having too far indulged an imprudent spirit of investigation on the Bilston portion of the line, had his curly conclusion very summarily amputated by a passing train; he turned round briskly to ascertain the extent of the calamity, when another train whirling along in an opposite direction, coming in contact with his head, put a period to the enterprising animal's existence by an instant decapitation. We might draw a wise and serious moral from this "cutting" event, but the fact presents a sufficient warning to all persons inclined to incur the penalty of two pounds in sterling coin, and limbs *ad libitum*, for the sake of a promenade on the forbidden ground.' Here once more there is, of course, the endeavour after pleasantry, but the publisher provides in all seriousness for the traveller who is passing Madeley this 'amusing' fact: 'An eccentric, named Samuel Stretch, noted for his penurious habits, bequeathed, in 1804, a great bell, to be tolled every night at eight o'clock, as a guide to persons wandering about at such late and improper hours, he having accidentally fallen into a ditch, the consequences of which disaster eventually caused his death.'

The simplicity which as yet characterised all the arrangements of the railway and its working is often quaintly apparent. 'All persons are requested to get into and alight from the coaches *invariably on the left side*, as the only certain means of preventing accidents from trains passing in an opposite direction.' But 'at Shallowford Bridge a person is generally stationed with a red flag, to give a signal for trains to slacken their speed at this part, if cattle are passing at the time.' 'So much the worse for the coo,' no doubt; but at Shallowford the cow takes precedence of the train. At Park Side station, as one goes to Manchester, 'the machine and apparatus for supplying the engines with fuel and water is well worth observing, though with great caution, as there are five lines of rails in this place; and the difficulty of escaping from a coming train is no small one to a stranger, who, standing upon or among them, would find himself greatly bewildered in any emergency. The horrible death of Mr. Huskisson may be a salutary warning to the adventurous.' The vision of curious and not too careful sightseers straying at will over the complexity of five lines of rails, whilst trains are about, belongs to another age than ours. '*Five lines!*' We have seen Clapham Junction.

The old order and the new stand in pathetic contrast and competition. 'Prior to the construction of the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, seventy stage-coaches passed through Warrington daily; now only *five* run.' Mr. Drake feels the real pathos of the change as he describes 'Hay House, a small, old, brick building close to the line of railway on the east,' near Madeley. 'One cannot help feeling an odd sort of commiseration for these ancient abodes of the last generation, which had stood and grown old and grey, in the once quiet and out-of-the-world nooks, where the convenience of the farmer or the retired taste of the small country squire had located them; and now to see the iron ribs of the innovating railroad carried up to their very threshold, has something of sadness in it, even in the midst of our modern pride and gratulation. It is like pert youth, exhibiting and vaunting of its strength and valorous deeds to decrepit and helpless age. But what have we to do with such dreams! Locomotives wait for no man's fancies, and we must e'en follow their course.' These impudent, puffing little steam-tugs must tow off the picturesque, but antiquated uselessness of the venerable *Temeraires*. A few pages further on a real poem is found in Mr. Drake's prose. 'The next small

representation of a village is Mill Meese, with its old mill standing close beside the line ; the water-mill wheel, formerly accustomed to have no rival sound to interrupt its rumbling, splashing solo, now seems woefully outdone by the rapidly rolling trains, and lifts up its unheard voice in vain.'

'James Watt, Esq., the present proprietor of Aston Hall, has expended ten thousand pounds in preventing the line of railroad from passing through his park.' But our Road-Book reminds us that even so good a Conservative as Wordsworth, and such a lover of Nature, can see the good and the poetry in the new order of things. His sonnet is prefixed to Drake's preface :

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

'Motions and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling ; not for this
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss !
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art ; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother, Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.'

Dipping in here and there, we come upon curious odds and ends. 'Times and manners are somewhat changed' in Liverpool 'since 1617, when one of the orders of the Common Council demanded "that every councilman shall come to council *clean-shaved*, and in his long clothes." Slander and gossip was very severely punished by the civic dignitaries, it being a law, "that if any man speak ill of the mayor he shall lose his freedom."' Mrs. Hemans, who was born in Liverpool, is described as 'the gentle-minded and truly feminine poet.' Does every Liverpool resident know where to find the almost forsaken St. Paul's Church? It may assist his discovery to read that it is in lat. 53° 22' 30" N., and long. 2° 57' 0" W. In an earlier quotation, we saw evidence that the editor was no lover of tobacco, and when speaking of the trade of the port on the Mersey, he notes that 'tobacco is also imported to an *alarming* extent. The average quantity annually introduced for the contamination of

our atmosphere being 7623 *hogsheads*. What a fearful store of materials for smoking the brains and dusting the nostrils of our fellow creatures !' (He seems to be quite serious.)

'The staple trade' of Manchester 'is the' cotton manufacture, which, in all its branches, is carried on *to an almost incredible extent*.' The Grand Junction Company pay £20,000 per annum for their running powers over the Manchester and Liverpool line. When the writer comes to his own Birmingham, he very fully discusses its name,—of the spelling of which *one hundred and forty-five* variations had been traced,—its history, and its many-sided modern prosperity. Of its literary life he particularises the Old Library, in Union Street, with a valuable collection of forty thousand volumes ; and the New Library, in Temple Row, a smaller and more recent establishment. 'Both are handsome and suitable buildings ;' and he adds that 'divers conglomerations of novels, called "Circulating Libraries," also exist for the benefit of the sentimental.' Another new word for another new thing. Does any oldest inhabitant of Wolverhampton remember 'in the centre of the market-place, a cast-iron column, forty-five feet high, surmounted by a large gas lantern, which was intended by its sanguine projector to enlighten the whole town and its suburbs ; but, alas for the great designs of short-sighted humanity !—its sphere of usefulness is unfortunately restricted to the attic and chamber windows of the houses immediately contiguous.' Those who know the Runcorn of to-day will hardly realise that when Queen Victoria came to the throne, it was said in a veracious guide-book that 'Runcorn is a place of considerable resort for bathing, and is recently much enlarged and improved by handsome buildings, etc.'

The trains are 'First Class' and 'Mixed.' The former 'consist of coaches carrying six inside, and of mails carrying four inside, one compartment of which is convertible into a bed-carriage, if required'—not as a 'sleeper,' but as an invalid carriage. The 'Mixed Trains' consist of 'both first and second-class coaches, the latter affording complete protection from the weather, and differing only from the first-class in having no lining, cushions, or divisions of the compartments.' Only the Mixed Trains stopped at intermediate stations ; First Class were already 'fast trains.' Both kinds of carriages have seats on the roof, for the accommodation of those who preferred to ride outside—another remainder of the habits of coaching times.

The heavy baggage* is also loaded up upon the roof, but 'passengers are requested to keep charge of their small packages, by placing them under their Seats instead of on the roof of the Coach.'

The Time Tables are simplicity itself. For example :—

TIME OF STARTING AT THE RAILROAD.

'Travelling by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 1837.

'The following are the Times of Departure, both from the Lime Street Station, Liverpool, and from Liverpool Road Station, Manchester.

First Class.	Second Class.
7 o'clock.	7½ o'clock.
9 "	10 "
11 "	12 "
2 "	3 "
5 "	5½ "
7 "	* 7 " Stopping only at Newton.

* Except on Tuesdays and Saturdays, when the Evening Second Class Train from Manchester starts at six o'clock instead of half-past five o'clock.

ON SUNDAY.

First Class.	Second Class.
8 o'clock.	7 o'clock.
5 "	5½ "

This is supplemented by tables for many intermediate places, similar to the A B C pages of our Guides of to-day. The Birmingham and Newton Service consisted of some half-dozen trains each way daily—four First Class and two Mixed. To the time-table above reprinted there is added the following schedule of fares :—

FARES [BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER].

	s.	d.
By First Class Train—Four Inside—Royal Mail	... 6	6
Ditto Six Inside—Glass Coach	... 5	6
By Second Class Train—Glass Coaches 5	6
Ditto Open Carriages	... 4	0
Charge for the Conveyance of Four-Wheeled Carriages	20	0
Ditto Two-Wheeled Ditto	15	0
HORSES.—For One Horse, 10s.; Two Horses, 18s.; Three Horses, 22s.		

* It is not yet a settled question whether 'baggage' or 'luggage' is to survive for common use.

The early volumes of *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News* preserve for us the 'open carriages' specified in the list of fares. A few readers may be old enough to remember them; literally like cattle-trucks, without seats or roof, and certainly not, like the Second Class 'glass coaches,' guaranteed to give 'complete protection from the weather.' But nothing in our little volume is more curious than the following official regulation :—

'Passengers intending to join the Trains at any of the stopping-places are desired to be in good time, as the Train will leave each Station as soon as ready, without reference to the Time stated in the Tables, the main object being to perform the whole journey as expeditiously as possible.'

H. J. FOSTER.

PLUTARCH'S HEROES.

CHAPTER I.

THE IDEA OF HEROISM. THE *LIVES*.

WHAT is a hero? The popular conception of the term would certainly limit it to those who, in a situation of transcendent difficulty and trial, have borne themselves with fortitude, and either nobly fallen or hewn out an escape the incidents whereof dazzle and amaze us.'

That, we think, is the common notion of heroism, and it is a relic of the days when physical courage of the highest sort was the most precious quality in man. It is, however, safe to assert that never in any community intelligent enough to appreciate its own needs or the effect on its destinies of different classes of action, has the idea of heroism presented itself simply as the triumphant assertion of brute force divorced from lofty motive.

Such a phenomenon arouses fear, distrust, anything but admiration, and it is fitly symbolized by an ogre, like the stupid, savage, overgrown Cyclops, from whose greedy jaws and longing for revenge Ulysses, wisest of the Greeks, was fain to help himself by mixing with the fleecy ewes. To the primitive imagination a being of this order is the natural foil to the true hero, the dark background which imparts an added brilliancy to the flower of human excellence. In the days of the Crusades, Christians and Saracens, unable to impeach each other's valour, bandied to and fro accusations of cannibalism; and, singularly enough, the minstrels and romancers, whether in irony or in earnest, accept this hateful imputation on behalf of their generous patron, Cœur de Lion.

'King Richard shall warrant,
There is no flesh so nourissant,
Unto an Englishman,
Partridge, plover, heron, ne swan,
Cow nor ox, sheep ne swine,
As the head of a Sarazyne.'

Without doubt the real meaning of this avowal is that it marks the extreme of alienation. The probability of quarter from one who actually prefers one's flesh to all other delicacies is evidently very remote. To devour an enemy is the seal and consummation of victory; it is the final opportunity, the uttermost exaction, of vindictive and pitiless might; to the victim the antithesis, to the philosopher the caricature of heroism. Gentleness, the disposition to pity—this it is which, more than anything else, divides the hero from the villain, the man from the monster.

To assert this is not to disparage force, which, properly directed, is the condition of all progress, and, in the end, a bounteous source of happiness and well-being. Mere strength, however, whether of body or spirit, is only the basis of the quality we are discussing; it is not the quality itself. As Mr. Ruskin has observed, the virtue of the soldier is seen in his readiness to die, not in his aptitude to slay; and mercenaries, valuable as tools, have always been treated to a certain measure of scorn and detestation as the assassins of politics and war. Unselfishness, devotion to a person or a cause, is a main element in heroism.

Moreover, heroism varies in proportion as it is more or less conscious. Let us be careful here. We do not, of course we do not, refer to the strut of the *petit militaire*, nor to gross Falstaffian boastfulness. What we intend is a perception of the risks to be faced, and the reasons which make it worth while to face them. The postulate would not, of necessity, include minute details or questions of tactics. With regard to these it might frequently be—

‘Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die.’

Still the broad principle remains. The members of the Light Brigade were not cattle, nor, we may be sure, was it Tennyson's design to represent them as such. The supposition is absurd. But may they not have been good soldiers only, acting under the stress of professional habit and discipline? That is not the opinion of their countrymen. The men, it is held, were heroes, and could only have behaved as they did under the spell of a superior inspiration. What, then, does this signify? Manifestly, that they ‘charged for the guns,’ not merely in obedience to a command, but for the honour of their regiment, the final success

of the cause, the glory of the British name. Delete these motives, and the heroism is gone; the charge resolves itself into a madcap adventure, collective suicide, or a *battue* of slaves.

Modern developments, without in the least impairing the value of courage as a general factor of life, have widened and in some ways transformed its area. The 'foughten field' is no longer the sole, nor even the most common, ground for the display of heroism. The virtues which make the good fighter are those which ensure success, if not distinction, in the battle of every day; and, as it is the tendency of words to follow things, the terms 'hero' and 'heroism' have come to be used of other than soldiers. For the variation Carlyle, no doubt, is in part accountable; but the cause must be sought, deeper than mere fashion, in the conditions of the age, and, connected therewith, a juster appreciation of the conflicts which are the cradle and crucible of true greatness.

From these general ideas we now turn to the particular opinions entertained by Plutarch. Concerning these we do not know that there is in all the wide range of his writings a more illustrative passage than is contained in the proem to the Life of Dion. He is here apologizing, as it were, for bracketing the Siceliote with Cato the Younger, and for assigning to them equal honour. They have, he says, many traits in common, especially in the matter of education. If Dion was a pupil and personal associate of Plato the Athenian sage, Cato had been bred up on his doctrines, and 'so,' he adds, 'from the same practising-school they went forth to contests the most tremendous.'

Proceeding, he defines the principle to which both subscribed, and for which they were indebted to their common master. It is that 'in order that public actions may be invested with beauty and greatness' (or, as we should say, combining both ideas, 'grandeur'), 'it is requisite that power and accident should unite with discernment and righteousness for the same end.' Finally, he returns to the figure embodied in the word 'contests.' It is the same as St. Paul uses—the ordeal of the Olympic games; and, in one of those homely, and no less happy, illustrations so congenial to this writer, he tells us that Hippomachus the trainer used to say that he could recognise an old pupil at almost any distance, though he were carrying meat from the market. Thus does Plutarch insist on a good education as the spring of heroism, or, to speak as the Greeks did, of fine conduct.

With reference to the simile, special point is given to it by

the circumstance that the word 'hero,' though of Greek origin, would not have been chosen by the average writer in that language to express what we understand, either in the larger or more restricted sense, by that term. He would undoubtedly have employed some metaphor drawn from the national games; and if he had selected, contrary to the Greek manner, a substantive, it would not improbably have been a word familiar enough to English ears, though, with us, severely limited in meaning—'athlete.'

We claim therefore that, in speaking of Plutarch's 'heroes,' we are not indulging in a perverse or cant use of the term, but are accurately reflecting the mind of the writer. On this, however, something remains to be said. It is Plutarch's distinction that he 'views life steadily, and views it whole.' Isolated actions like that of Leonidas seem not to impress him, except as the outcome of a system or as the climax of a career. The title of admission to a place among his heroes is conspicuous and continuous service to the State.

And, indeed, no higher test was required. Between soldier and civilian, save in the case of slaves, was no sharp division. The orator of to-day might be the general of to-morrow; and the warrior-statesmen whom Plutarch loved to portray were exposed, not only to the rage of the public enemy, but to the malignity of personal and political foes. The greatest of them all fell by the hands of patriotic and conscientious friends! In conditions like these a man needed to be a hero not once, nor twice, but for a lifetime; in other words, from first to last the great essential was character.

Contemporary journalism has either invented or adapted an expression which is particularly apt for our purpose. We allude to the compound—'character-sketch.' Plutarch's *Lives* are, in the best sense, character-sketches. Now the modern variety derives much of its interest from the fact that it is an estimate of a living person, candid, discriminating, inflexibly just—at any rate, in profession. That is to say, it sets itself to forestall the verdict of posterity. How far such an attempt can succeed, it is out of our province to inquire, but it is evident that the task is beset by grave difficulties and temptations. With party conflicts still in progress, and men and women ranged under hostile banners, it is not easy to divest one's self of habitual prejudice and discover the clue to apparently tortuous conduct. And then, in this sensation-loving age, who is not conscious of

the powerful incentives which exist for springing on the public a totally novel view of a man's motives and actions, which the writer himself may not accept, but which serves the purpose of attracting notice and provoking discussion?

Whatever opinion may be formed of the justice of these remarks, it is certain that Plutarch approached his colossal undertaking from the standpoint of an historian in time sufficiently remote to allow of dispassionate inquiry. If we omit the biographies of Galba and Otho as seemingly unrelated to his original design, the series of *Lives* include none later than Julius Cæsar and his circle; and though we cannot ascertain the precise year in which Plutarch was born, nor the date of his death, nor the season of life to which his voluminous works belong, we know that he was a student in A.D. 66 at Delphi. Therefore he treats of events at least a hundred years old.

What were his qualifications? That they were considerable is clear from his constant and universal popularity. Moreover, Plutarch as a writer is unique. Antiquity produced no other Boswell, and its one Boswell served, in a sense, for all the might-have-beens. The truth seems to be that he wrote at a time when, as he thought, the world had grown old, the great days were over, and Nature was incapable of engendering any more heroes. Good people always fancy that the age in which they live is degenerate beyond precedent. The Elizabethan moralists would, if we heeded them, compel us to the belief that men in their day were decaying at an alarming rate, were mere pigmies in comparison with their fathers. It was in this temper, apparently, that Plutarch set about his task, and he performed it so perfectly that he could not be superseded, and became the norm.

No wise person would dream of placing a biographer, however skilful or fascinating, on an equal pedestal with a great poet, though it is open to any one to maintain that a good biographer is better than—what the gods are said peculiarly to detest—a middling poet. The rarity, however, of good biographers suggests that they share at least one characteristic with the more ethereal bard—in that they are born, not made. No one will prove a first-rate biographer who has not, developed to an abnormal degree, an innate love of gossip. This may seem a hard saying to those accustomed to class biography with history, and to think of both as essentially dignified and severe. That there are biographies—nay, a foison of them—answering to this

description we are not concerned to deny, but their title to exist is more doubtful.

What is gossip? Surely it is the making known of petty facts. But when a great man is in question, even petty facts loom large; they cease to be petty. The hero is dead. He has rendered to the world those services—in soldiery or politics, in literature or art—of which he is capable, and the broad results of his activity are seen in new conditions of life, or recorded in what used to be called ‘civil history.’ But the world is never surfeited with such a man, and treasures up the outward marks of his personality as symbols. What was he like? How did he dress? What were his amusements? And, always, what were his *bons mots*? Genius may find scope here, but if so, it must be genius of a peculiar order. Often the work is best performed by a heaven-born dunce.

Horace Walpole notwithstanding, a quality almost as important in a biographer as the love of gossip, is a certain simplicity. The old adage bidding us speak nought but good of the dead is inadmissible here—in its bald letter; but its spirit cannot be transgressed with impunity. Captious and cynical estimates, inspired by personal motives—ambition, envy, hope of delighting the gallery—‘are of the earth and pass away.’ Of their authors it may be said, ‘they have their reward.’

He who would write biography that shall live, and from which the latest posterity will turn with pleasurable regret, must be capable of reverence. We are tempted to go further, and say that this should be his average mood, his habitual cast of mind, for it has, we trust, been assumed that we do not include compilers of Newgate Calendars. On the other hand, it is likely that a harmless vanity, a paternal pride in his performances, if they do not distort his perspective, will not hinder his ascent to the stars. For, after all, a man must have some motive. And, again, vanity (of the harmless sort) shall make a man *naïf*.

There is, we think, plenty of evidence that Plutarch possessed, in full measure, that most excellent gift of simplicity, which, be it observed, is by no means to hint that he was a fool. That ‘simplicity’ and ‘foolishness’ should tend to become synonyms is a powerful argument for the doctrine of original sin or the natural perversity of the species. But seeing that, after the most careful explanations, remnants of the bad, vituperative meaning may still cleave to the word, it is well, perhaps, to drop the equivoque and reach at our aim another way.

Plutarch, then, was certainly a good man—what the French call ‘honest;’ that is, a single-minded, whole-hearted sort of person. In support of this assertion, we might appeal at large to the general tenor of his writings; but, inasmuch as this mode of verification is rather cumbrous, and for the present also unnecessary, we will content ourselves with noting one highly characteristic action.

There was singularly little romance about the marriage relations of the Greeks. The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is almost, if not entirely, alone as a record of marital devotion. At Athens, to live and die in obscurity was the lot of virtuous women. But Plutarch was genuinely attached to his helpmeet, and when their baby daughter Timoxena died, he wrote a letter of consolation, which we still have, inscribed to ‘his own wife.’ There is, we confess, a touch of pedantry in this, though it is gracefulness itself compared with a course of perpetual repression. Apart, however, from the question of taste, which in truth is somewhat irrelevant, this epistle shows him to us as he was—an affectionate husband, a tender parent, and a good man.

Herein he contrasts with many of his heroes, of whom it might be said, as Mr. Birrell has said of Carlyle’s, ‘they drove coaches-and-six through the Ten Commandments.’ He reminds us, perhaps, most of all, of the gentle Richardson, and in a confidential moment he might even have agreed with the sentiment of the adorable Harriet, ‘What, my dear grandmamma, is the boasted character of most of those who are called heroes to the unostentatious merit of a truly good man? In what a variety of amiable lights does such an one appear? In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his fellow-creatures?’

Be that as it may, Plutarch was before all things a moralist. Nothing appears to have been of much consequence to him unless he could turn it to the use of edifying. The point may be raised whether a person of such virtuous inclinations was not of necessity [deficient in worldly wisdom. *A la bonne heure* Plato has forestalled this objection. In a passage of the *Republic* he discusses the propriety of sending young men into life, their heads stored with moral precepts, but practically strangers to the vileness of human nature. Trained in this way, might they not fail in a real knowledge of things and find themselves worsted in every encounter by the common swindler, the accomplished rogue?

At first, the philosopher replies, this might be so ; but sooner or later experience would put them on their guard, and in time they would learn to appraise men's actions far more justly than those who, having been too early inoculated with evil, are apt to discern the serpent's trail even in what is pure and innocent. Another result, clearly, would be to stimulate interest in character as submitted to the tests of the actual and always unforeseen. The whole of life would resolve itself into drama.

In the first century of our era the gentle art of 'interviewing' was still unknown, but in Plutarch's case there is little reason to bemoan the fact. Owing to that *naïveté* which is one of this writer's principal charms, particulars which would now be drawn from an author by a subtle process of catechising, come out quite naturally in the course of the narrative. Thus, in his 'Life of Alexander,' he confides to us the valuable secret of his art.

'I do not,' he says, 'write histories, but lives ; nor do the most conspicuous acts of necessity exhibit a man's virtue or his vice ; but oftentimes some slight circumstance—a word or a jest—shows a man's character better than battles with the slaughter of tens of thousands and the greatest arrays of armies and sieges of cities. Now, as painters produce a likeness by a representation of the countenance and the expression of the eyes, without troubling themselves about the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to look rather into the signs of a man's character and thus give a portrait of his life, leaving others to describe great events and battles.'

Such was Plutarch's conception of his office. We do not say that he was always faithful to it, but it doubtless served as a guiding principle. The difficulty in these cases lies not so much in the framing of abstract rules as in the application of them. As the domestic proverb expresses it, 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating.' If flattering testimonials be at all to the purpose, Plutarch can abide this test. Theodore Gaza, to adduce one instance out of many, remarked that if all books were lost, and he might recover one, it should be Plutarch. And, in our own generation, Emerson has spoken of this writer in exceptionally handsome terms.

With regard to his intellectual outfit, Plutarch was steeped in all the culture of the time. He quotes, it is said, no less than two hundred and fifty authors, most of whose works have perished. On the other hand, he is not scientific or exact. On

the subject of Roman institutions he often mistakes. But who cares? We do not go to Plutarch for technical information. His are leisurely books, for leisurely moments; and their leisureliness shows itself in nothing more than in those charming digressions of which there are so many, such, for example, as the chat about ghosts in the *Life of Dion*. Therefore do we cordially assent to Dryden's sagacious remarks in the preface to his translation:—

‘I have always,’ he says, ‘been pleased to see him and his imitator Montaigne when they strike a little out of the common road; for we are sure to be the better for their wanderings. If we mark him more narrowly, we may observe that the great reason of his frequent starts is the variety of his learning; he knew so much of Nature, was so vastly furnished with all the treasures of the mind, that he was uneasy to himself, and was forced, as I may say, to lay down some at every passage, and to scatter his riches as he went. Like another Alexander or Adrian, he built a city or planted a colony in every part of his progress, and left behind him some memorial of his greatness.’

Externally, what strikes us most in these biographies is their parallelism. The life of a noble Greek is first traced; and then a famous Roman, whose career is supposed to offer points of resemblance, is introduced to our notice. Finally, we are regaled with a formal comparison, in which the distinguished pair are considered together, and their merits and demerits effectively displayed. By this means we are occasionally led to see that even heroes may be very human, and thereby to take encouragement to persevere in the face of obstacles.

There is doubtless something forced and artificial in this method, but it is not difficult to see how it came to be adopted. The Romans had achieved the physical conquest of the Greeks; the Greeks, the intellectual conquest of the Romans. The two peoples, though possessing each its separate characteristics, felt themselves as one when contrasted with the outer barbarians. The parallelism of Plutarch's *Lives* is a recognition of this fact. We may also see in it a patriotic tribute to the ancient glories of his race, which acquire, as it were, fresh lustre by being exhibited side by side with the proud traditions of the victors.

In this connection we are minded to do a good turn to the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D.D. Probably but few readers ever heard of him, but a century ago his was a name to conjure with. The copy of the ‘*Essays, Moral and Literary*,’ from

which we are about to quote, belongs to the fourteenth edition, and we believe there were later editions; at any rate, with our great-grandfathers, Dr. Knox was enormously popular. An old-fashioned scholar, he had a somewhat rigid style, and his canons of criticism were decidedly exacting. With reference to Plutarch, after some complimentary admissions, he proceeds:—

‘But his judgment seems not to have been always strong enough to manage the unwieldy mass of the materials he had assembled. He indulged the weakest superstition. He is ever relating stories which Horace calls *ANILES*, or the tales of old women. Merely for an ostentatious display of erudition, he digresses beyond all reasonable limits. His idea of drawing parallels was excellent; and he has sometimes drawn them admirably, though, as the critics say, not without a partiality to his own countrymen. They have convicted him of this unphilosophical attachment in the comparison between Tully and Demosthenes, Cato and Aristides, Sylla and Lysander, Marcellus and Pelopidas.’

This is a serious indictment, which we cannot pause to investigate here. It is sufficient to observe that the rationale of the method is stated, though not very exhaustively, in the opening chapter of the *Life of Sertorius*, and amounts to this: either the ingredients of history are limited, or they are unlimited. If limited, it follows that, in the course of ages, the same things must happen over again. If unlimited, then the number of events resembling each other will correspond to the variety of possible combinations and permutations, since a common element might be present in an infinity of distinct occurrences. It is singular that the first result of this complex and ingenious argument is to establish some connection between one-eyed persons and successful generalship. But—how about Nelson?

F. J. SNELL.

(To be continued.)

THE ECCENTRIC PRINCE.

THE moonlight fell full upon the Prince's face, and he stirred restlessly, and presently opened his eyes. The beautiful room in which he slept, was all flooded with silvery light, which came pouring in through high-arched windows, and lay in misty, slanting beams across his bed.

The Prince raised himself on his pillows and looked about him.

The lilies on the grass-green quilt shone white as frosted snow. The bed hangings, heavy with needlework of silver, were wrought with a daisy-powdered border, whose tiny stars were almost as plainly visible as in the light of day.

Soft radiance, and softer shadows, made the dim, rich room full of mystery.

Huge chests, studded with precious stones, which alone caught the light, loomed in far corners. Most of the arras on the walls was shrouded in gloom, but here and there a brilliantly lighted, irregular square of woven scenes and figures—birds and beasts, and deep forests, and strange flowers springing through thick grass—emerged from the darkness.

The lamp that hung by twisted silver chains from the vaulted roof, burnt low, like a great red star almost quenched by the moonbeams.

Through the open casement opposite, the Prince saw clustering boughs, hanging motionless against the deep night sky, and as he listened, there came to his ears, a gentle, dreamy murmur of leaves whispering in their sleep.

His lute lay on a window-seat, and presently, as a breeze sighed past, its strings shivered into a little, musical cry. The Prince started. For a moment he could not tell whence the sound came. The lute spoke with such a human voice, that he found his heart beating quicker before the long wail died.

He tossed impatiently on his gold-fringed pillows. Sleep

was banished beyond recall, and he rose, dressed himself, and opening wider one of the casements, leant from the sill.

The palace garden was beautiful as a garden in a dream. Its groves of orange trees, thickets of oleanders, and long, smooth lawns, swept, in terrace after terrace, to a calm, blue sea, and to-night, filled with the opal light of mist and moonshine, it was more wonderful than words can say. The dreamy, glimmering haze hung about the trees, and stretched a filmy canopy above lawn and thicket, grove and dell. It lay too over the gently heaving sea, and with its luminous veil lightly shrouded the distant mountain peaks.

The Prince sighed for pleasure.

The air that rose to his window, came laden with sweet scents and caressingly touched his cheek. Hidden deep in the soft darkness of trees, streams murmured in time to the musical plash of fountains, that sprang, glimmering white, through the haze.

The scent of flowers, the murmur of brooks, the rhythmic chime of the fountains, called the Prince to come out into the moonlit garden, to walk down mysterious, chequered paths, beneath arching trees—to cross the shining lawns, where a thousand flowers stood dreaming the night away.

But he hesitated. It was such a strange, unheard-of idea, for a prince to wander in his own garden, unattended, in the silence of the night!

What might not the Lord High Chamberlain say to the King, his father? How would the news be received by his most sarcastic Highness the Lord Malignus, his tutor and Magician in Ordinary to the Court? With what mocking smiles would the beautiful ladies-in-waiting receive a prince who might almost be called eccentric?

Yes, he had much to risk. But, after all, the chances of detection were small. There was not the slightest suspicion of eccentricity about any one else in the palace. It was the appointed time for sleep, and therefore every curtain would be fast drawn—every room silent as the grave. The Prince determined to be bold.

A flight of marble steps led from the balcony to the first terrace, and in two minutes he was actually walking barefoot on grass soft as velvet, under wide-spreading trees.

Hundreds of nightingales called to him from the myrtle thickets. Far below, the sea faintly murmured. But it was

the overwhelming sweetness of the flowers, that drew him to where they stretched, like acres of jewelled tapestry flung across the wide lawn.

The Prince walked slowly past hedges of roses, pouring a torrent of blossoms, crimson, and white, and yellow, over balustrades of marble ; past rows of tall lilies, stretching into the distance in long, long lines of dazzling white.

As he passed the flowers, he thought involuntarily of the beautiful ladies of his father's Court. The roses reminded him of their sweet, red lips. The lily, over whose shining leaves he bent for a moment, was not whiter than the slender neck of the Lady Blanchylis.

A curious fancy seized him presently, that he was watched by thousands of soft, deep flower-eyes ; that sweet scents rose on the air to greet him ; that the roses turned on their stalks to watch him as he passed. As he went on, through the swimming opal haze, he suddenly recalled the strange cry of the lute, which had roused him to leave the palace. He paused. At his feet was a little purple flower with velvet-dark leaves, such as he had never before seen. As he bent curiously above it, a gentle sigh rose and died on the night air, and it seemed to him, that it was into deep, human eyes he was gazing.

Suddenly a voice broke the stillness. Could it really be the voice of the little purple flower ? To the Prince it sounded musical, as though every blossom that grew had enriched it with some of its own peculiar sweetness.

'Prince, you come at the fortunate moment ! Will you help us ? Will you free us ?' it asked, with trembling eagerness.

'Who are you—what are you ?' stammered the Prince ; and at the words, the white leaves of the lilies shook and trembled, and clouds of perfume rose from their cups, like incense from a thousand censers.

'As for me, I am a mortal,' said the little purple flower. 'But I intercede for the lilies and the roses, who are fairies, under the cruel spell of Maligus, greatest of magicians.'

'What have they done ?' asked the Prince, frowning, for he did not love his tutor.

'They brought good gifts to the christening of those mortals to whom he wished ill,' said the little purple flower.

And the spell ?' inquired the Prince.

'Can only be broken, if a prince, passing me at the midnight hour of this night, alone in all the year, gives me a promise——'

The voice faltered.

'And you called me to you?' broke in the Prince, eagerly.

'The wind took pity on me,' said the little purple flower, softly, 'and touched your lute, and bore the scent of the flowers, and the murmur of the streams, and the song of the nightingales to your ears, to tempt you from the palace.'

'But it was your voice in the lute,' said the Prince.

And the flower was silent.

'Tell me,' urged the Prince, 'what I can do. Malignus is powerful indeed, and in truth bears me no good will. I am all the more ready to break his pride. No matter how great the adventure, how far the journey into perilous lands—I am ready, only speak.'

A long sigh fell once more upon the air. The flowers were motionless now. The great trees overhead forbore to rustle the lightest of their leaves, even the nightingales suddenly hushed their song. There was breathless stillness while the voice spoke once again in a sort of dreamy chant, as though repeating some refrain learnt long ago.

'The charm shall cease
When the land has peace
And the people bless their king.

The Prince started back frowning. 'The people,' he echoed, 'what have I, a prince, to do with the people—the common people?'

'Nothing,' answered the voice, sadly. 'Nothing. So thought Malignus, the most high magician.'

And then a long, long sigh swept through the moonlit garden, laden with the breath of thousands of drooping flowers.

The Prince heard it, and was sad. And as he stood silent, with bowed head, he thought suddenly of the great city outside the beautiful garden, with its mean, dirty streets, and crying, hungry children, and of the old men and women who looked with sullen, evil eyes upon him, as he clattered over the cobble-paved streets on his milk-white horse, at the head of a gay train of courtiers. And then he thought of the long days in the palace, through which he turned listlessly from one idle amusement to the other, and knew not how to fill the weary hours. And as he mused, the face of Malignus, with its mocking smile, rose before him, and he pictured the scornful amusement with which he had woven a spell, that seemed impossible to break.

'Tell me,' he said, kneeling low on the grass border, 'you

are not a fairy—can I by any other means release *you* at least from enchantment?’

‘You have only to stretch out your hand and take me from my stalk,’ the little purple flower replied. And the Prince made a hasty movement.

‘Stay! wait!’ cried the little purple flower. ‘I must first be willing.’

‘And are you not willing?’ asked the Prince, in surprise.

‘Not now,’ the voice quietly answered.

‘Am I to leave you here, then? It is not always summer. There will come cold and rain. Surely you do not wish me to leave you?’

‘Leave me,’ said the little purple flower, sadly. ‘I cannot speak again for a whole year. But do not forget me. Come sometimes, though I cannot speak.’

The Prince rose slowly to his feet. Suddenly he bent over the little purple flower, and said gently—

‘I am not the King—but if through me the charm can be broken, I will release you.’

At the words all the nightingales in the palace garden broke into such rapturous song that the thickets and groves of orange and myrtle rang with their sweet voices.

They actually woke his most sarcastic Highness Malignus, the Court magician, who impatiently drew the hangings from his window just in time to see the Prince kneeling to kiss the little purple flower, in whose velvet cup there lay a drop of dew that shone like a tear.

How delicately scornful the Court ladies were next day, after the Lord Chief Magician had elegantly idled away an hour in their society! How the rough old King laughed and rallied his eccentric son! With what polished sarcasm did all the wits of the Court indicate, as plainly as they dared, that his Serene Highness was surely mad.

For the Prince threw aside the lute, on which he played only indifferently, and told the courtiers they need no longer declare him to be the finest musician in the world. He burnt all the little poems which the ladies in waiting had so rapturously recited, and bade them learn instead the verses of a real poet of the Court, whose songs no one had dared to praise while a prince deigned to compete with him. And then he went to the King, and begged his royal leave to rule the kingdom, which would one day be his own.

And the King, who, except when his coffers needed filling, almost forgot he had a kingdom at all, laughed scornfully, and bade him amuse himself as he pleased, since he had evidently lost his reason.

So the Prince went down into the narrow, dark streets of the city, and learnt why the children were so white and thin, and why the women often sat weeping within doors, and why the men raised dark, sullen faces from their work as he passed. But as time went on, their glances became less sullen, and the eyes of the children grew bright, and their cheeks rosy, and they laughed and played in clean, broad streets, and when the Prince rode through the city, they ran to meet him without fear, and patted his big, white horse, and stroked its flowing mane.

The women, too, stood at their doors in the sunshine, and smiled when he lifted his cap, with its dancing plumes, as he passed them. And the Prince grew to care more for their smiles than for those of the Court ladies, who were far more beautiful than the women of the city, and who were quite willing to be gracious, even to an eccentric prince, though they laughed at him in secret.

And the Prince knew they laughed, but did not care. Indeed, he often laughed himself, when he remembered how afraid he had once been, even to wander in his palace garden unattended, because kings' sons did not do such things.

He often wandered alone now, and sometimes he stood looking down upon the little, silent, purple flower, and then the lilies would sway lightly on their stalks, and the roses would drop their scented leaves at his feet, and after he had gone, a great drop of dew trembled on the velvet petals of the flower that was once a mortal.

So the days went on, and a year had almost passed away when the old King died. No one was sorry, though the Court went into deep mourning, and the Court poet wrote a long poem, and the Court musician composed a very difficult funeral march.

Down in the city, indeed, they openly rejoiced.

'Now the Prince will reign over us!' the little children shouted. 'To-morrow he will be crowned!'

And the next day, at the head of a train of courtiers, the new King rode through the streets of his city, the sunlight flashing on his golden crown. Before his great, white horse, which trod softly for fear of hurting them, ran the children, with gay shouts

and laughter. Since the old King's death, they had been allowed to play in the palace garden, and now they scattered roses till the pathway was carpeted softly with coloured leaves. And from the windows overhead, the women showed handfuls of flowers, and blessed the King as he passed, and the men rent the air with their cheers, and the bells clashed till the city walls rocked.

Only Malignus, the Court magician, sat silent on his coal-black horse, and scowled at the rejoicing people. And so the King entered his palace.

Late that night, when all his household slept, he stole gently into the great garden. The night was softly dark, but he knew the way so well that there was no need of moonlight to guide him, and in a few moments he stood with a beating heart before the little purple flower. A vague murmur, as of many voices, filled the air at his approach, and then sank into a sudden silence as all the palace and city clocks chimed midnight.

'Ah! dear Prince,' murmured the little purple flower, with a happy sigh. 'The charm is broken. Say only, "*You are free.*"'

And the King raised his head, and firmly repeated the words.

A moment later the garden was filled with magic radiance, lovelier than moonlight. Overhead the trees broke into sudden blossom. Every flower in the garden opened wide its scented leaves, and all the sleeping birds woke and sang wildly for joy.

The King stood speechless, while, in a rose-white cloud, thousands of shining forms sprang from the earth, and swept past him with sweet, incoherent farewells and half-uttered words of thanks. In a long trail of light they disappeared down the mysterious green alleys, or vanished in the thickets of myrtle and of orange. Their airy draperies now swayed in the wind of their passing, like roses when a breeze sets them fluttering, now gleamed like the whiteness of moonlit lilies.

At last the sweet murmur of their voices ceased, and he was alone with the little purple flower. There was a long silence.

'Why do you sigh, my Prince?' the flower said gently, at last.

'Ah! little flower,' said the King, 'my people wish me to marry, and I find no lady who loves me, and none that I love.'

'Yet I have seen the ladies of your Court,' answered the little purple flower, in a low voice. 'Surely they are very beautiful.'

'Yes—they laugh lightly, and are gay. But they think it

eccentric to love,' said the Prince. 'Once only, when, by chance I rode far in the green forest with Malignus the magician, a girl leant from the window of a poor hut. The sun was in her hair and on her face, and her eyes met mine in a long look. They were deep and dark like your velvet leaves, little flower. *She* would not think love eccentric. But I have sought her in vain since that day. Sometimes I think I shall never find her.'

Though there was no wind, the leaves of the little purple flower trembled.

'But she was only a poor girl.'

'She should have been a queen,' said the King, dreamily.

'Is it only fairies you release, my Prince?' asked the little flower, with a shaking voice; and the King knelt at once on the grass, and took the delicate stalk in his hand.

'You wish now to be set free?' he asked, and snapped the stem. Instantly a shower of velvet petals fell on the soft grass, and before him stood a slight young girl, who looked at him with eyes that were like purple flowers.

'Ah! foolish Prince!' she cried, with a smile, stretching her white hands to the King.

And then they kissed one another.

'It was Malignus who took you from me, lest I, the eccentric Prince, should marry—the sweetest lady in the world!' he cried. 'But, sweetheart, why did you choose to live away from me, out in the rain and dew, a whole long year?'

She drew herself up proudly—

'Because, poor girl though I am, I did not care to have a spoilt child for my lover, though it happened he was also a prince,' she said. 'My husband shall be a King, whom all the world honours as a *man*!'

And the King laughed for joy, and kissed her hands, and led her over the dewy lawn towards the white, moonlit palace.

NETTA SYRETT.

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

‘PAST and Present’ is a hackneyed phrase easily spoken, and often carelessly heard, but to those who will be at the trouble to push aside the canvas, so to speak, on which the modern Roman paints his life, and seek the older picture in the gloom of the past, a rich store of interest reveals itself, and many a present custom will be seen to take its origin from heathen superstition; often, indeed, pagan rites are repeated in Christianised garb in the identical localities where first they sprang into being. Ask the citizen of to-day why he does such and such a thing on a stated anniversary, year after year, and he will probably profess utter ignorance of any cause for his queer customs which have survived the changes of nineteen centuries. I have been tempted to trace, with some minuteness, the connection of a few of the more commonplace instances where these links with the long-forgotten pagan or mediæval past are thrust upon the notice of such as have eyes to see.

Every visitor to Rome becomes familiar with the city’s device of a she-wolf suckling two infant children, the embodiment of the myth concerning the early days of Romulus and Remus, the traditional founders of the city; but do many realise that the wolves kept in a cage on the ascent to the capitol from the Piazza Ara Cœli are the living representatives of that tale? There they pace round and round their narrow den, rousing many a thrill of pity from kindly hearts. At the foot of the other slope of that same Capitoline, in the depression between it and the Palatine, rises the circular church of S. Teodoro, or, as the populace style him, ‘S. Toto,’ built on the site of the temple of Romulus which sheltered the bronze she-wolf of pagan times, to whose shrine the matron of those days bore her sickly little one, since touching the wolf was believed to heal infantile diseases; to-day the *contadina* carries her baby to the same

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church to be healed of its ailments by special prayers to S. Toto! At one time, the caged wolves were replaced by a lion; provision for his keep was made in the '*Statuti Romani*,' under the head of *Custos Leonis*, with the addition clause '*quum leo in Capitolio vixerit*' (as long as the lion shall live on the Capitol); probably lions proving difficult to keep permanently, wolves were substituted, and who shall say how long they will continue?

Till quite recently the Pifferari were wont to appear during Advent to play before the shrines of the Virgin and Child. These peasants, whose appearance heralded the approach of winter, were clad in picturesque costume of sheepskin breeches, red waistcoats, blue jackets, conical felt hats adorned with peacocks' feathers, or a scarlet cord and tassels, historic sandals bound with interlacing cords up to the knee, and a cloak of dark homespun thrown over their shoulders; they came down from their mountain homes in the Abruzzi, just as the days grew shortest, wending their way to the cities, and played quaint melodies at every wayside shrine on the road, in glad welcome of the Madonna and the coming Messiah. They always went in couples, one playing the *zampogna* (bagpipe) as an accompaniment to the *piffero* (shepherd's pipe); from being sung for nine days consecutively their song was called a *novena*. In the long, dark evenings 'the sound of their instruments resounded through the streets of Rome wherever there was a shrine—whether at the corner of the streets, in the depths of the shops, down little lanes, in the centre of the Corso, in the interior court of the palaces, or on the stairways of private houses,' and simple pastoral strains called up memories of the shepherds journeying to salute the Divine Child in the manger at Bethlehem.

So much for the present; now to turn back: the month of December was dedicated by the ancients to Saturn, and was given up to the wild festivities and follies of the '*Saturnalia*,' many of whose striking characteristics linger in the modern carnival customs, such as the throwing of flowers and sweets (*confetti*), masquerading, masked balls, and general uproar and revelry; the *Moccoletti* especially (when every one carries a lighted taper, and tries to blow out his neighbour's, while guarding his own from a like fate) is nothing more than a survival of the Saturnalian *Cerei*, while the choosing of a mock king at twelfth night, as well as the 'maskings and mummings' that once formed part of our own English Christmas amusements, are but reproductions of the reversed orders of Society practised during

the Saturnalia, when masters and slaves changed places, the former waiting on the latter, who were allowed unlimited license and freedom for the time being. The advent of those days was publicly announced by strolling musicians, who congregated in the towns; these are the *zampognari* of our day; but yet another link remains to be noticed, for December 25th, a day formerly observed [as the festival of the god *Sol* (Sun), was chosen as most appropriate for celebrating the anniversary of the Coming of the Light of the World; indeed, one of the ancient names for Christmas was 'the Feast of Lights.' The Saturnalia were postponed till after Christmas and the New Year, but the strolling musicians continued to come, and transferred their homage to the 'King of Kings.' For centuries many and varied superstitions were associated with this festival; it was supposed that bread made on Christmas Day could never become mouldy; evil spirits became powerless; that the lower orders of creation join in the universal rejoicing—cattle kneeling in their stalls, bees singing in their hives, and cocks crowing throughout Christmas night, quaint and poetic fancies which sprang from a credulous but simple faith in days when the true Light was only dawning, and men's minds were still wrapped in the mists of past ignorance, though their hearts burnt with love and zeal.

Close upon Christmas follows the Eve of the Epiphany or Twelfth night, which is to the children of Rome what Christmas Eve is to us. It is then that the *Befana* (a corruption undoubtedly of *Epifania*) comes with her presents; this personage is neither merry and male, like Santa Claus, nor beautiful and childlike, like the *Christ kindchen*, but is described as a very tall, dark woman, ugly, and rather terrible, who comes down the chimney on the Eve of the Epiphany, armed with a long *canna*, and shaking a bell, to put playthings into the stockings of the good children, and bags of ashes into those of the bad. It is a night of fearful joy to the little ones. When they hear her bell ring they shake in their sheets, for the *Befana* is used as a threat to the wilful, and their hope is tempered by a wholesome apprehension. The celebration of Epiphany is of very ancient date, instituted about 350 by Julius I. The gifts, which it is the universal practice of Christendom to present to children at Christmas and Twelfth night, are but symbols of the treasures brought to the Infant Christ by the wise men. In some parts of Italy, it is also a superstition that at midnight on the Eve of the Epiphany sheep have the power of speech: '*le pecore la notte de Befana*'

favellano.' As far back as the twelfth century, mysteries and *pia spectacula* were given, representing the visit of the kings to Christ and the flight into Egypt . . . ; in later times, these celebrations were travestied by the Befana, who went through the streets accompanied by persons carrying burning brooms or sheaves of straw, ringing bells, and blowing horns and whistles. The burning broom was not without significance, for, according to some legend, it is said, an old woman who was engaged in cleaning the house when the three kings passed carrying their presents to the Infant Christ, was called to the window to see them, but being too intent on the worldly matters of the household, she declined to intermit her sweeping, saying, 'I will see them as they return.' Unfortunately the kings did not return by the same road, and the old woman is represented as waiting and watching for them eternally ; she is, in fact, a sort of female wandering Jew, who never lays aside her broom. . . . But the great festival of the Befana takes place on the Eve in the Piazza di S. Eustachio, and a curious spectacle it is ! The Piazza itself, and all the adjacent streets, are lined with booths covered with every kind of plaything for children. These booths are gaily decorated with rows of candles, and the three-wicked brass lamps of Rome, and at intervals painted posts are set into the pavement, crowned with pans of grease, and a wisp of tow for wick, from which flames blaze and flare about. Besides these, numbers of torches carried about by hand lend a wavering and picturesque light to the scene. By eight o'clock in the evening, crowds begin to fill the Piazza ; long before one arrives, the squeak of penny trumpets is heard at intervals ; but in the Piazza itself the mirth is wild and furious, and the din that salutes one's ears on entering is deafening. The object of every one is to make as much noise as possible, and every kind of instrument for this purpose is sold at the booths. There are drums beating, tambourines thumping and jingling, pipes squeaking, watchmen's rattles clacking, penny trumpets and tin horns shrilling, the sharpest whistles shrieking, and mingling with these is heard the din of voices, screams of laughter, and the confused burr and buzz of a great crowd. On all sides you are saluted by the strangest noises ; instead of being spoken to, you are whistled at. Companies of people are marching together in platoons, or piercing through the crowd in long files, and dancing and blowing like mad on their instruments ; it is a perfect witches' sabbath. Here, huge dolls dressed as Pulcinella

or Pantaloon are borne about for sale, or over the heads of the crowd great black-faced jumping jacks, lifted on a stick, twitch themselves in fantastic fits; or, what is more Roman than all, long poles are carried about strung with rings of hundreds of *ciambelle* (a light cake), which are screamed for sale at a *mezzo baiocco* each. The toys are very odd, particularly the little Roman whistles; some of these are made of pewter, with a little wheel that whirls as you blow; others are of terra cotta, very rudely modelled into every shape of bird, beast, and human deformity, each with a whistle in its head, breast, or tail. For a week afterwards the squeak of whistles may be heard at intervals in the streets.'

The quiet of Lent is broken by the *festa* of St. Giuseppe on March 19th, when at most of the street corners, especially those in the neighbourhood of the church of that name in the Via Capo le Case, booths, gaudily decorated with red and gold draperies and green branches, suddenly spring up to shelter cooks in white caps and aprons while busy frying the famous *Frittelle di S. Giuseppe* (light fritters of batter or rice flour) in huge chaldrons of boiling oil; crowds cluster round these open-air kitchens, and piles of the steaming dainty are ladled out to them in exchange for their coppers. It is a gay scene, and the cooks' cry, '*Ecco le belle, ma belle frittelle,*' echoes far down the street. Here, again, is a curious resemblance to the *Liberalia* of the old Romans, annually held on March 17th, in honour of Bacchus, when priests and priestesses wearing ivy wreaths, carried honey, cakes, and wine through the streets, as well as a small portable altar upon which sacrifices were burnt at intervals.

The Roman Catholics of to-day have consecrated the month of May to the Virgin Mary; their churches are then decked out with hangings, and there are a multiplicity of services with special 'indulgences' attached to them; while in France, during the '*Mois de Marie,*' all chapels and churches are turned into lovely gardens of pure white flowers; but perhaps few of those who attend them are aware that this custom is a survival of paganism, since the ancient Roman women dedicated this same month to the *Bona Dea* (goddess of chastity), and offered special sacrifices and gifts at her altar. As the sun sets across the Campagna on the evening of the 1st of May, bonfires are lit on all the hillsides and in the villages round; in the Neapolitan states the people dance and sing wildly till late into the night,

round the great fires they have built up ; these are repeated on St. John's Day, the 24th of June, and are relics of the *Palilia*, spoken of by Ovid and Varro, when the peasants 'made huge bonfires of straw, hay, and other inflammable materials, and men, women, and children, danced around them, and leaped through them in order to obtain expiation and free themselves from evil spirits.'

June is still considered by the Romans, as by their ancestors, the 'luckiest' month for solemnizing marriages, having been dedicated to Juno, the goddess, who was supposed to specially preside over matrimony.

When All Souls comes round, the confectioners' shops are full of beans, made of sugar, pastry, and other compounds ; this custom originated in a heathen superstition, for the ancients, too, had their All Souls' Day—February 7th—which went by the name of *Parentalia* or *Feralia*, when it was incumbent upon them to practise certain ceremonies and sacrifices, and hold banquets in honour of the dead for the purpose of propitiating the shades of the departed, whose vengeance they dreaded. Every year, therefore, on this date, the united family was wont to visit the grave, there to prepare a banquet at which, among other viands, salt, honey, lentils, eggs, and, above all, beans were on no account to be omitted. It was supposed that the spirits of the dead assisted at this feast, but why they should have had such a special predilection for beans has never been explained, even by the most learned writers. Beans were further said to be efficacious in driving away phantoms ; when the Romans wished to free themselves from the annoyance of the nightly apparition of the dead, they celebrated what were called the *Lemuraria* in the month of May. The rites, by means of which the head of every family during these days set himself to lay the shades of his departed, were as follows : Having got up at midnight, he crept barefoot in the dark to where the '*lustral*' (consecrated) water stood ; here he washed his hands three times, then taking three black beans in his mouth, he threw them one after another over his shoulder, and without turning his head, said : 'I throw these beans, and with this tribute signify that I redeem myself and mine ;' that is : 'I have done my duty, and in consequence expect to be freed from all further importunity and annoyance.' Having once more washed his hands, he seized certain bronze instruments, and making as much noise as possible, besought the shades to leave his home

quickly ; then having nine times repeated the same prayer, '*Manes exite paterni*' (Paternal shades, depart), the ceremony was concluded, and he returned to bed convinced that the shades had departed, appeased by the beans. The church preserved some trace of this ancient rite ; after the institution of the Festival of All Saints on November 1st, introduced by Boniface IV. (A.D. 608), the commemoration of All Souls followed in the subsequent year, and in 1048 was adopted throughout the Christian world ; from that time till the present day, the habit of dispensing large bowls of stewed beans to the poor at the convent gates, during the Octave following, has remained ; and the monks were further enjoined to make up for the fasting and abstinence of previous days by adding a dish of beans to their daily meal.

On Ascension Day, at Florence, there is kept up an odd little custom which has recently been thus described : ' On that morning there stood at every corner vendors—men, women, and boys—who offered for sale tiny cages, some made of wire, some of plaited grass ; each cage contained a *grillo* (cricket), and the chirping of these hapless little insects as they stretched their poor black claws through the bars of their tiny prisons, filled the air with its strange sound. We were told that it is a Florentine custom to buy a cricket, and keep it alive as long as possible, and that the length of the purchaser's life would be long in proportion. My informant added that this superstition has its rise in an old legend which declared that, as the Saviour rose heavenward on the first glad Ascension Day, a black cricket sprang from the grass and clung to His robe.' Has this its pagan antitype ?

All who have been in Rome know how every day at noon a gun is fired from the castle of St. Angelo, proclaiming the mid-day hour, and how this signal is followed a moment later by the clash and clang of church bells ringing from every *campanile*, causing waves of sound to spread over the whole city. This custom dates back to 1456, when Belgrade, then the eastern rampart of Europe, was besieged by Mahomet, at the head of 150,000 Turks ; it was freed on August 6th, 1457, by Giovanni Uniade, Prince of Transylvania, assisted by the Pontifical Legate, Cardinal Carvaial, and above all, by the zeal of Giovanni da Capistrano of the Minor Franciscans, who, waving a crucifix hoisted on a pole as his standard, routed an army of 40,000 combatants. The Pope, Calixtus III., having

rendered solemn thanks to the Almighty for the deliverance of Belgrade, ordered as a 'perpetual remembrance' of the event, that at mid-day the church bells should sound three strokes, and the 'faithful' repeat the '*Pater*' and the '*Ave*' (Hail, Mary) three times, to which he attached an 'indulgence' of three years. Alexander VI. renewed and confirmed this custom in the year of the Jubilee 1500, when Bajazette had declared war against the Venetians; the cannon being fired from St. Angelo is a recent innovation introduced by Pius IX. To a like beginning belongs the habit of ringing the church bells at one o'clock in the morning, that 'darkest hour before the dawn,' inviting all the faithful to repeat the '*De Profundis*' (Psalm 129) for the souls of the dead; for, in 1656, when under the Pontificate of Alexander VII., Rome was visited by a terrible pestilence, the dead were ferried across the Tiber at 1 a.m. in boats, for burial in a field between the river and the Basilica of St. Paul (a black cross still stands to commemorate the melancholy fact); the Pope enacted that a bell be rung as a reminder to the faithful to recite the *De Profundis* on behalf of the departed souls, which custom is religiously preserved to the present day.

Another evening bell, peculiar to one church in Rome, is that termed '*la smarrita*' of the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore; its tones ring out two hours after '*Ave Maria*,' and will so sound in perpetuity, for a belated wanderer in the Roman Campagna who lost his way, hearing this individual bell ring out the last stroke of the *Ave*, recognised its note, and learning by it his whereabouts, safely regained the city gate. In grateful remembrance of the help thus afforded him, he bequeathed a certain sum to the chapter of the Basilica, on condition that this friendly bell be rung nightly two hours after *Ave Maria*, to guide any other benighted travellers who should perchance find themselves in like plight.

Such reminders of the origin of things are both useful and interesting to us, who live in such different times and amid such different surroundings, and we may learn more than one lesson from the quaint fancies of poetic imagery of men whose lives were lived at a slower pace, but to whom the invisible world seemed nearer than it does to us, children of the nineteenth century progress and hurry.

A HOPELESS CASE:

BEING ONE OF A DISTRICT VISITOR'S EXPERIENCES.

BY ALINE GREFIL-BEST.

'WHICH I won't deny it, miss, he is troublesome and cranky, but he never grumbles. "Mother," says he to me, that day when he come out of hospital, with his poor eyes all bandaged up—"Mother, I'm not going to whine, and I won't have you doing it—so just hold your noise," says he. Those was his very words, miss, and he's kept to them ; but as for getting him to take an interest in anything—— Well, miss, it can't be done.'

Mrs. Davis was standing on her own doorstep, addressing the district visitor. They formed a curious contrast. Mrs. Davis—short, round, apple-cheeked, and voluble—looked alert and bright, and held herself upright, in spite of her sixty years and her many trials ; Miss Brandon—tall, pale, and slender—leaned against the wall as if she were too weary to stand alone.

'So he sits in that little room upstairs, miss, all the day, and says nothing to nobody. He won't even come down to his meals if there is any one there but me, and I daren't go out and leave him, for fear as he should set hisself afire or break something. Why, only a fortnight ago, I went out of a Sunday evening to see Mrs. Crofts, as lives round the corner—maybe you know her, miss? She's just buried her fourth child, and I thought I would step round to hear all about the funeral. Well, as I was saying, miss, I went off, and put out his supper all ready for him before I left ; but I forgot the salt, and he must needs go a-hunting for it in the cupboard, and he broke two plates and a tea-cup. So I can never speak to a soul from one week's end to the other. But he won't have no one, not even you, miss, though I'm ashamed to say it.'

Mrs. Davis paused for breath, and pushed back her purple capstrings, with an inquiring look at the visitor. Other ladies, on hearing the story of Harry's accident, had expressed their

sympathy with his mother in different ways. The doctor's wife had sent two chairs to be re-caned, and the vicar's daughter had lent Mrs. Davis a book to read to Harry—to which he had utterly declined to listen. Miss Brandon was silent.

'Not but what he was always a very still man, miss, and quiet and steady—never went to the public, he didn't, nor to clubs, nor lectures, like most of the young men about here—an idle, good-for-nothing set as they mostly are, miss. But, you see, he was saving up all he could, against he married that there hussy, 'Liza Barton—'Liza Padbury she is now—and he had just took a little cottage near the common, and furnished it quite genteel, when there came that explosion at them nasty quarries. Well, miss, so soon as I knew how it was going to be with him, I goes off to 'Liza, and says, "'Liza," says I to her, "after all that's come and gone between you, you'll never turn your back on my boy in his trouble? He'll have an allowance from Mr. Preston, and you're young and strong, and can do something for both; and when I go, you shall have all I've been able to scrape together." If you'll believe me, miss, she laughed right out in my face. "Me marry your son?" says she. "What can he do with a wife? Better get him a dog and a string," says she.'

Miss Brandon turned away her face.

'So I went home,' pursued Mrs. Davis, after casting an aggrieved look at the visitor, 'and I says to Harry, "Anyway, we'll go to the cottage." But what does he do, miss, but turn on me, and say that "'Liza may go there, and keep the furniture, too, if she likes," but he'll have nothing to do with it. And so she marries Padbury within the month, and at this very minute they're sitting in my poor boy's chairs, and using his china—and I know 'Liza never dusts under the chest of drawers.'

'I must go,' said the district visitor, abruptly. 'Good morning, Mrs. Davis.'

'You can drop in and have a chat with *me* sometimes, miss,' Mrs. Davis called after her, 'I don't mind your coming whenever you're round this way.'

'And the young lady was very much put out, Harry,' Mrs. Davis announced, five minutes later, when she had panted up the narrow stairs to the little attic where her son was sitting, 'and all because you wouldn't let her have a bit of a talk. And it's real contrary of you, Harry, for I should have thought that

if you couldn't see, you was all the more glad to listen, and now, maybe, she won't come again, and she might have found you something to do. And if it gets about that you're so rude to the ladies, you'll have no more chairs to mend.'

Harry Davis merely grunted in reply from his seat under the window. His mother's tirades fell on unheeding ears. Since the day on which he made over the cottage and furniture to 'Liza he had sat alone in his darkness, seeming neither to know nor to care what was passing around him. True to his word, he never 'whined,' but he seldom spoke. Slowly and painfully he learned to dress himself, and to find his way from room to room, and some kindly neighbours had succeeded in teaching him to cane chairs. Otherwise, he had no employment, and his one object in life appeared to be to avoid the neighbours, and 'the ladies' of various kinds who were anxious to do him good. The neighbours advised him to accept the dispensations of Providence, and when he refused to speak to them, gave their verdict that he was 'a brute.' The ladies, after vainly trying to persuade him to net hammocks, or read the 'New Testament' in embossed type, reported to the vicar and other authorities that 'the poor man had sunk to the level of a mere animal.'

In the mean time, Miss Brandon was going away with a sense of profound discouragement. She was young and enthusiastic, and had been eager to work among the poor, hoping to teach them to regard her as a friend and counsellor. She soon discovered that the more needy in her district looked upon her as a machine for dispensing soup and coal tickets, while to those in better circumstances she was 'the person' who came round once a week—generally on washing days—to take their pence for 'the club.' She scarcely knew who tried her patience most—Mrs. Ellis, who invariably received her with 'You haven't got a ticket as you could spare me, miss?'; Mrs. Webb, who offered to lend her tracts; or Mrs. Woolley, who would sometimes apologise for not asking her to sit down, 'As you see, Miss Brandon, I am expecting the *gentlemen* [*i.e.* husband and sons] back to luncheon.'

To one as shy as Miss Brandon, it was a painful ordeal to visit new people. Many a time had she gone to a cottage door, and turned away again, unable to summon up courage to knock. But when the vicar asked her to visit the Davises, something of pleasure mingled with the fear. Here was some one to whom she might be useful.

Harry, who was sitting alone by the fire when she entered his mother's kitchen for the first time, rose and groped his way out of the room without a word of reply to her timid 'Good morning,' and she was left struggling with her impulse to run away until Mrs. Davies entered from the yard, where she had been feeding the chickens. The old lady poured forth a torrent of apologies, mingled with requests to her to 'sit down and rest a bit.' But when Miss Brandon ventured to express her wish to be of some use to Harry, Mrs. Davis gave her no encouragement.

The district visitor's eyes were not very clear when she left the house, and she narrowly escaped running against the new curate, who turned the corner at that moment.

'Are you going the rounds, Miss Brandon?'

'I have been trying to see poor Davis,' said Miss Brandon, in a voice that would quiver in spite of all her efforts.

'I'm very sorry for you,' he said, smiling.

'What does it matter to me?' she burst out, unable to restrain herself. 'It is too horrible to think of him—always in that darkness—and no hopes, no interests—nothing!'

'Poor fellow! But don't distress yourself too much. I don't think that to him blindness means all that it would mean to you.'

'I suppose night is equally black to all of us.'

'Not always. Some of us have not enough imagination to realise the gloom—and some of us have the power of seeing the stars.'

'Poor Davis has not.'

'Perhaps he will learn, some day,' said the curate, with a twinkle in his eye, 'even if he will not allow us to point them out to him.'

So Miss Brandon went on with her rounds, week after week, and made no further attempt to help Davis, although she sometimes visited his mother. For one who, by her own account, was never able to leave the house for more than ten minutes, or to exchange half a dozen words with a neighbour, Mrs. Davis was singularly well informed, and she retailed all local gossip at great length to Miss Brandon, who soon learned why Mrs. Clarke's three children got no prizes at the Sunday-school, and how Mrs. Elvey's brother was dying of 'that new complaint, molonia' [pneumonia]. But the subject most often recurring was the conduct of 'that 'Liza,' who seemed to be fast going

downhill. Padbury had taken to drink—driven thereto, said charitable friends, by his wife's behaviour—and 'Liza herself was reported to take 'a drop too much.' Miss Brandon, who knew the woman by sight, had frequently met her, of late, coming out of the Hoop and Toy, a disreputable public-house on the outskirts of the town, and she was quite ready to believe Mrs. Davis's assurance that 'Liza was a regular bad 'un.'

Harry's mother felt that she had not lived in vain, when she was able, one day, to announce to the visitor, 'Liza's been three weeks in the hospital with small-pox, and they do say, miss, as she's lost all her hair, and her face is marked shocking.'

It might have been the change in his wife's appearance that drove Padbury more and more to drink, until he was seldom sober. The climax came when, one day shortly after 'Liza's discharge from the hospital, her husband murdered a fellow-workman in a fit of drunken rage.

'If she'd ha' done her duty by him, it 'ud never have happened,' said public opinion, by the mouth of Mrs. Woolley, an eminently virtuous matron, who wore a silk dress and a large cameo brooch on Sundays.

The jury failed to find extenuating circumstances, and Padbury was condemned to death. He was said to be penitent at the last, and he sent messages of forgiveness to his wife, who, as he expressed himself, had 'badgered him into it all.'

Davis was, of course, informed of all this, but his mother could draw from him no sign of interest or sympathy. He sat in silence while she held forth on the change in 'Liza's circumstances, and the impossibility of her finding another husband 'when her first was hung on the gallows, and her face is that marked you can't abear to look at her.'

'Anybody would think he was deaf as well as blind,' complained Mrs. Davis to her friends, who shook their heads and murmured, 'The brute!' or 'Poor dear!' in sympathetic tones.

On an afternoon in early spring, Miss Brandon was coming home from a long walk. She had gone further than she intended, and she was very weary by the time that she reached the edge of the common, about a mile from the town. Her thoughts were busy with Harry Davis, who had just lost his mother from an attack of influenza, which was then spreading through the town. What would he do, she wondered, without the faithful old woman who had loved and cared for him without

getting the least response to her tenderness? Had Mrs. Davis left enough behind her to keep him out of the workhouse? and if she had, would any of his neighbours be troubled with a helpless, cantankerous man who had shut himself from his kind for three years?

A drop of rain falling on her face, made her look up. As she stared at the lowering sky, suddenly remembering that she had neither cloak nor umbrella, and was still far from home, the thunderstorm burst. There was a cottage at a little distance, and she gathered up her skirts and ran to the half-open door, hoping to find shelter. A dull voice answered, 'Come in,' and she entered, to find a stout, heavy-looking woman with a scarred face turning a mangle in the little back kitchen.

'May I wait here till the storm is over?' asked Miss Brandon.

'As you like,' said the woman, without looking at her.

'You are very tired, are you not?' said Miss Brandon, noticing her sunken eyes and labouring breath. 'That must be hard work; have you no one to help you?'

The woman dropped the handle, and turned upon her as if she would have struck her.

'Oh yes—go on—say you don't know who I am when you don't want your fine clothes spoiled! You wouldn't speak to me if it wasn't raining. Any one to help me! Who do you think 'ud help a woman whose husband was hung for murder?'

'Mrs. Padbury!'—and the girl shrank back in dismay.

'Yes, 'Liza Padbury—that's me—and once I was better worth looking at than you, you white-faced cat!—for all your airs and graces! Maybe you'll have the small-pox one day—and see if any one will look at you, then. Maybe your husband will be hung—and then see if you'll get any one to help you!'

It was in vain that the girl attempted to explain or apologise. There was no staying Mrs. Padbury's tongue, and it hurried on, heaping abuse by turns on the neighbours, the lawyers, the dead man, and finally on Miss Brandon herself, who sprang to the door, less afraid of the thunder without than of the furious woman within. But ere she could escape, the tread of heavy feet sounded on the step outside, and a deep voice was heard saying, 'Then you'll come back for me in ten minutes, Tom. We shall have settled it by that time, one way or t'other.'

There was a grunt that might mean assent, and then the door was pushed wide open, and a short, thick-set man entered, feeling his way with a short stick. At the sight of him 'Liza's tongue

suddenly stopped, and she stood motionless, with open mouth, while Miss Brandon fell back a step, too much astonished to think again of flight.

'Liza,' he said, putting out his hand before him, 'Where are you!'

'Harry Davis!' came slowly from the whitening lips, 'it's never you!'

'Sit down, 'Liza,' he said quietly. 'I've come for a bit of a talk with you.'

She dropped into the vacant chair with the look of some hunted animal brought to bay. Davis groped up to the table, and laid his stick down on it, before beginning with the slow utterance of one who had kept all but unbroken silence for the last three years.

'Liza, I hear you've lost all your looks.'

Neither of them seemed to notice Miss Brandon's presence, and the rain was falling so heavily that she dared not leave the cottage. Davis's coat was soaked, and the wet was running in little streams from his hat.

'They tell me as your colour's gone, and your hair, and your face is scarred worse than mine.'

Something—it might have been a sob—came from 'Liza, whose head had fallen on the table in front of her.

'Liza, you can't deny that you treated me shameful; but if you turned against me in my trouble, that's no reason why I should turn against you now. The old woman left me something, and there's something every week from Mr. Preston, and I can turn the mangle for you. It's a mercy you've no children. So I'm willing to take you, 'Liza, in spite of all that's passed, if you're agreeable.'

There was a dead silence.

'You'd better think it over, 'Liza,' pursued Davis. 'No one 'ull come after you for your looks now, and no one 'ull forget what came to Padbury. If you don't have me, you won't get no one else.'

'Liza drew a long breath, and lifted her head slowly.

'I'll do it,' she said.

'Very good,' said Davis, calmly. 'You're a sensible woman, 'Liza, and you'll never have cause to repent it. And if, after this, any one casts Padbury in your face, I've got a thick stick here as 'ull teach 'em better. But just you mind this, 'Liza; I've heard of your goings on when Padbury was alive, and if ever you

give me any trouble that way, the same stick 'ull do for you.'

* * * * *

'The *brute!*' said all the other district visitors when Miss Brandon told part of this story at the next meeting.

But the curate looked at her across the table and smiled.

'Love shall still be Lord of all,' he quoted softly.

SONNET.

WHAT is our love to me? A wayside flower,
 A spring of water in the wilderness,
 A charm of birds, the clinging tenderness
 Of mantling ivy on a ruined tower;
 To my heart's poverty a golden dower,
 A light in darkness, comfort in distress,
 All gentle things that come to hush and bless
 A worn-out pilgrim when the shadows lower.

Nevertheless, if evil should arise,
 Love rises too, a strong commanding lord,
 Full-armoured, and with menace in his eyes,
 And heart and hand moving in swift accord;
 A watcher at the gate of Paradise,
 White-winged, and girded with the flaming sword.

C. M. WHIDBORNE.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCCXXX.

1780-1784.

THE PEACE OF VERSAILLES.

THROUGH these years of the American War, George III. and his Queen continued their happy domestic life, only disturbed, so far as family affairs went, by the ungovernable behaviour of the eldest son. He had probably the coarse passions of his German ancestors, and though his deportment could be extremely dignified and graceful, and he had considerable abilities, there can be no description of his whole nature save depraved and even brutal. George III. had given great care to the training of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, and had been very severe on their faults, flogging them with his own hand when they deserved chastisement. Bishop Hurd was their tutor, and Mr. Arnold their subpreceptor, good men both, but unable to gain any real influence over the young men. Their uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, the good-for-nothing youngest brother of George III., encouraged all their aberrations, especially card-playing and drunkenness, and still more harm was done by Fox, who employed his wit in deriding the King for his respectability. No doubt the Court was dull, but it had its enlivenments. There were expeditions almost every summer, when the royal family stayed at some great mansion, and delighted the neighbourhood by their gracious demeanour and the interest 'Farmer George' took in agriculture.

Bulstrode, the home of the Duke of Portland, was a favourite resort, being within a drive of Windsor. The duchess-dowager, grand-daughter to Queen Anne's Earl of Oxford, was an excellent and delightful person, whose kindness to all around was great. She was also an ingenious woman, whose grottoes, adorned with shells and crystals, were extremely admired by the

taste of her time. She made the Queen acquainted with Mrs. Delany, a charming old lady, Mary Granville by birth, who had been married as a mere child to a mere brutal country squire, but was delivered from him by his death before many years were past, and was then happily wedded to Dr. Delany, Dean of Raphoe, in Ireland, which was partly, though not entirely, her home till his death. He was a good ecclesiastic, after the notions of the day, and both were intimate with the more noted people of the time—Swift, Pope, Horace Walpole, and, latterly, the whole brilliant circle of the ‘blue-stocking ladies,’ though Mrs. Delany made no pretensions to abstruse learning or literature beyond those of any educated, intelligent, well-read lady. Her great talent was for cutting out in paper the exact forms of flowers and leaves in the most delicate lace work, and these were much admired; they are still preserved at Llanover; but her conversation and general art of society were charming, and at seventy-seven, when she was introduced to Queen Charlotte, she was as interesting as ever. She was given a cottage in Windsor Park, and this was a favourite, uncereemonious resort of the King, Queen, and Princesses, who could there unbend and enjoy themselves. Another who haunted the cottage was Frances Burney. Her father was an eminent doctor of music, intimate with the best society of the day, and she had made, about 1780, what was then an extraordinary venture for a young lady—that of writing and secretly publishing a novel called ‘Evelina.’ It was the history of a young lady’s first experiences in London, between a pleasant and a very unpleasant guardian, who disguised himself with soot as a chimney-sweep, in order to have a cheap opportunity of surveying her at a masquerade. The vulgarisms of the time were shown up with a good deal of humour, and the book was soon the fashion. Dr. Burney had it recommended to him before he knew whence it came. Mrs. Thrale, the clever wife of the great brewer of Streatham, was in raptures with it, and imparted her delight to Dr. Johnson; and Fanny Burney became a sort of petted favourite with him. Queen Charlotte was anxious to patronise her, but it was not easy to do anything for a person without rank, and all that could be done was to appoint her as a reader.

It was a mistake, for the life of the backstairs of a Court was trying, and Fanny had an amount of vanity and self-importance which kept her fretting over petty grievances; besides which, Mrs. Schwellenburg, the principal lady of this part of the

establishment, seems to have made herself very disagreeable. Of the goodness and true kindness of the King, Queen, and Princesses there is every token.

So there is in the memoirs of Mrs. Pappendorf, wife to one of the pages, who were men of gentle birth employed about the person of the King. The Queen was very kind to Mrs. Pappendorf and her children, and made it a special cause of commendation when she saw the eldest girl dressed in an adaptation of her mother's old gown. For the Queen was always anxious to encourage thriftiness, and this gave rise to ill-natured reports of her being avaricious. This was likewise caused by her desire to help her elder sons while yet there seemed hope of reclaiming them, and before their debts had swelled to a hopeless amount.

These were heavier sorrows than the loss of the two youngest sons, Alfred and Octavius. The first of these died at two years old, on a Sunday evening, after much suffering. When the babe was quietly sinking, the King led the mother away into another room, and said he would read a sermon as usual. He chose one of Blair's, 'On Death,' ending with a paraphrase of the description in the Book of Revelation. In the midst there was a slight knock at the door, and a shudder passed over the King, but he read steadily on to the end, and then said, going up to his wife, 'Such, my dearest, I humbly trust our little Alfred now is. That knock informed me that he is passed from death into life.'

He wept over this boy, but said, 'If it had been Octavius, I should have died too.'

Octavius was four years old, and very engaging, and when he was taken, nine months later, the King, in the midst of his grief, said, 'I am thankful to God for having allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years.'

The little children of his family, as well as his daughters, were a veritable enjoyment to the King, who was fond of all children, and delighted in giving them Christmas parties and balls, where his own children appeared, down to little ones in rose-coloured leading-strings, and where he loved to watch that each of the small visitors had a good supper.

It is worth recollecting that though this is not reckoned as the reign of intelligence or good taste, the King was the steady patron of Handel, and likewise of Herschel, whose observatory was in the precincts of Windsor, where he and his devoted sister

made many of their discoveries. So far as he understood, George III. was devout and religious, and so was his Queen, ever anxious to promote religious feeling in the circle round her and the country at large. She patronised the efforts that Mrs. Trimmer was making for the education of the poor at Brentford—to teach them the Catechism, the Bible, spinning, and needlework. Spinning, the good lady said, was an employment that could never fail! Even a spinning jenny had not dawned on her imagination, far less than that her husband's wholesale business at Brentford, as a universal carrier, would be superseded. Her work was on strictly Church lines, as, indeed, John Wesley intended that his should be. As long as he lived, his brother Charles, and the excellent Fletcher, of Madeley, the Methodists attended Church, there received the sacraments, and were no more a sect than the Church Army. Charles was an admirable, almost inspired, sacred poet, some of whose hymns were adopted into the Prayer-book, even before the days of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

There was strong temptation for much more spiritual feeling in the English Church. The admirable John Fletcher (Fléchier), of Madeley, for he was Swiss by birth, but was ordained in England, was a noble pastor to his living of Madeley, and brought his congregation to daily prayers at church. A grand story is told of him. When on a visit to Switzerland, a ne'er-do-weel nephew, who had extorted a large sum from two of his uncles by putting a pistol to their heads, tried the same on him. Fletcher never flinched, but said he was ready to be sent to a better world. The lad was conquered, gave way, and actually returned the sum to the other uncles! Fletcher's widow carried on his work for many years at Madeley. John Newton, the converted ex-captain of a slaver, was an admirable pastor, first at Olney, then at St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, and, with his intimate friend William Cowper, carried on English hymnody in the 'Olney hymns.' Cowper was a very true poet, though not of the first rank, and piteously disabled by the tendency to insanity, which resulted in religious melancholy amounting to despair, strangely contrasting with his natural playfulness.

The American Church had fared very ill, though, especially in Virginia, parishes with regularly ordained clergy had been established from the first. Connecticut and other colonies had, even in 1738, petitioned for a bishop, and the English bishops had been strongly desirous to obtain the appointment, but the

old Puritan leaven was working in some of the States, and there was no agreement. Sects began to multiply, and when the war broke out, the animosity to the clergy as loyalists increased.

Washington was bred up in the Church, but he sent a message to Mr. Inglis at Newtown to omit the prayers for the King. Inglis told him to his face that he could close the churches, but it was not in his power to make the clergy depart from their duty. Thereupon a hundred and fifty soldiers were marched into the church at service time, but he went on undisturbed and retained the keys. One gallant old man preached from Nehemiah's text, 'Should such a man as I flee?' Personal violence was not common, though one clergyman was lured out at night on pretence that a sick man wanted him, and was mercilessly beaten; but Churches and parsonages were sacked, and in 1775 a petition to Convention was brought forward by the Anabaptists, and supported by Quakers, Deists, Presbyterians, and all the sects for exemption from payment to any save their own religious teachers. After a hot debate, all laws in favour of the Church were repealed, and sustenance, except from their private means, cut off from the clergy, churches were abandoned and left to decay, except in towns where a sufficiently zealous population remained to keep them up, while a few clergy travelled about to keep up the faith and devotion of their faithful friends. These, however, were chiefly loyalists, and such as could not get away from their country were subject to every kind of insult from the insurgents, and often plundered by both sides. In Virginia, there had been a hundred and eighty-four churches at the beginning of the war; at the end, ninety-five were utterly forsaken, and out of ninety-one priests only twenty-eight remained!

At the end! for after the surrender at Yorktown it was plain that the war must be given up. Both the King and Lord North perceived it, but the King's speech at the opening of the Parliament of 1781, gave no such intimation, and the speeches of Fox and Burke on the address were indignant. Fox's violently and unconstitutionally so; Burke's, more moderate; and even Pitt's unfavourable to the war. Yet, still the majority in both Houses were unfavourable to resigning the contest; but the nation outside were evidently weary of it, thinking it only resulted in disaster and disgrace; and the displeasure of the country culminated when Admiral Kempenfelt came home, having declined to engage nineteen French vessels with only twelve.

Poor Kempenfelt ! he was a good man, religious and earnest, but his caution did not recommend itself to a nation who were used to naval victories with inadequate numbers. He is best known to us by Cowper's dirge on the loss of the *Royal George*, suddenly sinking in Portsmouth harbour, being heeled over too far while being cleaned :—

‘ His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice two hundred men.’

Lord Sandwich was attacked in Parliament as the author of the naval disasters, and a vote of censure was proposed by Fox, and only defeated by twenty-two votes. Lord George Germaine was still more unpopular, and he had declared that nothing should induce him to agree to American independence, as it would be the ruin of the English nation. Lord North had to ask him to resign. ‘ Very well, my lord,’ he said, ‘ but why do you stay ? ’

He demanded a peerage, and would not be satisfied with a barony, but insisted on being a Viscount, and chose the title of Sackville. It was an unwise selection, recalling how, twenty-two years before, as Lord Sackville he had been tried by court-martial for his conduct at the battle of Fontenoy. Lord Caermarthen moved that it was derogatory to the peerage that the honour should be conferred on one sentenced by court-martial, and he read the sentence aloud in the House of Lords to Lord George's face. Most were, however, disgusted. Horace Walpole declared this was like a bloodhound ; the King was very angry, and the motion was negatived.

General Conway, who had first objected to the Stamp Act, moved an address praying for the discontinuance of the war. He was only defeated by a majority of one ! And the doom of the Ministry was sealed ; but Lord North, in spite of all oburgations, would not retire, though most anxious to be released, until the King should be convinced and give up the contest.

It was with great difficulty that he persuaded George III., who felt it contrary to his honour, to throw himself into the hands of the Opposition. He even thought of returning to Hanover, but he finally, with much heart-burning, accepted the Marquis of Rockingham as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Shelburne and Fox as Secretaries of State, and General Conway as Commander-in-Chief. Thurlow continued Chancellor.

It was very sore to the King, for Lord North had been the playfellow and friend of his boyhood, while he personally disliked the new ministers, and knew Charles James Fox to be one of the chief corrupters of his eldest son, who, just at this time, would not speak to him when they were out hunting together.

But the King submitted, and put no difficulties in the way of his advisers, who, when in contact with him, were perfectly amazed at his ability and good sense. Lord Rockingham, however, died suddenly at the end of fifteen weeks ; and after some hesitation, Lord Shelburne was placed at the head of the Ministry, and, among other changes, William Pitt, at twenty-three, became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Henry Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy. Shelburne was a moderate Whig, and Fox and the more violent were bitterly affronted, and had given up their posts, and spoke strongly against the new Ministry.

The news of Rodney's victory over Count de Grasse came most opportunely to end the war with honour. The preliminaries of peace were in hand at Paris, and the King announced it in Parliament. He asked afterwards whether he had lowered his voice when making the bitter announcement, which to him seemed absolutely disgraceful, and likely to degrade his country. But there was no help for it. The thirteen colonies were declared independent of England, and their self-government recognised ; but Canada was retained by England, and the King tried hard to get compensation for the poor loyalists, but could not succeed more than nominally, and many removed to Nova Scotia, reduced to great poverty. Of course much bitterness still lingered after the declaration of peace on September 13th, 1783, and the lapse of a century has been needed to soften the feelings of enmity, and draw the better class of Americans towards England as their original home and cradle.

The French resented the negotiations having been commenced before consulting their Government ; but they could not but agree to be included in the treaty. The conquests on either side were restored, together with the island of Tobago, and some land on the Pondicherry side, which were given up to France. The claims to Dunkirk were also renounced, and Spain retained the island of Minorca. Florida still belonged to her, and Louisiana to France, so that the United States did not extend beyond Georgia.

The terms of the peace were much contested, and the Shelburne Ministry was overthrown, and there was much difficulty and great anxiety to the King before a coalition between Pitt and Fox was agreed on, and they both came into a coalition Ministry, with the Duke of Portland at its head ; but this only lasted to the end of the year, when William Pitt at twenty-four became minister.

THE THREE BONNIE WOOERS.

DOWN fra' the fell-side,
Through the deep heather,
Three bonnie gallants
Cam' riding together.

Under the blossom,
When twilight fell gloomy,
Three bonnie gallants
Cam' seeking to woo me.

One said my een
Were like stars in their brightness ;
One ca'd my hand
Like a lily for whiteness.

The third pu'd a rose
From the tree, and declared it
Was blushing for shame
When wi' me he compared it.

' Fair sirs, if it please you
A moment to tarry,
One word I wad say
Ere I choose which to marry.

' My father yestreen
Had money-bags many ;
My father to-night
Has never a penny.

' My father yestreen
Had servants and horses ;
Yonder hall is as empty
To-night as his purse is.

'My father yestreen
Wad hae feasted ye rarely;
To-night there's a crust
We will share wi' ye fairly.

'If my hand is no more
Like a lily for whiteness,
If my cheeks have grown dim,
And my een lost their brightness,

'Then, fair gallants, good day;
May the next maid you woo
Be as joyous as I
To bid you adieu.'

* * * *

Over the fell-side,
Away through the heather,
Three bonnie gallants
Went riding together.

HELEN OUSTON.

PATRICIA.

BY MARY CARMICHAEL.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a hot Sunday afternoon towards the end of June, hot and stifling even for London. Exclamations were to be heard on all sides as to the unheard-of and unbearable heat of the weather, and every one longed for a storm to cool the air.

Inside one of the big houses in Grosvenor Square the mental atmosphere was, however, infinitely the warmer of the two, only here, it would seem, the storm had already burst. In one of the carefully shaded rooms, very upright in an easy-chair, sat the young person whose mental equilibrium was so severely shaken—eyes blazing, cheeks scarlet, head as high as it could conveniently go. ‘I’m either very miserable or very cross, or perhaps it is a little of both,’ she burst out with a suspicious break in the indignant voice. ‘What possessed me to make such a mistake I can’t think.’

With a weary little sigh she leaned back and closed her eyes, the anger dying out of her face.

‘Yes,’ she said, after a few moments, ‘it’s my own fault entirely, which makes it all the harder.’

The case was briefly this.

Patricia Tremayne had spent the previous April with her cousin, Aileen Desmond, where she met, for the first time, a certain young naval officer, Terence Colquhoun by name. He was a distant relation, and sometime ward of Colonel Desmond’s, and was just home from the West Indies, where his ship had been stationed for the last three years.

This young Irishman, with his handsome face and genial, winning manners, had charmed Patricia at once, and what had been but a vigorous flirtation in the beginning, ripened in a short time to a much deeper feeling on her side, and, she

believed, on his also. They had enjoyed themselves very much in the few weeks that followed, being out and about all day together. To be sure Aileen had generally accompanied them, but she was quite a child still, devoted to her cousin, and exceedingly shy of all young things of the male sex.

Once or twice, gentle, easy-going Mrs. Desmond had remarked on the advisability of allowing such unchecked intimacy between the two, but her husband had laughed at her fears.

'Let the children enjoy themselves while they can, Mary,' he said. 'It's only Patricia's way, her mother was just the same. There is nothing in it, and if there were it would be a very good thing for Terence.'

So Patricia indulged her every whim to her heart's content, never supposing for an instant that Terence Colquhoun was in love with any one but her own wilful self. But now, as she looked back on those blissful days, she wondered that she had been so blind.

It was only last night, at the ball she had anticipated for weeks, knowing that her hero would be present, that the revelation had come.

The evening was well advanced before he put in an appearance, which made Patricia very angry and a little uneasy. But when at last he hurried up, looking harassed, and anxiously inquired as to the state of her programme, she forgot her displeasure, and looked as glad as she felt.

Of course she had not a dance free, but that, as Terence remarked, was a detail, and after a little manœuvring, they presently found themselves in one of the dim and secluded nooks that their hostess had thoughtfully provided.

'I am in the deuce of a mess,' began Terence, as soon as they were fairly seated. 'I have just heard that we are off again on Friday next.'

Patricia exclaimed in astonishment.

'Isn't it beastly?' went on her companion; 'that's what made me so late this evening. I was simply on thorns to come and tell you, but that ass Jocelyn kept me for hours, and of course I had to listen and put up with him. And then there is something else I want to tell you;' and he hesitated as he spoke, a most unusual thing with him.

'Yes?' said Patricia, gently, her heart beating wildly.

'Somehow I never had the courage before,' said Terence, studying Patricia's face intently, 'but now I——' And with

much incoherency and hesitation, he at last told the girl who loved him, that he loved—Aileen.

When Patricia grasped what he was talking about, her first thought was one of fervent thanksgiving for the dimness of the light.

There was one moment's sickening revulsion of feeling, and then Patricia was herself again.

'Tell me everything,' she said gently; 'tell me all about it, Terry.'

The young man stooped, and impulsively kissed her hands.

'You are always so good to me,' he said gratefully. 'I knew you would help me. It's all so beastly, for I don't believe she cares a rap about me. You see,' he went on, 'I have always known the Desmonds, and having no people of my own, have lived there more or less whenever I've been ashore. Aileen was a little bit of a girl when I saw her last, and always barred me like fun. When I saw her in the spring, I thought an angel had come to earth, and now her sweet face, and the pretty ways of her have played the mischief with me entirely, and I love her—love her.'

'Terry,' as Patricia called him, was in a desperate state of mind, and there were several good reasons to account for it.

Aileen Desmond was an only child and an heiress, and moreover was only seventeen. It was hardly likely that her parents would welcome an obscure lieutenant in the Navy, with little more than his pay, as a possible husband for their daughter. But the crowning point of Terence's misery was the knowledge that Aileen was already destined for the son of an old friend of her father's. Rich, titled, a thoroughly good fellow, Sir Richard Graham was, from Colonel Desmond's point of view, a most suitable husband for his only daughter. Years ago the two old soldiers had discussed the plan, and young Graham had grown up with the idea; that some day or another he would marry Aileen Desmond.

But she was six or seven years his junior, so there was plenty of time to think about it, and as he was a young man of a scientific turn of mind, I am afraid he took more interest in his 'moths' and his 'beetles' than in his future wife. Women— young women—were, in his opinion, more trouble than they were worth, and distressed and worried him to the verge of distraction whenever he found himself in their company, which was not often. Still, the thought of disregarding his father's wishes

never entered his head, and he was quite prepared at some future period to sacrifice himself and make the young lady in question his wife.

Aileen, by her mother's desire, was left in total ignorance of this arrangement. 'She is much more likely to fall in love with him if she knows nothing,' Mrs. Desmond said to her husband. So a year ago, when Aileen was still in short frocks, Mrs. Desmond had suggested that it would be an excellent plan if Sir Richard were to go abroad for a year or so.

'He sadly wanted brushing up,' she said to her niece, when talking over the matter with Patricia. 'No girl ever fancies a bookworm, and those scientific sort of people always look so dreadful. Mixing with other people, as he will be forced to do, will improve him in every way. I am really very fond of him, you know, dear, he is absolutely trustworthy, but I am afraid that at present Aileen regards him with wholesome dislike!'

Patricia agreed with her, in her heart of hearts pitying her cousin sincerely.

All this was in her mind as she sat and listened to Terry's wild talk. It was no use, she could not think, could not talk to him, she must get rid of him somehow.

'I'll tell you what it is, Terry,' she said at last. 'You must give me time to think it over. Come round to-morrow afternoon, and I'll see what I can do. Let me go now. I see my partner looking vaguely round, and seeming surprised that I am not waiting at the door for him.'

'Let the stick wait,' said Terence, rebelliously; 'he does not want you as badly as I do, that's clear—because he couldn't.'

This was the last straw. Why did he look at her so, and say such things, when he meant nothing, nothing at all?

Patricia rose, saying with some asperity, 'Don't be tiresome, and worry me to perjure myself still further than I have already done. I've told two people that they have made a mistake, and that I was engaged to you for the last two dances. I really don't think that even I can subdue the third!'

She was her most audacious self that night, actually rousing some gleams of intelligence in the languid youths who surrounded her, and finally, when at last she reached home, went straight to bed and slept soundly.

But now it was quite time for her to go downstairs. She rose

slowly, shook out her voluminous skirts, and after a prolonged survey in the looking-glass, left the room.

'What I am to say to him, I don't know,' she murmured, as she came slowly down the stairs. There were not many people in Lady Elizabeth Nugent's drawing-room that afternoon as Patricia entered.

'Here you are at last, darling,' said Lady Elizabeth, fondly. 'I hope you have been resting.'

Lady Betty was a two generations friend, and having no children of her own, devoted herself to Patricia.

'Oh, I'm all right, thank you,' said the girl, brightly. 'And simply pining for some tea.'

Terence, who was sitting in the corner, near the tea-table, saw his chance, and rose to the occasion.

'Let me get you some,'—pulling up an easy-chair. 'You are looking a little bit fagged,'—smiling at her; 'but this weather is nothing short of appalling.'

Patricia was given a cup of tea, as Terry knew she liked it, and then seating himself beside her, he continued in a lower voice:

'Isn't it a special dispensation of Providence that the usual crowd is disporting itself elsewhere? You'll be able to spare me a minute or two, won't you?'

Patricia looked into her tea-cup and set her teeth. The old familiar way of taking care of her, the same pleading eyes and voice! How hard it was, how bitter, now, when everything was changed!

'Yes,' she said quietly, 'but don't appear to take more than a slight interest in my astute remarks.' Patricia was quite aware of the glances levelled at her corner of the room. Terence had haunted her footsteps for the last three weeks, and people no doubt commented on the fact all the more, as Patricia had the reputation of being a decided 'flirt.'

This did not trouble her in the very least, however. 'It's such nonsense,' she used to say, when some particularly vehement accusation was made against her. 'I don't want people to fall in love with me, I'm sure! Far from it, but it's the fashion to regard any one with a natural manner with suspicion.'

This was her first season in town, and though she enjoyed it, yet in a way it bored her. She had seen plenty of society in Ireland before her father's death, and had met all sorts and

conditions of men during the last two years, which had been spent abroad. But this was different.

'It's too prim,' she said to Lady Betty. 'Every one does the same thing at the same time, and no one dares deviate from the beaten track.'

Patricia hated conventionality. She had imbibed her ideas on the subject from her father, for her mother died when the girl was a baby. Captain Tremayne had been the most unconventional, easy-going soul that ever drew the breath of life, hating anything like formality or state, and Patricia naturally looked at most things with his eyes. They were devoted to each other, and her father's death was Patricia's first great sorrow.

She could not bear to stay on in the place that spoke of him at every turn, so had shut up the house and gone abroad with Lady Betty, who hastened to Patricia the moment she heard of her darling's trouble. They only returned to England in the spring, and Patricia had gone straight to Felstead Grange, to pay a long-promised visit. Aileen Desmond was not to be presented for another year, so when May was fully come, Lady Betty insisted on Patricia coming to her for a 'round of frivolity,' as she expressed it.

And now the girl was sitting beside Terence Colquhoun, for the first time in her life at a loss for words.

'I've thought till I'm tired,' she said at last, 'but it's all so difficult! Of course there is nothing easier than to take the first train to Felstead and tell Aileen all about it, but——'

'You know I can't very well do that,' answered Terence, despondently, 'but how much easier it would be to go away, if I could only know she cared for me and would wait. I am so afraid she may be cajoled into marrying Graham.'

Patricia looked out of the window. Is it likely Aileen didn't care? she asked herself. Of course a child of seventeen could not be expected to understand. But remembering herself at that advanced age, she broke off with a half-smile.

'I could find that out,' she said, turning sharply round on Terence, 'but whether I could tell you or not is another matter.'

'Oh! if only you could,' cried Terence, with hope in every tone of his voice; but adding forlornly, 'I am sure she does not, you know, and then I would be in a worse fix than ever.'

He was very much in love, and inclined to be maudlin.

'Listen to me,' said Patricia; 'you must wait, and be patient. Yes, I know how easy it is for me to say that, and how horribly

difficult it will be for you to do it. But listen to reason. If you go down and tell Baby all about it, Uncle Henry will simply turn you out of the house, forbid all letters, and move heaven and earth to keep you two apart. Not because he dislikes you, but because—— Oh, you know why. Then, supposing Aileen does love you, how nice it will be for her! Auntie might be on your side, but it's very doubtful. And she will probably treat the whole affair as a childish fancy.'

'But,' expostulated Terence, 'how on earth am I to go right off to Malta for a year or more with everything so indefinite? it's more than flesh and blood can bear. I must go down to Felstead before I'm off again, and if I get away without putting my foot in it, it will be a miracle. She will look up at me with her great innocent eyes, and say something kind and sweet, and I shall be done for.'

'You will, indeed,' said Patricia, feeling almost angry with him; 'but there is such a quality as self-control, though you seem to be unaware of its existence.'

Terence looked his astonishment. The truth was, that Patricia felt her own self-control fast vanishing, and to be angry, even to rudeness, was her only refuge.

'You are like a silly child,' she went on, 'instead of a man. If she is worth winning, she is worth waiting for. You are weak—weak and silly; for the sake of an hour's gratification you will risk not only your own happiness, but perhaps hers also. I tell you, you must wait, there is nothing else for it; and if you go near the Grange before you leave England, you'll do the maddest and most silly thing you ever did in your life.'

She rose as she finished, with a wild feeling that if she sat there another minute she would betray herself, and left Terence to his own reflections.

Deep-seated wrath was the prominent feeling in that young man's mind for a little time, but he was genuinely fond of Patricia, and had great belief in her powers. So, before he left the house, he ventured to express a hope that she would be riding in the morning.

Patricia's curt assent was not encouraging, but being of a sanguine turn of mind he rejoiced at it, and finally left the house in a less dejected state than might have been expected.

'Now, I wonder what made her blaze out at me like that—the heat, I suppose? I never knew her do it before,' he said half aloud, as he lit his cigar, and hailed a passing hansom.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun was shining brightly next morning, as Patricia turned her horse into the park and walked him slowly down the Row. She had breakfasted early, and it was now not much after nine o'clock.

Patricia looked very well on horseback, which fact always caused her much satisfaction, for, as she remarked, 'it is a comfort to know that you are looking your best, as well as enjoying yourself tremendously.'

Perfect health and plenty of wholesome exercise had given her a figure and a complexion which were beyond criticism, and the tightly coiled hair and neat hat were an excellent foil for the brilliant, animated face.

'If he doesn't come soon I'll be ill with impatience,' she murmured, as she passed slowly up and down the Row, scanning the many riders.

But as the words left her lips, she saw the grey horse that Terence rode, coming up on the other side. He had caught sight of her, and came up, smiling and looking so handsome, that the girl's heart failed her. However, she looked her sweetest and welcomed him warmly.

'I'm so sorry I was cross yesterday,' she said, after a brisk canter to the far end of the Ride, 'but you really were tiresome beyond words.'

'Indeed, and you were not the least bit cross in the world,' put in Terence, with easy mendacity; 'it is sweet and good of you to take any interest in me at all, and you can't think how grateful I am.'

'Very well,' said Patricia, 'that's all right, then; but now we must be serious, for I have not much time this morning.'

'You've thought of a plan?' broke in Terence, 'I knew you would.'

'Calm your exuberant spirits, my child, and listen to my beautiful idea,' said Patricia, gaily, 'and whatever you do, don't interrupt. I am going to Felstead the end of this month. They made me promise to come directly I left town, and I've had about enough of it now. Aileen wants me to stop all summer, which, of course, I had not intended doing, but now, as it happens, I shall probably do so. You and your manifold perfections shall be the theme of my conversation, or maybe it

will be the other way round : it all depends. Anyway, I'll find out what Baby thinks. If she does not care, of course there is no use going on. That sounds cruel, but you know I don't mean it so. If, on the other hand, she does care for you, it clears the way for my little campaign. Sir Richard Graham is down at his place now, and if he has not already fallen in love with Aileen, I intend to try and effect a conquest of that learned person.'

Patricia stopped and broke into a wicked little laugh, looking at Terence, who was visibly taken aback, with mischievous eyes.

'You see,' she went on as he made no response, 'it's a delicate affair all round, and one in which blunt honesty would be fatal; so we must just go to work and gain what we want by wily stratagem.'

'By Jove!' said Terence, staring at her, 'I never heard of such a thing. That's going almost too far, isn't it? And a bit rough on Graham, don't you think?'

'If you suppose for a minute that it is solely for your benefit, you are greatly mistaken,' was the defiant answer. 'Don't you know that it's just the sort of thing I delight in? And as for Sir Richard, he may not break his heart, you know, for my praiseworthy efforts may not meet with the success they deserve.'

Patricia's tone was very bitter, and her face hardened as she spoke.

'My stars!' said Terence under his breath. 'There is more in this than meets the eye.—It seems an excellent plan,' he said hastily, 'and I can never thank you enough. But you won't get tired of the whole thing, and chuck it up in the middle, will you?' he added anxiously; 'and you will write and tell me everything?'

'Of course,' said Patricia. 'You see, even if it does not come to much, still there is sure to be a fuss. It's bound to delay matters, don't you see, and time is everything to you. Let Aileen be a year older, and have seen a little more of the world, and one objection is removed, and then if I succeed in taking Sir Richard off your hands, you will begin to see daylight ahead. Everything will come all right, you'll see, and you'll probably hear in the autumn that Sir Richard Graham intends wintering in Egypt for the purpose of taking notes for his new book on the Sphinx.' And again Patricia laughed her mischievous laugh.

'Well,' she went on, after a short silence, 'I think we've said all we had to say, and I'm afraid I must be going. We shall see you before you go;' and nodding good-bye, she trotted briskly away.

Terence was puzzled, but jubilant.

'There is something at the bottom of this,' he ruminated. 'Now, I wonder what it can be; looks as if she wanted to pay some fellow out. She is awfully fascinating, and I have not a doubt but that she will rouse up Graham, poor beggar! However, it's lucky for me. Now, Aileen couldn't do a thing like that. Won't there be a row, though! I can see the Colonel——'

Meanwhile Patricia was riding home, in a reckless fashion, utterly regardless of anything in her way. She read disapproval in Terence's face, and her vivid fancy added a touch of disgust. But that was only a part of the crushing miserable whole.

A few minutes afterwards she strolled into Lady Betty's morning-room to find her writing letters.

'Are you too busy to help me do some shopping?' said Patricia, seating herself on the arm of the chair, and deliberately putting the pen out of reach, 'because I want you badly.'

'My dearest,' expostulated the old lady, feebly, 'I never heard you come in; just let me finish this one letter, and then I will do anything you like.'

'You are the most adorable person,' laughed Patricia; 'you always let me do just what I like, but,'—and she put her arms round Lady Betty coaxingly,—'there is something else I want you to let me do.'

'What is it now?' queried Lady Betty, resignedly.

'To let me say good-bye to you, the end of the week, and go to Felstead,' said Patricia, hurriedly. 'You know, dear heart, it is dreadfully hot, and I simply long for the country.'

'My dear child,' cried the old lady, aghast, 'whatever is the matter? I quite counted on you for another fortnight at least. It was only that ball that upset you; you know, darling, I warned you of what you would endure. You were looking as well as possible before, and will be all right again in a day or two. What makes you in such a hurry to leave me? I thought you were enjoying yourself so much?'

'So I am—so I am,' cried Patricia, at her wits' end. 'I've simply had the most lovely time I ever had in my life. How could you think anything else? But my head does ache, and

I am always tired, and I do so want to go where there is coolness and trees.'

Lady Betty stood up. 'Why, child, you are nearly crying. You are not well, I am afraid. Now that I come to look at you, you are distinctly feverish. Don't say another word, dear; of course you shall go. Now run away and dress, and put on the coolest thing you have. You shall write to Mrs. Desmond to-day.'

Patricia clung to her kind old friend for a minute, and then flew out of the room and up the stairs.

'Hm,' said Lady Betty, as she rang the bell to order the carriage, 'that young Colquhoun goes abroad this week, does he not?'

Patricia wondered why she was made so much of during the last few days in town.

'She thinks I am ill,' sighed the girl, 'and oh! what a hypocrite I feel.'

The days flew, or so it seemed to Patricia, and at last Terence came to say 'good-bye.'

With kindly tact, Lady Betty elected to be 'prostrate with headache' on that particular afternoon, so Patricia, to Terence's undisguised delight, was alone.

'This is luck!' he remarked genially. 'Now we can say what we like, and arrange about letters and all that.'

He was delighted to hear that Patricia was leaving for Felstead so soon, and took great credit upon himself for having refrained from visiting the home of his divinity.

'I sent Mrs. Desmond a note yesterday, saying I was ordered off in a hurry and was awfully sorry not to be able to come down, which was gospel truth,' he said.

'Good boy!' said Patricia, laughing, as though her heart were as light as air, instead of very much the other way. 'You really are excellent, and I prophesy a brilliant ending to this affair. If every one would be so sensible, and listen to reason, there would not be so much trouble in the world.'

Terence beamed, for he thought a great deal of Patricia's good opinion.

'You will write the moment you find how the land lies,' he went on, 'won't you? I shall be on thorns until I know, and yet perhaps it will be worse, much worse, to know the truth.'

'Don't be so silly!' said Patricia. 'It may be ages before I know anything at all about it. I may never know for certain,

though I expect Baby won't be able to deceive me. I know the symptoms well,' she added, laughing; 'but I'll let you know as soon as I can.'

'Pon my word! I never knew any one so kind and comforting as you are,' exclaimed Terence, enthusiastically. 'You are the most unselfish girl I ever met. I can't think how you can take such an interest, and give yourself so much trouble.'

'Well,' said Patricia, with a queer look at the young fellow. 'I am awfully fond of Baby, and you and I are rather good friends, aren't we?'

'Rather!' answered Terence. 'We always got on splendidly from the first. Do you remember the larks we had at Felstead?' And he burst out laughing.

'Yes,' said Patricia; 'I do,' and then she hastily turned the conversation, feeling that it was becoming a trifle dangerous.

They talked and planned, and at last it was time for Terence to go.

'You'll write often and fully,' he implored at the last minute, 'and tell me everything, won't you, Patricia?'

And Patricia promised and smiled and talked gaily to the very last, even when he kissed her hand at parting, which he did with much fervour. But at last it was over.

'He never said a word about me,' she moaned in dry-eyed misery, crouching in the chair he had just left. 'Never said he was sorry to leave me. It was Aileen—all Aileen.'

CHAPTER III.

A VIGOROUS banging of doors, and Aileen Desmond flew down the staircase, clearing the last four steps with a jump.

Her lovely little face was radiant with delight as she ran down the hall and out through the open door.

'Why on earth—why, it's nearly twelve o'clock, and I thought the dog-cart would be waiting,' she exclaimed, looking very much astonished.

With an impatient movement she ran back into the hall, and, pushing open the heavy door, looked into the morning-room.

'Isn't it stupid, mother, that Bryan should be late the one morning that I am in good time?' she said. 'Supposing the train is punctual?'

The tragic tone of voice made her mother laugh.

'My darling, how excited you are! When did you know the train to be in time? And, even if it were, it's only just struck twelve.'

Aileen fidgeted about the room, setting a vase of flowers to suit her taste, taking up a book, and then flinging it down impatiently, and finally springing on to her mother's knee, she kissed her with much vigour.

'I am simply wild, mother. I can't believe that Patsy is really coming, and for weeks and weeks——' she exclaimed, jumping up again, and running to the window. 'Was that the cart?'

'Baby, Baby, how absurd you are!' said Mrs. Desmond, laughing at the excited little creature, who looked nothing like her seventeen years.

'I've filled her room with her favourite red roses,' went on Aileen, 'and I cannot think of another single thing she would like. Wait a minute, though; I'll take the dogs;' and she flew out of the open window, whistling and shouting at the top of her voice.

'What on earth is all the row about?' inquired Colonel Desmond, coming round the corner of the house. 'Has Patricia arrived already?'

'No, no,' said Aileen; 'I am only calling the dogs, and where they are I can't imagine. I've simply been shrieking for them.'

'So I heard,' laughed her father. 'You are surely not taking the whole tribe to the station, Baby?'

'Yes, I am,' coaxed Aileen, slipping her arm through his. 'Patsy loves them.'

'I'll be disgraced between the pair of you, I know; but here comes the cart. Steady now, Baby,' said Colonel Desmond, as he lifted his small daughter into the high dog-cart. The dogs at this juncture suddenly appeared on the scene, and, with the whole four leaping and barking around her, Aileen drove off in triumph.

'The house will not hold them both, if Patricia is in one of her wild moods,' remarked Colonel Desmond, as his wife joined him on the terrace. 'Baby follows her lead in everything.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Desmond, smiling, 'they are certainly a gay pair; but it's only high spirits, and Patricia will tone down as she gets more sense. I want to see your new boat-house, Henry. Shall we go down that way and look at it?'

Felstead Grange was a charming old house ; at least, so every one said. Built in warm red brick, pleasantly subdued by many a long year, it stood on the slope of a hill. In front, broad green lawns stretched away to the river, with its fringe of willow trees, while behind, terrace after terrace, just now gay with flowers, rose to the top of the hill, crowned with a thick belt of Scotch firs—the ‘Wood,’ as Aileen loved to call it. The house dated from the reign of James I., and the Desmonds, while carefully retaining its old-world character, had done much to improve it. It was quite as charming inside as out, and when Patricia particularly wanted to tease her uncle, she used to say the only thing wanting was electric light.

But meanwhile Aileen is waiting at the station in a state of impatience bordering on distraction. She had inspected the station-master’s chickens, played with the baby, and admired the flowers, but still there was no sign of the train. The dogs were careering about in all directions, and behaving disgracefully.

‘Come in here, you,’ spoke Aileen, in a tremendous voice ; and the big St. Bernard, who was making the life of an unfortunate chicken a burden too heavy for it to bear, came to heel at once.

‘She is signalled now, Miss Aileen ; you won’t have but another five minutes,’ said the station-master, coming up.

‘I’m sure I’m glad,’ remarked Aileen, emphatically, ‘for these dogs are making my hair white with anxiety. I know some of them will be run over. Here, Nell, come on, old girl ; heel up, Max, and now——. Oh, where is Snap ?’

The little fox terrier was on the line hunting for rats, and appearing to enjoy that pursuit amazingly.

‘Oh ! Evans,’ shrieked Aileen, ‘do get Snap. Just look at him.’

The one and only porter hastily swung down on to the line, and after some chasing succeeded in capturing the refractory Snap, who was shut up in the waiting-room, to prevent his untimely end.

But at last the train steamed in, and Patricia stepped out. The two girls made a simultaneous movement, the dogs a united rush, and for a moment no one could have told which were which.

‘Down, Nelly ! Get out, Max ! Patsy darling, is it really you ?’ exclaimed Aileen, all in one breath.

At last, seeming to remember for the first time that

they were in public, Aileen put her hat straight, and called off the dogs.

'Where is the luggage?' she exclaimed; 'I don't see a sign of it.'

'Gracious!' said Patricia, looking blankly round. 'I don't know. Where is Bridget?'

They both began to laugh, and hastening out of the door, discovered Bridget and the luggage. Bridget had originally been Patricia's nurse, but was now very much offended if spoken of as anything else but her 'maid.'

'How do you do, Bridget?' said Aileen, prettily; 'it's a relief to see you, for we were half afraid you'd gone on.'

Bridget smiled. 'Niver fear, Miss Aileen, you wouldn't see me sittin' still in a thrain, an' Miss Patricia git out. It's yersilf as is lookin' gran'. I wish my young lady had sich a colour.'

'She wants *me* to look after her, Biddy,' said Aileen, as she jumped up beside her cousin. 'I hope there is room for you, as well as all that luggage, in the spring-cart, if not, we can take some up here.'

'Don't throuble yer head about me, Miss Aileen!' exclaimed the ever-polite Bridget, as Baby seized the whip, and the dog-cart bowled swiftly away.

'I simply walked in the whole way,' said Aileen, confidently, 'so I think Kathleen ought to have some exercise, don't you?'

'Oh, certainly,' laughed Patricia, 'the faster we go the better.'

She felt better already. How good the country felt, and how delicious it was to be flying along in this reckless style! What a darling Aileen was! She could never feel differently towards her, it was not her fault.

They laughed and chattered like children, for they were very fond of each other, and had many things in common.

'How splendid that you came so soon!' said Aileen, when they had sobered down a little. 'I wonder Lady Betty allowed you to slip away.'

'Well, she did not much like it, but she thought I was not looking well, and you know how fussy she is about my health. So she called in the doctor, and I was packed off, much to my delight. It was lovely, you know, dear; but a little goes a long way, and I need not say how glad I was to come here to you.'

Patricia's sense of strict truthfulness must have suffered somewhat in this speech, but as she remarked to herself, 'One lie

more or less can't make much difference, considering that the next few months are to be spent in that enlivening pursuit.' How she hated herself sometimes!

'And you have so much to tell me,' went on Aileen: 'letters are so unsatisfactory. But how selfish I am, running on like this, when you are looking so white and tired, poor darling!'

'It's nothing at all, Baby, and I shall be awfully vexed if you make much of it to auntie, remember that,' said Patricia, hastily. 'It's only because I am not accustomed to the late hours and bad air, and it has been so hot.'

It would be the finishing touch, she told herself, if she were obliged to pose as an invalid.

'All right,' said Aileen; 'I won't say a word. I know how stupid it is to be fussed over when you are only a little bit tired. But all the same, I shall take you in hand myself, and take great care of you.'

The protecting tone adopted by the small person at her side amused Patricia very much; but she was careful not to show it, for her diminutive stature was a tender point with Aileen.

'That will be just delightful,' said Patricia; 'I love to be taken care of, Baby—when you do it.'

'Well,' said Aileen, reflectively, 'I have had some practice, you see. When mother has a headache, or a cold, our one aim is to keep it from papa, because he fidgets so, and makes her life a burden to her by suggesting remedy after remedy, and scolding us both, as if we had done it on purpose!' And Aileen laughed at the recollection.

'For goodness' sake, don't breathe a word to him, then, Baby!' said Patricia, 'for that would be really more than I could bear.'

'Here we are!' shouted Aileen; 'trust me to manage papa. Fine day, Mrs. Jones'—to the woman who smilingly opened the gate.

'How I love this place!' exclaimed Patricia, looking eagerly round. 'It's prettier now than ever, though it was sweet enough in the spring-time. Oh! Aileen, the roses!'

'Don't stop now,' implored Aileen; 'there are heaps in the house. There is mother on the terrace.' And with a grand flourish the cart drew up at the front door, and for the second time in her life Patricia came to Felstead Grange.

CHAPTER IV.

THE two girls were on the river, Patricia lying full length on the cushions at the bottom of the punt, and Aileen, in a very short skirt and a very big hat, struggling with the long pole, and making futile efforts to turn round.

'Oh!' she gasped, 'how heavy the silly old thing is, and how the water runs up your sleeves!'

'Tuck them up,' came lazily from the cushions; 'but why not leave the thing alone? We were quite happy under the trees.'

'But I want those lilies,' said Aileen, making one more determined effort.

'I'll get them, dear, if you'll sit down,' exclaimed Patricia, jumping up and taking the pole from her cousin, who, with a sigh of relief, sank down on the cushions.

'Pray allow me!'

Both girls started violently, and Patricia nearly lost her balance. They had been so absorbed, the one in her own reflections, the other in the refractory pole, that the little canoe had glided up silently behind them without either noticing it.

'Oh, good afternoon, Aileen! perhaps I can do something for you,' quoth the occupant of the canoe, paddling up beside the punt. 'Did you want to turn round?'

'Dick,' exclaimed Aileen, 'how you frightened us! We never heard any one coming. I only wanted some water-lilies, but my cousin—— I don't think you have met before. Sir Richard Graham—Miss Tremayne.'

Patricia bowed and smiled, inwardly much surprised, and, under cover of Aileen's chatter, carefully examined the young man. He was not so bad, after all. Very tall, or looked as if he were; his eyes were good, and his voice distinctly pleasing. Patricia's spirits rose.

'If it's only the lilies you want,' Sir Richard was saying, in his slow, gentle way, 'I can get them for you in a minute, and, if you will allow me, I shall be very glad to punt you back to Felstead. That pole looks almost too heavy for ladies.'

Patricia smiled down on him.

'Thank you,' she said; 'it's more than kind of you, but I can really manage it quite well. Aileen was only amusing herself.' With a strong push she sent the punt out into the river and

turned it round. 'There,' she said triumphantly, 'now for the lilies!'

Slowly the punt broke through the rushes and emerged on the other side, where Aileen, leaning over, gathered her arms full of the wet white flowers.

Sir Richard watched the performance with little interest, only a strong sense of duty prompting him to accost them at all; so as soon as Aileen was satisfied, and he found he could be of no use to them, he went on his way rejoicing. The river and the sunset were to him a much more interesting and beautiful sight than the occupants of the punt.

'Aileen,' exclaimed Patricia, 'you never told me he had such a beautiful voice; and the idea of such a recluse in a Canadian canoe!'

'He has rather a nice voice, certainly,' answered Aileen, indifferently, her face buried in the lilies; 'and he is not exactly a recluse, Patsy, but he hates girls—at least, one would imagine so from his manner; and he is always poking over stones and beetles and things.'

'He was quite nice to us,' observed Patricia.

'Oh yes; he is all right sometimes, and ever so much better since he came home. Mother is very fond of him, and papa simply adores him,' said Aileen.

'And where do you come in?' queried Patricia. She was the least bit ruffled, for Sir Richard had scarcely glanced at her, and had hurried off in such an absurd way.

'I? Oh, I think he is all right; but, to tell you the truth, Patsy, I am rather afraid of him. He has such weird eyes.'

'Nonsense, child,' laughed Patricia; 'there is nothing weird about him, but his objection to womenkind. That, I grant you, is rather unusual.'

Patricia had been some weeks at Felstead, but was, as yet, in complete ignorance of Aileen's feelings towards Terence Colquhoun. Of course he had been mentioned, but only when they were all together. Patricia told them how much she had seen of him in town, and how sorry she was when he left, and gave all his numerous messages.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Desmond, 'we were all so sorry when he wrote at the last moment to say he was off again, and could not manage to run down before he left; were we not, Baby?'

But Baby was playing with the dogs on the floor, and her careless little answer might have meant anything or nothing.

But now this meeting with Sir Richard made Patricia realise that there was no time to be lost, especially as she noted the very unimpressible nature of her victim ; so she determined that before she slept that night she would know the truth one way or another. 'The evening is the best time,' she said to herself. 'I know myself that you always feel more hopeless then, especially in the country. I'll talk about him a good deal at dinner ; that may lead to something.'

She carried out her plans ; but Aileen was more of a woman than her cousin gave her credit for. Her gay laugh and merry chatter were exactly the same as usual, and Patricia went up to bed feeling baffled.

'I'll wait a little, and then go to her,' she said. 'After all, I'm only trying to give the poor darling what she wants most. If she only knew how I hated the whole thing, and how gladly I would leave it alone !'

She made her preparations for the night much more speedily than usual, and, dismissing Bridget, sat down to think over exactly what she was going to say. In about ten minutes she slipped out of her room and knocked at Aileen's door.

'Not in bed yet, darling?' she exclaimed. 'Indeed, I'm not surprised. I could not think of such a thing myself. It's much too glorious a night. Just look at the moon ;' and Patricia leaned out of the open window, drawing long breaths of the delicious air.

Aileen was sitting curled up on the broad window-seat. Her face looked pale in the moonlight ; and Patricia, looking at her, felt an almost motherly tenderness for the little, white-gowned figure.

She dropped down in the opposite corner, and, leaning forward, lifted Aileen bodily on to her knee.

'That's more comfortable, isn't it, my pet?' she whispered tenderly.

Aileen hid her face, with a long-drawn sigh. They sat silently for a few minutes, Patricia feeling horribly like a traitor.

'Baby,' she said suddenly, 'I've been thinking all the evening about Terry. I wonder what he is doing now, and whether he ever thinks of us. Probably forgotten that we ever existed ! It isn't in him to be very faithful, I fancy. Sailors never are, you know.'

'Patricia ! how can you say that ? It isn't true ; I am sure it isn't,' burst out Aileen suddenly roused into life.

Patricia caught her breath, but went on, in a half-laughing voice—

‘Good gracious, darling! I did not mean anything unkind, but you know there is not much depth in him, amusing though he is.’

Aileen sprang to her feet, fairly quivering with indignation.

‘I could not believe you would be so—so—horrid. You seemed his friend, you were always with him, and now you abuse him, when he is probably breaking his heart for you this minute. The child was struggling with her tears.

‘Breaking his heart for *me*,’ went on Patricia, in the same careless voice. ‘Oh, nothing of the sort, dear, I assure you; but it’s within the bounds of probability that he is performing that operation on your behalf.’

‘What do you mean?’ gasped Aileen, shaking the hair from her face, and letting Patricia see what she knew was there.

The elder girl leaned forward and stretched out her arms.

‘Come back to me, Baby. Come and tell me all about it.’

With a little cry, Aileen sprang into the outstretched arms, and burst into a passionate fit of tears.

Patricia let her cry on, till at last the long-drawn sobs grew quieter, and finally ceased.

‘I—there—is nothing to tell,’ whispered Aileen.

‘Perhaps not now, but when I’ve had my little say, you may yet find your voice.’

And then without a break in the steady voice Patricia told her story. How that Terence, because he could not, dare not, tell Aileen himself, had come to her and confided his secret hopes and fears. ‘And so, darling,’ she finished, ‘I could only tell him to be brave and patient, and wait, for, you know, Uncle Henry would never hear of an engagement yet awhile. It seems hard—it is very hard, but you will be brave, I know; and then when he comes home again—’

Patricia broke off abruptly and tried to swallow the lump in her throat, that grew bigger and bigger.

It was morning when at last she tucked her weary but happy little cousin into bed. Aileen was craving to hear everything Terence had ever said, and kept Patricia repeating over and over again all his mad, passionate speeches. But at last she left the room, and on gaining her own, walked straight to the looking-glass.

‘I have a morbid curiosity to see how I look,’ she said, with

a mirthless little laugh ; if it's anything like the way I feel, the sooner the light is out the better.'

She put down her candle and fumbled for the matches, but her fingers were trembling in an unaccountable manner, and the next minute she was clinging to the end of the bed, shaking from head to foot.

'Is there no one to help me?' she moaned, looking blindly round the room. 'No one at all. Ah! where is God——'

But her cry for help was not unanswered, for with a long-drawn sigh she slipped down to the floor, in merciful unconsciousness.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH PINK GLASSES.

I HAVE had rather a surfeit of dialect lately. It is my opinion that, in novels, dialect should be but sparingly used : it should be hinted at rather than expressed, and the author should not aim at the accuracy of a phonograph. For one thing, such painful fidelity must be extremely trying to the printers, who have to set up what is practically a foreign language to them ; and, for another, the reader's self-respect is wounded by finding so many words, ostensibly in his mother tongue, which he is powerless to translate. Ladies, in particular, have a marked objection to dialect, and it is notorious that the fair sex are our best purveyors of fiction. These remarks are suggested to me by the perusal of three recent novels : ' Craiktrees,' by J. Watson Dyke ; ' Ripple and Flood,' by James Prior ; and ' The Mistress of the Ranch,' by Frederick Thickstun Clark.

Curiously enough, neither Irish nor Scottish (which are commonly the favourite languages of the novelist) enter into the composition of these books. ' Craiktrees' is, I believe, North-umbrian, but I cannot pretend to locate it with any accuracy. It is written in a curiously ' choppy ' style, few of the paragraphs containing more than one or two sentences, and the sentences themselves being short in proportion. Yet the book is so monstrously overweighted with dialect that it is difficult to read, even with this concession to the popular taste. The merit lies in the originality of its characters. Mr. Dyke has probably lived among the people he describes, and he has certainly made them sufficiently unlike the conventional characters of fiction. There are some curious lapses, in spelling and grammar, on the rare occasions when the author ventures to make use of ordinary English.

' Ripple and Flood' has the merits of ' Craiktrees,' and escapes several of its defects. Mr. Prior can write, and he has also

contrived a very interesting story of rustic life. He again has probably drawn from the life, though here also I should be sorry to state definitely what part of the country he describes. I confess to a certain weakness in dialects. Mr. Prior's chief fault is in his sense of proportion; he begins in a very long-winded fashion, and tracks his hero's course for us from the cradle upwards. Still, there are advantages in this method; it breathes the spirit of the country, where we can take things easily, and hurry ourselves for no man's pleasure. There is a certain quiet charm about these opening chapters. 'The Mistress of the Ranch' is a story of a very different class—Colorado dialect this time—with a sentimental cowboy, an heiress who loses her reason in a landslip and is eventually cured by a consumptive doctor, and her sister, who plays the villain and tries to secure the property for herself. The story is full of life and action, well told, and contains a good deal both of humour and pathos. But, with the solitary exception of the doctor, every one speaks the dialect of the country, and the author reports them all remorselessly.

* * * * *

Two stories make up Mrs. Oliphant's volume, 'The Ways of Life.' I remember reading the first of them—'Mr. Sandford'—some years ago in a magazine. It is a very pathetic story, admirably told, and there are passages in it that cling to the memory. Mr. Sandford is an artist who attained success early in his career; but he has now grown old, and though he feels his power undiminished, is beginning to be looked upon as old-fashioned and out of date. With the usual improvidence of his tribe, he has brought up his children in luxury on the yearly proceeds of his pictures (instead of investing his profits in the Three per Cents), and when, at sixty years of age, he finds himself for the first time for many years without a commission, there is nothing before him but ruin or a merciful death. The author is kind, and kills him in a carriage accident, so that his career is terminated before the public have had time to guess at his decline. It comes as a pleasant surprise to find that he had insured his life for a considerable amount.

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I am aware that I have done Mrs. Oliphant some injustice by this bald recital. I do not recollect any work of hers that displays her method to better advantage than this short story. It is simply and naturally told, without in any way forcing the

pathetic note, and the few characters (including Daniells, the picture-dealer) are sketched with convincing truth. The second story suffers by comparison; it contains a pleasant picture of well-to-do family life—one of Mrs. Oliphant's favourite Scottish interiors—and one good character. But Robert Dalyell, the hero, is wooden and unnatural, and perhaps something too much of a fraud to engage our sympathies. This story also preaches the advantage of insurance, though from a different standpoint. It is sufficiently readable, but does not enhance the value of the book that contains 'Mr. Sandford.'

* * * * *

Dr. Conan Doyle's new book, 'Uncle Bernac,' seems to me to mark the culminating point of his latest method. It is undeniably clever, and yet I do not think it will be widely popular. In fact, Dr. Doyle has ceased to write novels, and has come now (as Stevenson did before him, though not in the same fashion) to compose footnotes upon history. In 'Rodney Stone' the change was first markedly apparent; but that admirable study of the Regency contained at least some sort of a story. It may not have been very skilfully framed, nor very convincing in its development, but the story was there. In 'Uncle Bernac' there is, frankly, no story at all. It contains a quite remarkable study of the first Napoleon, put together with great skill, no doubt, and after a careful perusal of all the best authorities. As a character sketch it would be excellent: the mistake lies, to my thinking, in furnishing it with an introduction which leads the reader to expect something different.

* * * * *

The pity is the greater, because, when he chooses, Dr. Doyle can tell a story with the best. This he has proved over and over again—in such sound novels as 'Micah Clarke,' 'The White Company,' or 'The Refugees.' No doubt he will return, some day, to his earlier methods, and the sooner the better. In the mean time he has, unfortunately for his public, found out that his strong point is 'local colour,' and by degrees he has imported so much of that excellent commodity into his work as to drive out everything else. It is true that we have few, if any, living writers who possess, to so great a degree, the faculty of imbuing themselves with the spirit of a period—of making the past live again by an intelligent study of historical documents. And it is a very valuable faculty: only—we do not want it utilised to the exclusion of all other elements. Dr. Conan

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Doyle is too good a story-teller to be lost. We cannot afford to let him sink into a mere composer of historical studies.

* * * * *

It is very evident that Miss Hannah Lynch is a devoted admirer of Mr. Meredith's works. 'Jinny Blake' is written throughout in his tone, and not only the phraseology, but a good many of the personages of the book also, have the air of having stepped out of some of Mr. Meredith's novels. This does not prevent 'Jinny Blake' from being a very interesting book. It is true that the plot is simple, and entirely devoid of ingenuity; the story hangs loosely together, and perhaps the stage is a little overcrowded. But Miss Lynch has contrived, unlike most imitators, to catch something of her master's spirit as well as his manner. Many of her characters show considerable vitality, and she has made her heroine entirely lovable. Miss Blake is sure of a place in the hearts of all male readers—only I should have preferred her to display a little more originality. As matters stand, she is Diana of the Crossways, with a touch of Clara Middleton. It is a very charming blend—but it is not Miss Lynch. Meredithians will probably dislike the book, for this reason: among the rest of the public it will no doubt attain considerable popularity. And, after all, there are probably, even now, a sufficient number of people to whom Diana and the betrothed of Sir Willoughby are alike unknown.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

FROM MY ATTIC WINDOW.

Concerning
the making
of Pies and
History.

WITH the sun streaming in at this attic window of mine, and the birds, who make their nests every spring just under the eaves, chirping with a lazy, contented sound, my thoughts creak rustily in their endeavour to turn to such stern subjects as Acts of Parliament, and University degrees, and why women have not the suffrage. The summer haze lying over the hills, and the heavy, piled-up masses of white cloud on the horizon, almost motionless in the deep blue, seem to assert that all life is standing still this summer's morning. Surely every one all this busy world over must be lazily and drowsily lying in freshly-cut hayfields or sitting beside moorland trout streams just bathing in the great ocean of glory old Mother Nature prepares fresh every year. I am trying to make myself believe that if I were transplanted to the Strand I should find the stream of omnibuses and cabs and newspaper boys going on just the same as it was a few days ago ; that the trains are running round and round in the giddy, sulphurous Inner Circle ; that pale-faced girls and young men from the City offices are crowding hot, steamy restaurants to snatch their midday meal ; that gay crowds are driving round in the endless chain of the Park ; that, in fact, human life is throbbing on just as it always does. And only the echoes of that mighty pulse come up to my window. But is it not with us all, that the near blinds us to the far ? that where we are and what we are doing seems the biggest and the realest thing of all on the earth. We may be making pies, and the woman in the house opposite making history. But our pies seem to us to be more important than her history. Perhaps it cannot be helped. Perhaps it can. Sometimes, perhaps, an attic window, far away from the noises of all the world, where we can look at everything from a safe distance, is the best place from which to get a better perspective of the queer mosaic we call life and what its pattern is meant to be.

Holidays
and
Husbands.

Holidays and relaxation should be synonymous. But they are not. I am not girding at educational tours or holiday schools. They have their place and their reward. But concerning the holidays of average middle-class men and women, I have two theories. One is that the way they are spent is quite wrong. And the other is that I could put them right, or as nearly right as human nature allows anything to be put right. What does this same average middle-class couple do when holiday time comes near? After infinite pains it selects a lodging by the sea or in the country, packs all its belongings—children, feeding-bottles, perambulators, account-books, and bath towels—into trunks, and itself with them into a train or probably a sequence of trains; gets out at the other end, and discovers it has brought along something it meant to have left behind—its household worries. Husband and wife are together for the three weeks or a month, and they discuss all the same old things they have been discussing for the past eleven months, and they go back to another eleven months at the end. Of course, I don't say they cannot be happy. Happiness is a matter of temperament and liver and conscience, and a few other causes. But I do say they have not made the best use of their holiday for change and relaxation. And my theory is that husbands and wives should, if possible, and where possible, spend at least half of their holiday apart. I feel convinced that some admirable, devoted, and excellent wife will lift up hands of holy horror and cry out that I who am writing up in an attic window must be a strong-minded old maid who knows nothing whatever about it. Madam, on one point, at least, you are mistaken. I am distinctly married, and I think I do know something about it. The exact strength of my mind is not a subject I feel qualified to discuss. I know that if your husband goes off for a part of his holiday with some friend for a jaunt which will remind him of his bachelor days, it will revive thoughts of his life's companion in a new, and yet old, light—a light as old as the days when he courted you. Man was not meant to live alone, and unless you are quite the wrong sort of wife he will recognise it all the more forcibly for a yearly trial trip. And then the wife must, or ought to, have another holiday with an old friend or in some fresh scenes apart from the children—a holiday which shall give her fresh thoughts of home and husband and life, and that her worries may take their proper place and not blind her to her daily joys. New ideas will

bring new topics for conversation and a general sense of 'recruitedness' all round. So much for my heretical theories.

* * * * *

Fashion. Fashion is generally caprice. This year it is history, and history repeating itself to order. Of course we are always liable in this mortal life to an attack of Medici collar or an epidemic of Empire gowns, but these are accidental diseases due to—well, what fashions are due to, which is writ deep in the secrets of the world. But this year, which is to stand out from all other years, we have all collectively conspired to pull old Time, not by his forelock, but by his heel, back for sixty years. We are deliberately fostering an epidemic of poke bonnets and slopping shoulders and frilled skirts. But we shall not succeed. The times have changed in other ways besides fashions. Women's minds, or perhaps I should be safer in saying the fashions of thought, have broadened with the aging of the world. In the thirties, a fashion was a law; in the nineties, it is a suggestion. Then, if poke bonnets and farthingales and crinolines were ordered, every one wore them, whether they were tall or short, fat as Mother Gamp, or thin as Becky Sharp. We are not necessarily better than our grandmothers; but we are more independent. We take or reject a fashion, or, more frequently still, we effect a compromise with it, and only hint it. The dressmaker of the woman of taste must now be an artist, not a copier of Paris models.

And our manners have changed too. Some people say they are lost. Mistress Nancy does not curtsy when my lady drives by in her coach; she stares. My lord no longer kisses his lady's hand, nor even makes sonnets to her eyebrow. He bicycles with her, and reads her the paper. But there are compensations. Girls no longer simper and swoon. They do not pine in private, wear a hectic flush in public and dissolve in tears, in numbers inversely proportionate to their troubles. They do sigh for lovers still, nature being what it is, but as they have, and are going still more to have, decently healthy bodies and robust sets of muscles, they generally find some healthy work, which sometimes is play, and forget to remember that they are waiting—waiting for the lover-husband who is coming. And if he be their heaven-designed mate, he will bring with him, whether in the thirties or the nineties, the most glorious of Heaven's gifts—a perfect love. The little birds in the trees

outside my attic window told me this quite early this summer's morning.

* * * * *

A Woman
of the Hour.

Fame is a coquette. Her attentions are most uncertain. For years you may woo her steadily, patiently, and fairly, and she shuns you and yours. Then one morning, for no apparent reason, she turns the sunshine of her face upon you, and the world turns to look at your shining. For this reason it is always difficult to speak certainly as to on whose countenance fame is shining at the minute, for you turn, and lo! it is another. But there can be no doubt that among writers Mrs. Flora Annie Steel is standing conspicuous. She has been publishing for some years. Her first book attracted hardly any attention; but when she had published 'From the Five Rivers,' it was said, 'Here is a writer who knows the English language, knows her subject, and has the imaginative perception which goes to make a great writer.' Now she has given us 'On the Face of the Waters,' and every one is, or has been, talking of it. Like her other work, it deals with Indian life; but, unlike her other work, it deals with the period of the Indian Mutiny. It is acknowledged, even by those who have made the time and the place a special study, that Mrs. Steel's knowledge of historical details is masterly—we have not yet incorporated a word 'mistressly' into the language—and that her local knowledge is equal to it. 'The feminine Rudyard Kipling' is one of the titles critics have bestowed upon her. She was the guest of the Authors' Club early in the year, and responded to the toast of the visitors with a speech which was full of thought; perhaps too full of solid thought for after-dinner. But in following Hall Caine at another dinner in May, her impromptu response to the 'Ladies' was far happier, and met with a spontaneous roar of applause. Her tale of the Cornish fisherman who is reported to have said, 'Women be like pilchards. W'en 'em's bad, 'em's bad; and w'en 'em's good, 'em is but middlin',' was distinctly appreciated. Mrs. Steel may or may not have reached her zenith with this book, but she is hardly likely to do anything to make her more famous. She described herself as an elderly woman. We, looking at her with a French standard, should describe her as in her prime. Needless to say, her early married life was passed in India.

THE GIRLS' ROOM.

CHILDREN'S SINGING-GAMES.

THE singing-games are gradually being weeded out, till we have little left except counting-out rhymes and nursery rhymes. A paper from V. Maturin gives an assortment of these, with many of the singing-games we have already had. I allow her to speak for herself. She elaborates 'Isabella,' a scrap of which we have had already.

* * * * *

Another choosing game is to the song—

Rose, lily, apple, pear,
Gold and silver she shall wear.
I know then whose bride she'll be.
Charlie's far away over the sea.

* * * * *

A somewhat gruesome game is played by one child standing outside the ring, one within. The one outside sings with the ring alternately.

A.—Please may I come in, come in, come in ?

B.—No, your shoes are dirty, dirty, dirty.

A.—I will take them off, off, off.

B.—Your stockings will be dirty, dirty, dirty.

A.—I will take them off, off, off.

B.—Your feet will be dirty, dirty, dirty.

A.—I will cut them off, off, off.

B.—They will be all bloody, bloody, bloody.

A.—I'll wrap them up in cloths, cloths, cloths,

And I will come in, I shall come in.

The child then breaks the ring, and chases the one inside till she or he is caught.

* * * * *

'Sheep, sheep, come home,' is of like character.

A.—Sheep, sheep, come home.

B.—I am afraid.

A.—What are you afraid of ?

B.—Old wolf, to be sure.

A.—Old wolf is gone to Devonshire,

And won't be back for seven year.

Another curious one is—

A.—Please, mother, may I go out to-day?

B.—Oh, no, it's such a rainy day.

A.—But it's my birthday.

B.—Then go ; but don't drive the geese.

The ring is broken, and the mother, who has been in the middle, cries out as she sees them disobey her, and tries to draw them back with—

I've got a new drum (new watch, new doll)

For you, for you.

To which they answer—

We won't come in for that, for that.

Finally, they again circle round her, singing—

We've been to the public-house

To get some bread and cheese.

The butcher killed the cat

Under the bed upstairs.

Under the bed is a box ;

In the box is a knife and fork

To chop your head off with.

Another is—

A.—Who comes here? B.—A grenadier.

A.—What do you want? B.—A can of beer.

A.—Where is your money? B.—I forgot.

A.—Get you gone, you trumpery trot.

This is a counting-out game—

One, two, three, four, five,

I caught a hare alive.

Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,

And let it go again.

Of the same order as these are 'O fool, come to school,' 'Please give me a match,' and 'Hot bread and butter, please come to supper.'

A 'following' game is—

It is raining on the bridge, and I am wet ;

But what care I? I will forget.

Oh, all ye pretty maids, fair and kind,

Follow me, and fall behind.

We'll dance and be merry.

I'll lead you to Derry.

Here is the delightful old counting rhyme, which so many of
s remember.

One, two, buckle my shoe ;
Three, four, open the door ;
Five, six, pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight, lay them straight ;
Nine, ten, a fine fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve, ring the bell ;
Thirteen, fourteen, the maids are courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen ;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids are mating ;
Nineteen, twenty, my plate is empty ;
Please, mother, give me some dinner.

V. Maturin says this is an action game, but I remember it only as a very young child's counting rhyme, with the variants, 'three, four, my coat's all tore ; four, five, we're all alive ; six seven, we're all in heaven.'

* * * * *

An action game played by moving the feet is, she says :

See-saw, see-a-down,
Which is the way to London Town ?
One foot up, and the other foot down,
That is the way to London Town.

We used to sing this to a game of 'see-saw,' in which we balanced on a plank suspended over a wall or a log. This is also a see-saw rhyme :

Here we go up, up, up ;
Here we go down, down, downey,
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round and roundy.

* * * * *

This contributor gives by far the most elaborate version I have ever seen of 'Oranges and Lemons.'

Gay go up, and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.
Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's ;
Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's ;
Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles' ;
Half-pence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's ;
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's ;
Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's ;
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Anne's ;

Old Father Bald-pate,
 Say the slow bells of Aldgate ;
 Two sticks and an apple,
 Say the bells of Whitechapel ;
 You owe me ten shillings,
 Say the bells of St. Helen's ;
 When will you pay me,
 Say the bells of Old Bailey ;
 When I grow rich,
 Say the bells of Shoreditch ;
 Pray when will that be ?
 Say the bells of Stepney ;
 I'm sure I don't know,
 Says the great bell of Bow.
 Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
 Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

Is this last the punishment for the defaulting debtor ?

* * * * *
 'Pippins' is a kind of divination. The player twirls an apple-
 rind round her head rapidly, saying :

Pippin, pippin, paradise,
 Tell me where my true love lies ;
 East, west, north, or south,
 Pilling brig or Cockermouth ?

At the end of the rhyme the rind is let fly, and according to
 the direction in which it points as it lies on the ground is the
 answer.

* * * * *
 These are the rhymes for 'Blindman's Buff,' to which the
 blindman is twirled after he has been blindfolded.

How many horses has your father got ?
 Three—black, white and grey ;
 Then turn round three times
 And catch whom you may.

Or—

Blindman, blindman,
 You're sure you cannot see ;
 Turn round, turn round three times,
 And try to catch me ;
 Don't you tumble over,
 Catch whom you can ;
 Did you think you'd caught me,
 Poor Blind Man ?

* * * * *
 To V. Maturin the book-prize goes this month, with the best
 thanks of the Girls' Room.

Digitized by Google
 KATHARINE (TYNAN) HINKSON.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p. 120.)

FIRST SHELF.

This number goes out under a great disadvantage. Chelsea China must write *before* the great day, and what she writes will not be read till it is over. How can she be 'up to date' without talking of the Jubilee—the Diamond Jubilee that is in every one's thoughts? And how utterly would her talk be flat, stale, and unprofitable; how very much it would be a day after the fair, by the time it came under the eyes of her readers! Even the quick-eyed observer who is looking for us this month out of her attic window, has not cast her eyes on the royal route. Well, we must each do our moralizing for ourselves. It will be different in each case. Some of us will say, 'Oh for the change 'twixt now and then!' Perhaps they a little forget that in the young days of the young Queen they were themselves young, and 'to be young was very heaven.' 'Pelham,' 'Tom Brown at Oxford,' and 'The Babe, B.A.,' would form an interesting series to study. Chelsea China knows where her own affections rest, but she will not say, because that is doubtless a case of Anno Domini. Again, we can read of 'Town and Gown' rows, long ago, and we can watch the young barbarians all at play the other day at Cambridge, and see how long it takes to 'work out'—the *boy*, let us say—and notice how very little fear there is that a wild and rash enthusiasm for progress and change shall undermine the principles of those who guide our youth. We can—we are fond of casuistry—we can consider how the progressive sisters of those ardent young Conservatives should rightly treat them. That is a question quite beyond the grasp of an earlier generation.

It does seem as if the sixty years had made life a great deal *bigger*, that the real change is that the same things are done on a much larger scale, that time and space are ignored and numbers grappled with. The typical 'good worker' of 1837 walked about a village; her descendant in 1897 gets into the underground, and is whirled away to the 'East End.'

BOOK NOTES.

We have no space nor time for reviews at present, even if any one is reading anything, but the S.P.C.K. has sent us *Golden Sunbeams*, a child's magazine, illustrated in red and black, in a style that recalls some of the earliest publications of the Oxford Movement, when Albert Ducer's illustrations were reproduced in a really beautiful, though somewhat forbidding book of Scriptural poems. At the same time, it is as modern as Walter Crane. The letterpress seems very good, and the principles excellent. We hardly think it would take for the Sunday-school, but cultivated children would like it.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

Some very good papers have been sent in on 'Tennyson as a Religious Teacher,' of which Chelsea China prefers *Sepoy's*. *Miranda's* is also very good. Tennyson, though less optimistic and definite than Browning, seems to Chelsea China to show two things—first, the spirit in which to deal with clouds of perplexity and uncertainty; and secondly, how to work the discoveries of modern science into splendid illustrations of religious truth. In 'A Dreamer,' and other poems of the kind, he has shown us that the grand old analogies are not lost, only widened and deepened—shown to be altogether more profound, more wholly applicable to the fact than we knew. A double prize is awarded to *Sepoy*.

VARIETY SUBJECT FOR MAY.

TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

Direct religious teaching is chiefly to be found in Tennyson's later poems, but through all his works run lessons of faith and love, and the germ of his later teaching is seen in the two first volumes. In 'The Two Voices' he shows us a man tempted to despair, but conquering the temptation through his faith; that the darkness round him is in himself; that God is real, and the clouds that hide Him now will be dispelled some day. And this lesson Tennyson teaches us again and again, with more force and clearness when he has himself been tried by doubt and sorrow. He has not, at first, Browning's strong sense of the unity of life here with the life to come; he believes firmly in a future life, but it is different from this, and consequently when death comes and takes away the man he loves best, whose work on earth is yet undone, the shock to his faith is terrible. How he passed through the fire and came out with his faith strengthened and his love purified, he has told us in words that we can never forget. He never gave up struggling to believe; when the darkness was thickest he cried to the God 'behind the veil,' and in time the veil was rent and he saw God's purpose and His love; he realized first that love is worth the sorrow it brings even if it is lost, and then the truth comes to him that love can never be lost:

'Far off Thou art, but ever nigh;
I have Thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with Thy voice;
I shall not lose Thee though I die.'

Love is immortal as God, and our souls are immortal; we know this though we cannot prove it. Death cannot part us, neither can it weaken those powers for good, that we in our blindness think wasted, when those we love and admire are early cut off. We must not expect to see why they should be taken away; we know it must be right.

But death is not the only trial our faith meets with. There is the trial of failure, of seeing our fairest hopes blasted, our highest efforts brought to nothing through no fault of ours. Why are these things allowed to be? Tennyson sets the problem before us in the Idylls. On this question he does not reason, nor give us an answer definitely, but he makes us think it out for ourselves. It seems hard and unjust that Arthur, whose whole life has been spent in the service of his God and his people; whose aims were so lofty and unselfish; who both as king and as man came as near perfection as a human being can, should live to see himself betrayed by those he loves best; the fair order that he had founded broken up, all his work undone, through no fault of his. Why should the sin of others be allowed to spoil his work? Why should such a noble life close in darkness and sorrow? No wonder that Arthur, who has always felt God's presence in all around him, cries bitterly that, 'In His ways with men I find Him not.'

The mists are thick about his soul, which is fighting blindly against the demons of despair, even as he and his faithful few strike blindly through the actual mist at their living enemies. But the faith is always there. This seeming failure is not the real end. 'I pass, but shall not die,' he says, even in his darkest moment; and at the end of the poem he speaks more confidently. The mists are lifting; though his mind is still 'clouded with a doubt,' the clouds will pass away some day; he will not lament any more, and his friend must pray, not weep, for him. Prayer can help to bring good out of evil, even when the good seems wholly quenched. The wound will be healed. So Arthur passes from our sight; so perhaps many may pass, having apparently failed, and the mists of sin and sorrow may close round them, but we must trust and look to the light coming at last.

Still, though we are not left in despair, there is no such glad note of triumph at the end of the *Idylls* as sounds through the latter section of 'In Memoriam.' It seems as if Tennyson had not himself been through the trial of failure as he had been through that of bereavement, and so he cannot pilot us through it with the same confidence.

His saddest volume of poems is 'Tiresias,' with its despairing men and women; but 'Demeter' and the 'Death of Ænone' are full of hope and peace. Such short pieces as 'Faith,' 'Doubt and Prayer,' 'Silent Voices,' 'By an Evolutionist,' or 'The Gleam,' are full of beauty and help. Reading those two volumes calls up 'Rabbi ben Ezra' to our minds—'Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.' They are the wise words of an old man who has never shirked doubts, and whose faith has steadily widened and brightened, so that now he is waiting for the last call to come to him; all the darkness is made light, and all his last words for us are words of comfort. The stories he has to tell us now are almost all of good out of evil: Ænone's love proving strong enough to unite her again to Paris; the leper and his bride happy in their mutual love, which has been purified by trial; the betrayed woman saved by the charity (in the large sense of the word) of the one she looked on as her rival; Persephone given back to Demeter; and, finest of all, the dying Romney tended by the wife he had deserted.

Tennyson's religion is practical and social. He wages war steadily against selfishness in both its forms, *i.e.* the self-indulgence that leads to sensual sins, and not less that concentration of thought on one's self that makes us lose touch with others, and take a distorted view of the world. He shows us again and again the evil of separation from our kind; the 'Palace of Art' shows us a picture of intellectual isolation; and in the 'Holy Grail' we see religious isolation, the danger of looking on religion as a thing apart from our daily life, of neglecting obvious duties to nurse our own souls. These are the chief manifestations of that kind of selfishness, but it is a subtle thing, and crops out in many places. Tennyson sets it before us in the lover, the artist, the ascetic, the princess, 'a character,' and, indirectly, in many poems. Again and again, too, he shows us the other side—souls saved by human love, by intercessory prayer, broken-hearted men and women finding peace in working for others, faithless men and women learning to believe again in God's goodness through the goodness of those near them. We must not try to avoid pain and temptations, to find out a smooth path for ourselves; we must go by the common road whatever the obstacles may be, and the way to advance is to help our fellow-travellers. And we must never lose faith in God; though the clouds seem to hide Him, the darkness is in ourselves—

'The clouds themselves are children of the sun.'

We are taking part in a great work, the issues of which we cannot see yet; let us do each our part, and if we think our efforts have been in vain,

and our lives of no more amount than a ripple on the water, let us remember

‘That one ripple on the boundless deep,
Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself
For ever changing form, but evermore
One with the boundless motion of the deep.’

And let us be grateful to Tennyson for translating the message for us.—
SEPOY.

PRIZE WINNER FOR MAY.

Miss L. Dickens, Cherington, Shipton-on-Stour.

SUBJECT FOR JULY.

The bicycle. Its effect on the lives of young ladies living at home.
[N.B.—Please keep to this one aspect of our big subject.]

SECOND SHELF.

PROSE COMPOSITION.

AN IDEAL.

The pursuit of the Ideal has rather distracted the minds of the competitors from the study of an actual piece of prose. Also there seems to be a good deal of uncertainty as to what an Ideal is, or ought to be ; several correspondents think it means what they like best. *Winifred Spurling's* is the best and clearest piece of composition, and has the most original motive. *Carlotta* and *Miranda* give an interesting discussion.

AN IDEAL.

Sânu the Kafir stood at dawn with face uplifted to the sky, apparently wrapt in holy thought. His shapely limbs were but scantily covered by his one garment, a shrunk goat-skin.

A sculptor would have seen in him a splendid model for a St. John the Baptist.

From a child Sânu had striven to live up to his ideal—his hero ancestor, who with his own right hand had slain over four-score men, women, and children, and whose praises were sung in consequence at the feasts and dances as a great good man.

Sânu was the bravest of all the boys who played their rough games upon the housetops ; but he had done with childish things, and this very day he meant to sally forth to prove himself a hero, and before nightfall he hoped to return, bearing many heads of victims.

He had laid his plans with cunning. After having offered prayers and bribes to Gish, the war-god, and Imbra, the all-powerful, he set out on his travels. About noon he arrived at a dilapidated house, where a family of Mussulman wayfarers had taken up a temporary abode. Cautiously he crawled to the housetop and peeped down the smoke-hole ; as he had hoped, the inmates were sleeping this hottest hour of day away.

There were five of them—a man, woman, and three children.

Sânu fitted an arrow to his bow and aimed at the man, but before he could let the arrow fly, he was startled by a chuckle.

It came from the baby, who had awakened, and who with dancing limbs looked up and laughed at the strange face peering down upon it.

The baby must be killed first or it would arouse the others.

Twice he lifted his hand to shoot, and twice it fell to his side. Then he turned away.

He could not do it ; the baby reminded him of a pet kid he had once loved, and grieved over when it had been killed for food.

Neither could he kill the parents. Darkness covered the earth when he reached his own home, wearied out. As he lay with his face turned to the wall, sorrowing, a great sob rent the air, for Imbra and Gish had set him at naught ; he had failed to follow the example of his Ideal, and henceforth men would say, not 'Sânu the hero,' but 'Sânu the feeble-hearted.'—WINIFRED SPURLING.

AN IDEAL.

Most of us, some time in our lives, have an ideal. When wearied out by stress of work, or by uncongenial occupation, we picture to ourselves an ideal existence, in which our taste and fancies shall have full play, and our better and nobler self, freed from cramping restraints, shall expand freely.

Again, many have a personal ideal, often, in our extreme youth, ourself, and this ideal is, as a rule, singularly unlike our real self. Still, even that is, I think, better than no ideal at all.

Or there is an ideal hero, who is the central figure of all our dreams ; and if we have any time for writing, which has, maybe, been encouraged by the 'Packet,' he figures a good deal in our literary ventures. To him, when he comes, we, like 'little Ellie,' will discover the swan's nest, or whatever corresponds to it.

In the case of a young man, his first ideal is, not seldom, a woman many years older than himself, whom he worships with distant reverence, and whom he endows with every virtue of her sex. It is likely enough that the maiden he marries will bear little resemblance to his first type of perfection, but for all that, his ideal will have done a real work in giving him a pure and high standard of womanhood.

I have heard it said that a human ideal is a bad thing. It frequently has but little beauty or merit, save that which is bestowed upon it by the imagination of its creator, and on a day his eyes are opened and he is disillusioned. Be it so ; still it seems to me that the character which fashions ideals for itself—in other words, feels the need for looking up above self, is better off than the one which remains contented with itself and all its surroundings. 'Man's aim is higher than his grasp,' and if our ideals do but serve to raise us ever so little towards the object of all perfection, shall we say that they are useless?—MIRANDA.

AN IDEAL.

An ideal ! the very word transports us out of the prose of everyday life into a world of high aspirations, of fancy, of imagination ! Happy is the man, the woman, the child who lives for an ideal—do we not all do so, more or less ? To a child all life is idealised ; he is continually looking higher ; his play may vary according to his individual taste, but he is always something above and beyond himself. One little boy that I know spends most of his time in imaginary games : he is a hunter, a sailor, or the hero of the reigning favourite among his story-books ; another, a year or two older, likes to help the men over their work, and to imitate all that his father does ; from just the same motive his tiny sister of four or five walks gravely about the garden with her doll in her arms, as she sees the nurse carrying baby. All three children are trying to fulfil their ideals. As we grow older our notions change, but most of us are looking forward to and aiming at something above and beyond us.

Leaving this general view, we come to the men and women who are especially marked out as having an ideal. These are not only the great ones of the earth, those whose names will go down to posterity because they have fulfilled their ideal; for it is not the fulfilment only that brings joy. Columbus said he would discover America, and he kept his word; but was it not in the striving, in the working, in the dreaming that he found his best satisfaction? Were it possible for us so perfectly to accomplish an ideal that we had left no fresh worlds to conquer, what a blank would remain after the first moments of triumph! The beauty of an ideal is that, as we reach after it, it rises continually and eludes our grasp.

The world will never know how many lives that might have been dull and dreary have been brightened by an ideal; it may mock at fancies and illusions, but we will rejoice in our possession. Our dream may seem poor and insignificant to others, still if it can harm no one, if it has in it possibilities of good, we will continue to cherish it, we will welcome each tardy step towards our goal, and right on to the end we will be thankful for the happiness brought us by an ideal.—CARLOTTA.

PRIZE WINNER FOR MAY.

Miss Winifred Spurling, 8, Kidbrook Park Road, Blackheath, S.E.

CLASS LIST FOR MAY.

DISTINCTION.—*Miranda, Carlotta.*

CLASS I.

Fille-de-la-Mer, Sir Bors, Proserphina, Brown Linnet, Daughter of the Soil, Daddy Long Legs.

CLASS II.

Scotland Yard, Lilian.

SUBJECT FOR JULY.

Describe the kind of place you would like best to live in.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. How did a sixpence decide a lawsuit?
2. Who were (1) Mr. Soho, (2) Count O'Halloran, (3) Mordecai?
3. What was the race between Clarence Hervey and the French officer?
4. To what did a young man give the name of 'Sleepy Hollow,' and what was his reward?
5. What wife wrangled with her husband over the pronunciation of a word?
6. Of what young lady was it said that 'her shoes were odd and her temper even?'

ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

(*From the works of MISS EDGEWORTH.*)

1. A sixpence under the seal of a deed affecting the Percy estates, was found to be of a later date than the deed itself, which was thus proved to be a forgery. (The incident happened in Miss Edgeworth's own family. 'Patronage,' ch. 42.)
2. (1) A fashionable upholsterer, (2) A noble Irish gentleman, (3) An unscrupulous money-lender (a coachmaker). ('The Absentee.')
3. Clarence Hervey made a bet of a hundred guineas that the pigs he was driving would get into town before a Frenchman with a flock of turkeys. ('Belinda,' ch. 4.)
4. Granville Beauclerc gave the name to a new easy-chair belonging to Lady Cecilia Clarendon. The reward was to be the honour of sitting in it for the whole evening. ('Helen,' ch. 15.)

5. Mrs. Bolingbroke disagreed with her husband as to the pronunciation of the word 'wind' in poetry. ('A modern Griselda,' ch. 12.)

6. Of Helen Temple, who accidentally wore a black and a white shoe at a ball. ('Mdlle. Panache,' part 2.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Aspley Guise, Cymraes, Dianora, Double-Dummy, Findhorn, L. Halliday, Lenore, Mesech, Melton Mowbray, Nevil, The Bratchet, 36; Helen, 34; A. C. R., E. T., Proserphina, Sophonisba, Winifred Adey, 30; Green Manille, 26; Athena, Everton Trio, Feu-Follet, 24; F. R. D., Katerfelto, 18; Eleanor, 16; E. M. K., 12.

Every one seems to have found out the misprint of 'search' for 'French' in question 3.

Fourteen Streams is credited to 36 marks for April.

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

(From the works of two poets.)

1. What names are described as 'five sweet symphonies'?

2. Of whom were the following said?

(1) 'Her heart is breaking for a little love.'

(2) 'In truth's bright sphere
Art first of praisers.'

3. Who cried 'This is a woman—we seek a man,' and when?

4. What moral does one of our poets attach to the legend of Andromeda and the Gorgon's head?

5. Where did these take place?

(a) 'Each water-drop made answer to the light,
Lit up a spark and showed the sun his face.'

(b) 'Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky.'

6. Why was a poet's heart 'gladder' than a singing-bird, an apple-tree, a rainbow spell?

THIRD SHELF.

QUERIES.

Quotation wanted—

'What of the way to the end, the end crowns all.'

Is it from Browning's poems?—FRUSTRATIO.

MADAM,—In a lecture given by Sir Robert Ball at Cambridge during March, he remarked that certain variations in the movements of the star Algol had been accounted for by a German astronomer.

Can any one kindly explain the matter to me, giving any further information, and say also in which of the constellations is this star?—Yours faithfully, M. H. DAVIS (MISS).

A. C. R. has pleasure in telling Chelsea China that the 'sea-blue bird of March,' mentioned in 'In Memoriam,' is the wheat-ear. Not the kingfisher, as some suppose. The wheat-ear arrives in England in March, and it is probably a 'poetical licence' to call its greyish plumage 'sea-blue.'

[Another correspondent suggests the swallow, and Chelsea China has been assured it was the blue tit.]

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF WOMANLY WOMEN.

The accompanying letters show plainly that it takes all sorts of girls to make a world. Chelsea China was a young lady a long time ago. There were in her day dignified girls, and natural girls, and 'fast' girls, as we called them, and self-conscious girls, in plenty. There were silly flirts, and sentimental flirts, and merry flirts, and shy flirts; girls who did not wish to flirt, and girls who would have liked to flirt, but did not know how. None of these types are new. Chelsea China can assure her younger readers that young men always know and always will know how to distinguish between 'nice' girls and girls who are not nice. They drew, and draw, distinct lines. They don't always draw them in the same place as their sisters, still less do they point out to those anxious and critical maidens where the line is drawn. But they know. And lookers-on do not always see the most of the game. It is not possible for an inexperienced girl to judge others; let the confession of many unkind mistakes of other days win forgiveness for Chelsea China in pointing this out. There *is* such a thing as unmaidenly talk and unmaidenly behaviour. But it is the man and not the other girl who knows where to look for it. And be sure he does know.

Then, it is everything to be natural and—well, to be dignified, but girls must be so on the lines of their own decade, and not on those of another. We can't put back the clock, and we can't recur to early Victorian customs any more than we can dance steps in quadrilles, if we dance them at all, which perhaps belongs to the last decade. To do a bold, conspicuous thing in order to attract attention is now and always has been unmaidenly; but it does not follow that the same practice is conspicuous in different generations.

WOMANLY WOMEN.

Having read and thoroughly agreed with the paper on 'Womanly Women,' which appeared in the last number of the *Monthly Packet*, a young member of the rising generation ventures to make one other suggestion, as all opinions are invited. Not being yet 'out,' as the phrase runs, nothing can be said about ball-room manners and such like; but one thing seems very evident in the behaviour of the modern young lady—that is, the very ugly expressions one often hears her use. What is prettier than good English? and why should not women (who are supposed to be models of purity) use their own mother tongue in its pure form without the many ugly slang expressions which have been introduced? One does not like to hear them even from a boy, and to all 'womanly women' it is most painful to hear a woman doing so. Again, it is so much more of a help to men: if a sister or wife, as it may happen, never uses an ugly word or slang and thoroughly dislikes them, the brother or husband will refrain also for fear of hurting them. If only the girls and women would consider the matter, one is sure they would come to the conclusion that it is not only much prettier, but also more suitable for a woman to use pure good English in their conversations, and to renounce entirely all slang or unwomanly words.—MOT.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—I am frightfully curious about the club where they keep a list of kissable young ladies. How did the writer of the letter on 'Womanly Women' find it out? Did any one ever ask her to put her name down for it? Did a girl on the list repent and confess? Did one of the members of the club not only kiss but tell? And is she quite, *quite* sure that some wicked person may not have suspected the existence of her society and tried to hoax her. So many young people like to conjugate the verb 'to shock.'—Yours truly, UNDINE.

I cannot help agreeing a very great deal with the members of the Womanly Women Association, but do they not take rather too general a

view of the various cases? True, one meets only too many girls whose one ambition in life is to 'dangle for a husband,' and who fill up the time till they attain that glory—in seeing how much gaiety and amusement they can get into the (I regret to say) *seven* days of the week.

But I feel quite certain the majority of girls are not like this—and my small experience is that the girls that behave as ladies should, quietly and properly, have far more fun and enjoy life far more than the other sort.

The poor girls who have lowered themselves see how the nice men—of whom there are still many—respect a quiet, lady-like girl, and think they will try the same tactics.

But do you think the 'womanly girl' as a rule retires before the girl of the period? It always seems to me the latter comes forward and eclipses her; then do you not think, if one looks into the matter (at least in my little part of the world I have seen it so), one will find our womanly girl keeps on her way, and in a manner reigns supreme, for all the nice men like and respect her, and all the good women are fond of her; how, then, can she retire behind the 'new girl'?

No, there is, and I am sure there always will be, a place in society for a *real lady*; other girls may flash and bicycle past, but a maiden with plenty of fun as well as refinement will, I feel certain, ever make her way in the world.

As to the question of literature, I think it depends entirely on the reader. I do not mean that half the books now published are fit for us young ones. I know they are not. But will not one girl pick all the harm out of a book, and forget, perhaps never notice the good, while the next girl will find any amount of good, and never even see the bad, until some one in trying to improve her innocence will point the evil out to her.

So it is with these atheistic novels. If a girl reads them in perfect faith and sympathy with her religion, what harm can they do? It seems to me it simply strengthens her belief in her religion.

I have in my mind 'The Mighty Atom.' I read it, and found nothing either gruesome or terrible in the little boy's death. The father, of course, was a terrible character, but I thought the child's innocent faith a very beautiful idea, till some one suggested my looking at it in the contrary light; then I saw all the horrors of the case.

So, I think, provided we girls go to no extremes in anything, and are determined to keep up our self-respect, we may go to balls, and we may have quite as much amusement as is good for us, without coming to any harm. And should we have (as many of us no doubt do) some continual good aim and object in the home-life to act as an anchor, do you not think we shall find that *that* and our aforementioned *self-respect* will be an all-sufficient safeguard without any hard and fast rules?—A COUNTRY GIRL.

NOTE.—A *Country Girl* was right in her first idea. 'A Mighty Atom' is, we think, an unwise and unpleasant book, but the author is quite on the side of the child.—CHELSEA CHINA.

'THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING WOMANLY WOMEN.'

H.—Well, do I see you 'smiling scornfully' or 'curling a contemptuous lip over the projected association of womanly women?'

A.—No! for 'a member' is obviously in earnest, and her intentions are most excellent. But oh! how funny it all is!

H.—Funny? What strikes you as humorous in that severe indictment of the modern young woman?

A.—Well, is there not something funny in the way in which each generation takes up the cry against the tendencies of the age, and finds something new in what is really as old as human nature?

H.—A generation that can read Miss Austen and her contemporaries, certainly ought not to lay husband-hunting to the charge of the modern *womanly* lady. But surely the fast young woman is a later development?

A.—Not she! She rides a bicycle now, and possibly smokes cigarettes. A century ago she walked twice a day to the town to meet the militia officers, and dressed up young men in girls' clothes at evening parties.

H.—I grant you that, nowadays at any rate, the fast young woman and the husband-hunter are rarely combined in the same individual. But there is some truth in 'a member's' indictment of the present generation as having a low ideal of married life.

A.—Granted! But that is more the fault of the young married women than of the girls, for reasons upon which we cannot enter at present. But I cannot see how the other evils of which she complains are to be remedied by the 'womanly' girl's trying to make herself more conspicuous than the 'girl of the period.'

H.—Or even by her pledging herself to be 'natural and yet dignified' in her intercourse with the other sex, which strikes me as being more easily said than done?

A.—Well, I think a little more dignity than seems to be attained by 'a member's' acquaintances would be quite compatible with perfect naturalness. One need not be particularly stiff in order to keep off the list of the 'young ladies who allow themselves to be kissed.'

H.—I think that some humorous person has been taking a rise out of 'a member.' If I said that some one had been 'pulling her leg,' I suppose she would be very properly shocked! As for the young man whom with her own eyes she saw beckon to a grateful partner, I wonder if she is quite sure that he was not kindly giving a dance to a younger sister or little cousin.

A.—When she is a little older, she will probably take a more tolerant view of the behaviour of society, and also believe less of what she is told, even if she has not by that time been called upon to 'direct a household!'

H.—Her resolve not to read questionable books is most praiseworthy, but who is to decide what books are questionable? Or will she consider, as many people do, that *age* renders all books innocuous whatever their subject?

A.—Now you are bitter! This is a subject upon which you are always rabid.

H.—I know! It is so easy to lay down a rule that one should not read questionable books, and so difficult to remember that most of those books are written by women quite as well-intentioned and as much concerned with the welfare of the world as 'a member' herself.

A.—One wishes sometimes that they would adopt other methods. But no one will pay much heed to them who does not already sympathise with their views, so they will do the less harm.

H.—That is the kind of convert that 'a member' seems to desire—girls 'who are already in sympathy,' she says. One wonders what the Association is going to do for them.

A.—Give them moral support, I suppose. But, seriously, I doubt whether it is possible to be 'natural and dignified,' of '*malice prepense*,' and whether young men are likely to behave particularly well to the members of a society which is pledged to keep them in their proper place.

ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION.

CLASS LIST FOR MAY.

CLASS I.

Greta, 38; *Gem*, *Proserphina*, *Florence*, and *Oka*, 36; *Double-Dummy*, 34; *Cobwebs*, 33; *Green Mantle* and *Cherry Ripe*, 32.

CLASS II.

Daphne, 27; *Maiden Aunt*,* 22; *Butterfly*,* 21. Digitized by Google

* Only three answers.

NOTE.—Prizes of One Guinea each have been awarded to *Proserphina* and *Mirabel*, each of whom have obtained 186 marks in the latter half of 1896. *Proserphina*—Mrs. Dutton, Hewcroft, Newcastle, Staffs. *Mirabel*—Miss Mabel H. Smith, Sackville House, Bexhill-on-Sea.

REMARKS.

1. *Greta* and *Gem* obtained full marks. The answers to this question were good.
2. There was much difference of opinion as to the most important of the Ordinance. Some thought the election of the ministers by the barons, because it was the beginning of the responsibility of ministers to the nation. Some thought the clauses relating to taxation or the frequency of parliaments were most important, since the power of Parliament to withhold supplies was the guarantee of constitutional government. Those relating to Gaveston can hardly be called the most important, as they were personal and temporary.
3. *Greta*, *Gem*, and *Double-Dummy* obtained full marks. The action of the ordainers does not show any advance on that of the barons half a century earlier. It was, if anything, a retrograde movement.
4. In what case, if ever, is it lawful to depose a consecrated king? Were the charges against Edward grave enough to warrant deposition? Was he guilty? Were there extenuating circumstances? These points should all have been noted and discussed in the speeches.

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. Describe the growth of the power of Parliament in the reign of Edward III.
2. Parliament fell definitely into two Houses in this reign. Show what causes led to this, and discuss its importance.
3. Describe briefly the events in the French War, and estimate its effect on England.
4. Write a short life of Wiclif. To what extent did his views take root in England?

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

CONFLICT ABOUT THE CHURCH'S FAITH AND SACRAMENTS.

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

25. Describe shortly the book known as *Essays and Reviews*.
 26. Give an account either of Sir R. Phillimore's Judgment in 'Sheppard *versus* Bennett,' or of the Trial of Bishop Forbes.
 27. What were the Judgments of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in (a) the appeal about *Essays and Reviews*? (b) in Mr. Bennett's case? What is this Committee? and why was it so hated by Churchmen?
 28. Give short accounts of Bishops Alexander, Penrose, Forbes; Mr. Bennett of Frome, and Archdeacon Denison.
- Books recommended:—Perry's and Hoare's Histories; *Memoir of Bishop Forbes* (Kegan Paul); *Notes of My Life*, by Archdeacon Denison; *Judgment of Sir Robert Phillimore* (edited by W. G. N. Phillimore), published at the time by Rivington, price 1s.
- Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, Industrial School, Andover, by August 1st.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.**CORRESPONDENCE.**

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address **CHELSEA CHINA** on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

PROVERB FOR 1897.

'ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN.'

The writer of the proverb story selected as best, will receive £10, and others accepted for publication will receive not more than £5. Stories intended for Competition must be addressed to the Editor, marked *outside* 'Christmas Number,' and must be sent in not earlier than June 1st, nor later than July 1st, accompanied by a *stamped envelope* for correspondence, and a *stamped wrapper* for return, if desired. They must not be less than 4,000 words in length, nor more than 12,000. The Competition is entirely open.

N.B.—The Christmas Number is not made up of competition stories, which take their chance with others of acceptance. Non-competitive stories are paid for as ordinary contributions.

CHINA CUPBOARD PRIZES—

A. Variety Specimens. Prize, monthly, 5s.

Search Questions (Who, When, and Where). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1s.

Prose Competition. Monthly Prize, 5s., or 10s., according to merit.

RULES for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to **CHELSEA CHINA**, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case. (6) There are no entrance fees. (7) Prizes cannot be taken by the same person twice in a half-year.

B. English History Competition. Prize, for six months taken together, £3 3s. Farther prizes only if the editors are satisfied with the keenness of the competition.

RULES.—(1) Answers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to **CHELSEA CHINA**, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (2), (3), (4), (5) and (6) as above, under section A. Be very careful to put 'English History' *outside*.

C. Church History Society. Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

RULES.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1s. II. Questions are set each month.

No China Cupboard papers can be returned.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editor's can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

AUGUST, 1897.

LAWRENCE CLAVERING.

BY A. E. W. MASON, AUTHOR OF 'THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER.'

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CHAPTER XVI.

ASHLOCK GIVES THE NEWS.

THEN I remembered the curtain cord. I felt that Rookley was trying to pass it from one hand to the other beneath my arms; I could hear the tassel bobbing and jerking on the floor, and I summoned all my strength to draw my arms apart. For if he prevailed, here was the end of all my fine resolve to secure Mr. Herbert's enlargement!

I had flattered myself with that prospective atonement, as though it was a worthy action already counted to my credit. I saw this in a flash *now*, now that I was failing again, and the perception was like an agony in my bones. It seemed to me that a woman's face rose out of the darkness before me, mournful with reproach, and the face was not the wife's who waited in Keswick, but Dorothy's. She looked at me from beneath a hood half thrown back from the head and across her shoulder, as though she had passed me, even as I had seen in my fancies a woman's face look at me, when I had watched the procession of my hours to come in the Rector's Library at the Jesuit College.

Meanwhile Rookley's knee so closely pressed me to the floor that my struggles did but exhaust myself, and delay the event. I was no match for him in bodily strength, and he held me,

moreover, at that disadvantage wherein a weak man might well have triumphed over a strong.

I could get no purchase either with hand or foot, and lay like a fish flapping helplessly on the deck of a boat, the while he pressed my arms closer and closer together.

It is not to be imagined that this unequal contest lasted any great while. The thoughts which I have described raced through my mind while my cry seemed still to be echoing about the walls, and as though in answer to that cry, a latch clicked as I felt the cord tighten about my elbows.

The sound came from somewhere on the opposite side of the hall, and I do not think that Rookley heard it, for now and again he laughed in a low, satisfied fashion, as though engrossed in the pleasure of his task. I heard a shuffling of feet, and a light brightened in the passage which led to the steward's office. A great hope sprang up within me. There was one servant in the house whom I could trust.

'Ashlock!' I shouted at the top of my voice.

The footsteps quickened to a run.

'Damn you!' muttered Rookley, and he let go the cord. He had raised his hand to strike, but I did not give him time for the blow. With a final effort I gathered up my knees beneath me and raised myself on my fore-arms. Rookley's balance was disturbed already. He put out a hand to the floor. I got the sole of my foot upon the boards, jerked him off my back, and rolled over upon him with my fingers at his throat. Ashlock ran towards us with a lighted lamp in his hand. I let go my hold and got to my feet. Rookley did the same.

'You came in the nick of time,' said Rookley. 'My good cousin would have murdered me;' and he arranged his cravat.

'That's a lie,' said I, with a breath between each word.

'It was Mr. Clavering's cry I heard,' said Ashlock.

And while he spoke a commotion arose in the upper part of the house. Doors opened and shut, there was a hurry of footsteps along the passages, and voice called to voice in alarm. My cry had roused the household, and I saw Jervas Rookley smile. I crossed the hall and picked up my sword. As I returned with it, I saw here and there a white face popped over the balusters of the staircase.

'I have fought with you in your way,' said I. 'It is your turn to fight with me in mine.'

Rookley crossed his arms.

'To fight with a hunted traitor!' said he. 'Indeed, my cousin, you ask too much of me; I would not rob the gallows of so choice a morsel. Burtham, Wilson, Blacket!' and he lazily called up the stairs to the servants clustered there. 'This is your work. Ashlock, do you carry the news to the sheriff.'

I glanced at Ashlock; he did not stir. On the staircase I heard a conflict of muttering voices, but as yet no one had descended. So a full minute passed, while my life and more than my life hung in the balance.

I kept my eyes on Rookley, debating in my mind what I should do, if his servants obeyed him. Every nerve in my body tingled with the desire to drive at him with my sword point; but he stood, quietly smiling, his arms folded, his legs crossed. I could not touch him; being unarmed he was best armed of all, and doubtless he knew it.

'Well!' he asked, as with some impatience. 'Are my servants leagued against their master to betray his King?'

One man descended a couple of steps, and then Ashlock spoke.

'Sir,' he said, 'it is not for poor men like us to talk of kings. Kings are for you, masters are for us. And as it seems there are two kings for you to choose between, so there are two masters for the likes of us. And for my part,' he raised his voice, and with his voice his face, towards the stairs—'for my part, I stand here;' and he crossed over to me, and stood by my side.

I can see the old man now as he held up the lamp in his tremulous hand and the light fell upon his wrinkled face. I can hear his voice ringing out bold and confident. It was Ashlock who saved me that night. I saw the servants draw back at his words, and the mutter of voices recommenced.

'Very well,' cried Rookley, starting forward. 'Choose him for your master, then, and see what comes of it!' He shook his fist towards the servants in his passion. 'One and all you pack to-morrow. Your master, I tell you, is the master of Blackladies.'

'They have no master, then,' I cried, for it seemed that at his words they again pressed forward. 'For you have less right here than I.'

Rookley turned and took a step or two towards me, his eyes blazing, his face white. But he spoke in a low voice, nodding his head between the words:

'They shall pay for this at Applegarth.'

It was my turn to start forward.

'Dorothy Curwen shall pay for this—little Dorothy Curwen!'—with a venomous sneer. 'Your friend, eh? But mine too. Ah, my good cousin, it seems your fortune always to come second.'

At that I did what I had so much longed to do when I first saw him asleep. He was within two feet of me; I held my drawn sword in my hand. I made no answer to him in speech, but the instant the words were past his lips, I took my sword by the blade, raised it above my head, and brought the hilt crashing down upon his face. He spun round upon his heels and pitched sideways at my feet.

'Now, Ashlock,' said I, 'get me a horse.'

'But there's no such thing, sir, at Blackladies,' he replied. 'They were seized this many a week back.'

'How travels this?' and I pointed to Jervas Rookley.

'He travels no further than between the dining-room and the cellar.'

And I crossed into the little parlour and picked up my cloak and hat. Then I returned to the hall. Burtham had raised Jervas Rookley's head upon his knee, and Wilson was coming from the kitchen with a bason of water and a towel. They looked at me doubtfully but said no word. I went to the hall door, unfastened the bolts, and started at a run down the drive. I had not, however, advanced many yards, when a cry from behind brought me to a halt; and in a little, old Ashlock joined me.

'I did but go for my hat, sir,' he said reproachfully. 'A bald pate and an old man—they are two things that go ill with a night wind.'

He was walking by my side as he spoke, and the words touched me to an extreme tenderness. He was venturing himself, without a question, into unknown perils, and for my sake. I could hear his steps dragging on the gravel, and I stopped.

'It must not be,' I said. 'God knows I would be blithe and glad to have a friend to bear me company, and it is a true friend you have been to me.' I laid a hand upon his shoulder. 'But it is into dangers and hardships I shall be dragging you, and that I have no right to do without I can give you strength to win through them, and that strength I cannot give. These last days, the rain and hail have beat upon me by day, and the night wind has whistled through my bones in the dark. My

roof-tree has been a jutting rock, my bed the sopping bracken, and so it will be still. It needs all my youth to bear it: it will mean death, and a quick death, to you. You must go back.'

'Master Lawrence,' he replied, catching at my arm, 'Master Lawrence, I cannot go back!' and there was something like a sob in his voice.

'Had we horses,' I continued, 'I would gladly take you. But even this morning there is work for me to do that cries for all my speed.'

Ashlock persisted, however, pleading that I should name a place where he could join me. Two things were plain to me: one that he had resolved to throw his lot in with me; the other that I must cross the fells to Applegarth without the hamper of his companionship. For Jervas Rookley, I felt sure, would seize the first moment of consciousness to exact his retribution. At last a plan occurred to me.

'You have crossed to Lord's Island already,' I said. 'Go to Lord Derwentwater again. Tell him all you have heard to-night, and make this request in my name: that he will keep you until I send word where you can join me.'

'But Lord Derwentwater has fled,' Ashlock exclaimed. 'He fled north to Mr. Lambert, and thence goes to his own seat at Dilston, in Northumberland.'

'He has fled! How know you this?'

'I was at Lord's Island this two days since, sir, seeking news of you. The warrant was out for him even then. He meets Mr. Forster at Greenrig, on the 6th of October. He told me he had sent to your hiding-place and bidden you join him there.'

'At Greenrig with Mr. Forster? Then the country's risen.' I could have gone down on my knees as I had seen my cousin do. 'If only God wills, the rising will succeed;' and I cried out my prayer, from a feeling even deeper than that I cherished for the King. 'Listen, Ashlock! The morning is breaking. Do you meet me by noon betwixt Honister Crag and Ennerdale Lake. There is a path; hide within sight of it;' and without waiting to hear more from him I set out at a run across Borrowdale. It was daylight before I had crossed the valley, and the sun was up. But I cared little now whether or no I was seen and known. Since Jervas Rookley knew I had lain hidden those first weeks at Applegarth—why, it mattered little now who else discovered the fact. But indeed, Jervas Rookley was not the only one who knew.

For when I reached Applegarth, I found the house deserted. I banged at the door, and for my pains heard the echo ring chill and solitary through an empty house. I looked about me; not a living being could be seen. Backwards and forwards I paced in front of those blind windows and the unyielding door. I ran to the back of the house, thinking I might find an entrance there. But the same silence, the same deadly indifference were the only response I got. I know not what wild fears, what horrible surmises passed through my mind! It was because the house had sheltered me, I cried to myself, that desolation made its home there. I dropped on the grass and the tears burst from my eyes. For I remembered how Dorothy had sung within the chambers, how her little feet had danced so lightly down the stairs.

Ashlock was already waiting me when I retraced my steps to the Honister Crag, and, indeed, I was long behind the time.

'To Greenrig,' I said. Towards evening, however, Ashlock's strength gave out, and coming to the house of a farmer, I procured a lodging. In truth, I was well-nigh exhausted myself. The next day, however, Ashlock was in no condition to accompany me, and leaving a little money which I had with me for his maintenance, I went forward on my way alone. Sleeping now in a cottage, now in the fields, and little enough in either case, using such means of conveyance as chance offered me upon the road, I came early in the morning of the 6th to Greenrig in Northumberland, and while wandering hither and thither, in search of the place of meeting, and yet not daring to inquire for it, I came upon a cavalcade. It was Lord Derwentwater at the head of his servants, all armed and mounted. I ran forward to meet him.

'What is it, lad?' he asked, reining in his horse. I do not wonder that he had no knowledge of me. For my clothes hung about me in tatters. No dirtier ragamuffin ever tramped a country road.

'How is it they did not seize your horses?' I asked, with my wits wandering.

Lord Derwentwater laughed heartily.

'There is a saying of Oliver Cromwell's,' he replied, 'that he could gain his end in any place with an ass-load of gold. But who are you that put the question?' and he bent over his horse's neck.

I caught at the reins to save myself from falling.

'I am Lawrence Clavering,' I said ; 'you bade me meet you here.' And with that I swooned away.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARCH TO PRESTON.

It was more from the exhaustion of hunger than any other cause that I fainted, and being come to myself, I was given food and thereafter accommodated with a horse ; so that without any great delay the calvacade proceeded to its rendezvous. We fell in with Mr. Forster at the top of a hill, which they call the Waterfalls, and swelled his numbers to a considerable degree, there being altogether gathered at this spot, now that we were come, near upon sixty horse, gentlemen and their attendants, and all armed. After a short council it was decided that we should march northwards and meet Brigadier Macintosh at Kelso. Besides, argued Mr. Forster, there was great reason to believe, that if we did but appear before the walls, Newcastle would open its gates to us ; in the which case we should not only add largely to our forces but secure that of which we stood most in need—I mean ordnance and ammunition. 'For,' said he, 'Sir William Blackett, whose interest is very considerable in the town, has armed and enlisted in troops all the colliers and keelmen and miners in his pay, and does but wait for us to set them in motion.'

Accordingly, in the height of confidence and good spirits, the little band set out towards Plainfield on the river Coquett, though for my part I could but ponder in the greatest distress upon the deserted aspect of Applegarth. Nor was Lord Derwentwater in any way able to relieve my fears, seeing that he had himself been seeking refuge from one place to another. I was driven therefore to persuade myself, as the best hope which offered, that Mr. Curwen and his daughter had embarked in the *Swallow* and were now come safely to France. Yet, somehow, the while I persuaded myself, my heart sank with the thought of the distance that was between us.

We came that night to Rothbury, and sleeping there, marched the next morning to Warkworth, where, the day being Saturday, the 7th of October, Mr. Forster resolved to lie until the Monday. It was in the parish church of Warkworth that Mr. Buxton, our

chaplain, first prayed publicly for King James III., substituting that name for King George; and it was in Warkworth, too, that King James was first of all in England proclaimed King of Great Britain. I remember standing in the market-place listening to the huzzaing of our forces and watching the hats go up in the air, with how heavy a heart! So that many chided me for the dull face I wore. But I was picturing to myself the delight with which Dorothy would have viewed the scene. I could see her eye sparkle, her little hand clench upon her whip; I could hear her voice making a harmony of these discordant shouts.

On Monday we rode out of Warkworth, and being joined by many gentlemen at Alnwick and other places, and in particular by seventy Scots Horse at Felton Bridge, marched into Morpeth, three hundred strong, all mounted. For we would entertain no foot, since we had not sufficient arms even for those we had mounted, and moreover were in a great haste to surprise Newcastle. To this end we hurried to Hexham, where we were joined by some more Scots Horse, and drew out from there on to a moor about three miles distant. It was there that we sustained our first disappointment. For intelligence was brought to us from Newcastle that the magistrates having got wind of our designs, had gathered the trainbands and militia within the walls, and that the gates were so far from opening to receive us that they had been walled up and fortified with stone and lime to such a degree of strength that without cannon it was useless to attempt them.

Accordingly we marched chapfallen back to Hexham and lay there until the 19th, with no very definite idea of what we should do next. However, on the 18th a man came running into the town crying that General Carpenter with Churchill's Dragoons and Hotham's foot, and I know not what other regiments, had on this very day arrived at Newcastle from London, and without an instant's delay had set about preparing to attack us. The news, you may be sure, threw us into a pretty commotion, and the colour of our hopes quite faded. Messengers sped backwards and forwards between General Forster and Lord Derwentwater and Captain Shaftoe; councils were held, broken up, reformed again; the whole camp hummed and sputtered like a boiling kettle. I passed that day in the greatest despair, for if this rising failed, every way was I undone. It was not merely that I should lose my life, but I should lose it without securing that for which I had designed it—I mean

Mr. Herbert's liberation. In the midst of this flurry and confusion, however, Mr. Burnett of Carlips rode into Hexham, with a message that Viscount Kenmure, and the Earls of Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Wintoun had entered England from the western parts of Scotland and were even now at Rothbury. Mr. Forster returned an express that we would advance to them the next morning; the which we did, greatly enheartened by the pat chance of their arrival, and, being joined together with them, marched in a body to Wooler on the following day, and rested the Friday in that village.

We crossed the Tweed and entered Kelso on the 22nd of October, and about an hour after our entry the Highlanders, with their outlandish bagpipes playing the strangest skirling melodies, were led in by old Mackintosh from the Scots side. The joy we all had at the sight of them may be easily imagined, and indeed the expression of it by some of the baser followers was so extravagant that a man can hardly describe it with any dignity. But I think we all halloo'd them as our saviours, and so even persuaded our ears to find pleasure in the rasping of their pipes.

The next day being Sunday, Lord Kenmure ordered that Divine Service should be held in the great Kirk of Kelso, at which Papists and Protestants, Highlanders and Englishmen attended very reverently together; and I believe this was the first time that the rubric of the Church of England was ever read on this side of the Forth in Scotland. Mr. Patten, I remember, who after turned his coat to save his life, preached from a text of Deuteronomy, 'The right of the first-born is his.' And very eloquent, I am told, his sermon was, though I heard little of it, being occupied rather with the gathering of men about me, and wondering whether at the long last we had the tips of our fingers upon this much-contested crown. For the Highlanders, though poorly armed and clad, had the hardiest look of any men that ever I saw. My great question, indeed, was whether amongst their nobles they had one who could lead. For on our side, except for Captains Nicholas Wogan, and Shaftoe, we had few who were versed in military arts, and Mr. Forster betrayed to my thinking more of the incompetency of the born Parliament-man than the resourceful instinct of the born strategist; in which opinion, I may say, I was fully warranted afterwards by that fatal omission in regard to Ribble Bridge.

On the Monday morning the Highlanders were drawn up in the churchyard and marched thence to the market-place, in all the bravery of flags flying, and drums beating, and pipes playing. There they were formed into a circle, and within that circle another circle of the Gentlemen Volunteers, whereof, through the bounty of Lord Derwentwater, in supplying me with money and arms, I was now become one; and within that circle stood the noblemen. Thereupon a trumpet sounded, and silence being obtained, the Earl of Dumferling proclaimed King James, and read thereafter the famous manifesto which the Earl of Mar sent from his camp at Perth by the hand of Mr Robert Douglas.

We continued, then, in Kelso until the following Thursday, the 27th of October, our force being now augmented, what with footmen and horse, to the number of fourteen hundred. The delay, however, gave General Carpenter time to approach us from Newcastle, and he on this same Thursday came to Wooler and lay there the night, intending to draw out to Kelso and give us battle on the following day. No sooner was the intelligence received than Lord Kenmure calls a council of war, and here at once it was seen that our present union was very much upon the surface. For whereas Earl Wintoun was all for marching into the west of Scotland, others were for passing the Tweed and attacking General Carpenter. For, said they, 'in the first place, his troops must needs be fatigued, and in the second they do not count more than five hundred men all told, whereof the regiments of Dragoons are newly raised and have seen no service.'

Now, either of these proposals would in all probability have tended to our advantage, but when a multitude of counsels conflict, it is ever upon some weak compromise that men fall at last; and so it came about that we marched away to Jedburgh, intending thence to cross the mountains into England. Here it was that our troubles with the Highlanders began. For they would not be persuaded to cross the borders, saying that once they were in England they would be taken and sold as slaves, a piece of ignorance wherein it was supposed Lord Wintoun had tutored them. Consequently our plans were changed again, and instead of crossing into North Tynedale, we turned aside to Hawick, the Highlanders protesting that they would not keep with us for the distance of an inch upon English soil.

From Hawick we marched to Langholme, a little market-town belonging to the Duchess of Buccleugh; and there we made another very great mistake. For here the Earl of Wintoun strongly advised that we should make ourselves masters of Dumfries, and to that end, indeed, a detachment of cavalry was sent forward in the night to Ecclefechan. And no doubt the advice was just and the plan easy of accomplishment. Dumfries, he urged, was unfortified either by walls or trainbands; it stood upon a navigable river whereby we might have succours from France; it opened a passage to Glasgow; and the possession of so wealthy a town would give us great credit with the country gentlemen thereabouts, and so be the means of enlarging the command. All these arguments he advanced, as Lord Derwentwater, who was present at the council, informed me, with singular moderation of tone, but finding that they made no sort of headway with the English party:

‘It is sheer folly and madness,’ he burst out. ‘You are so eager to reap your doubtful crops in Lancashire, that you will not stoop to the corn that lies cut at your feet. I tell you, there are many stands of arms stored in the Tolbooth and a great quantity of gunpowder in the Tron Steeple, which you can have for the mere taking. But you will not, no, you will not. Good God, sirs, your King’s at stake, and if you understand not that, your lives;” and so he bounced out of the room.

The truth is, we of the English party were so buoyed up by the expresses we received from Lancashire that nothing would content us but we must march hot-foot into England. And though, of course, I had no part or share in the decision of our course, I was none the less glad that our side prevailed, nay, more glad than the rest, since I had an added motive. For so long as we remained in Scotland there would be no disturbance of administration in England. Examinations would be conducted, assizes would be held, and, for all I knew, Mr. Herbert might be condemned and hanged while we were yet marching and countermarching upon the borders. The thought of that possibility was like a sword above my head; I raged against my ignorance of the place of Mr. Herbert’s detention. Had I but known it, I think that in this hesitation of our leaders I would have foregone those chances of escape which the rebellion promised, and ridden off at night to deliver myself to the authorities. For it was no longer of my dishonour, if I failed to bring the matter to a happy event, at least for Anthony Herbert

and his wife, that I thought. But the prospect of failure struck at something deeper within me. It seemed in truth to reach out sullyng hands towards Dorothy. I held it in some queer way as a debt to her, due in payment for my knowledge of her, that I should fulfil this duty to its last letter. So whenever these councils were in the holding, I would pace up and down before the General's quarters, as a man will before the house in which his mistress lies sick; and when the counsellors came forth, you may be sure I was at Lord Derwentwater's elbow on the instant, and the first to hear the decision agreed upon.

From Langholme, then, we crossed into England. It is no part of my story to describe our march to Preston, and I need only make mention of one incident during its continuance which had an intimate effect upon my own particular fortunes.

This incident occurred when we were some ten miles out of Penrith. The whole army was drawn up upon a hill, and lying upon its arms to rest the men. I was standing by the side of young Mr. Chorley, with my eyes towards Appleby, when Mr. Richard Stokoe, who acted as quartermaster to Lord Derwentwater's troop, suddenly cried out behind me—

‘Lord save us! Who is this old put of a fellow?’

‘He mounts the white cockade,’ said young Mr. Chorley, turning and shading his eyes with his hand.

‘And moves a living arsenal,’ said the other with a laugh.

‘Yet hardly so dangerous as his companion, I should think.’

‘Very like. We’ll set her in front of the troops, and so march to London with never a shot fired. But, Clavering!’ he cried of a sudden. ‘What ails the man?’

But Clavering was galloping down the hillside by this time, and did not draw rein to answer him. For the old put of a fellow and his companion were no other than Mr. Curwen and his daughter. A living arsenal was in truth no bad description of the old gentleman; for he carried a couple of old muskets slung across his shoulders, a pair of big pistols were stuck in his belt, another pair protruded from the holsters, a long straight sword slapped and rattled against his leg, while a woodman's axe was slung across his body.

When I was a hundred yards from the pair I slackened my horse's speed: when the hundred yards had narrowed to fifty, I stopped altogether. For I remembered my unceremonious departure from Applegarth, and was troubled to think with what mien they would accost me. I need, however, have

harboured no fears upon that score. For Mr. Curwen cried out :

‘I wagered Dorothy the sun to a guinea-piece that we should find you here.’

‘I did not take the wager,’ cries Dorothy, as she drew rein ; she added demurely, ‘But only because he could not have paid had he lost.’

They were followed at a little distance by some half a dozen shepherds and labourers mounted on ponies, which, to say the least, had long since passed their climacteric, and armed with any makeshift of a weapon which had happened to come handy. The troop drew up in a line, and Mr. Curwen surveyed them with some pride.

‘They lack a banner,’ said he, regretfully. ‘I would have had Dorothy embroider one of silk for Roger Purdy, in the smock there, to carry—straighten your shoulders, Roger!—a white rose opening, on a ground of sky-blue, but——’

‘But Dorothy had some slight sense of humour,’ says she, ‘and so would not.’

‘Then,’ said I, with a glance of perplexity towards the girl, ‘you are, indeed, come to join us?’ For I could not but wonder that she who had so resolutely removed her father from the excitement of the preceding intrigues, should now second his participation in the greater excitement of the actual conflict.

‘Indeed,’ he cries, ‘I am ; and Dorothy has come so far to wish us a God-speed, but will return again with Dawson there. What did I tell you, Mr. Clavering? There is a work for the weakest arm. But you are surprised!’

‘I am surprised,’ I answered, ‘that Mary Tyson is not here as well.’

‘Ah,’ said he, ‘do you know, Mr. Clavering, I fear me I have done some injustice to Mary Tyson. I thought her a poor witless body.’ Dorothy made a movement, and he hurriedly interposed, ‘The best of servants, but,’ and he glanced again defiantly at his daughter, ‘a poor witless body outside the household service. But since the messenger came with the constables to Applegarth, she has shown great good sense, except in the matter of simples. For, indeed, my pockets are packed with them.’

‘The constables came to Applegarth!’ I exclaimed, bethinking me of Jervas Rookley’s threat. ‘And when was that?’

Miss Curwen, I noticed, was looking at me with a singular

intentness as I uttered the exclamation, and gave a little nod of comprehension as I asked the question. It was as though my asking it assured her of something which she had suspected.

'When?' echoed Mr. Curwen, with a smile. 'Why, the morning you left us. You were right in your surmise, and I take it very kindly that you delayed so long as to scribble your gratitude, though that delay was an added danger.'

'Oh, I was right?' said I, though still not very clear as to what it was that I had surmised correctly; and again Miss Curwen nodded.

'Yes!' said he, 'but, indeed, it was early for travellers. But we were waiting for you at the breakfast-table when we first heard the sheriff's horses. I was not sure that you would hear them at the back of the house.'

'But one of the windows looked down the road,' said I, understanding why he had seen no discourtesy in my precipitate departure. I could not in any case give the real reason which had prompted me to that, and since here was one offered to me, why, I thought it best to fall in with it—'the window about which I hunted so long for the owl,' I added, turning to Miss Curwen. For her manner of a minute ago warned me that she put no great faith in her father's explanation of my conduct, and I was desirous to test the point.

'You hunted vainly,' said she, 'because the owl flitted one night:' and so left me in doubt.

'That is true,' continued Mr. Curwen to me. 'I did not think of the window, and indeed was somewhat puzzled by the quickness of your escape. For I sent Mary Tyson to warn you the while I barricaded the door and held a parley with the sheriff from the window. She came back to tell me you were gone.'

'Would she had come back quicker!' exclaimed Dorothy, with a shudder.

'Why?' I cried at the sight of her distress. 'Was there—was there—any hurt done? Oh no, not to you. I could never forgive myself.'

'No, not to us,' replied Mr. Curwen. 'Dorothy takes the matter too much to heart. Had she fired of a purpose she would have been right, or very little to blame. For I am old-fashioned enough to consider a guest sacred as an altar-vessel. But since she fired by mistake——'

'Miss Curwen fired!' I said.

'And shot the sheriff from behind my shoulder,' continued Mr. Curwen.

'Father!' she entreated, covering her face with her hands.

'Nay, child,' said he, reassuringly. 'There was no great harm done. A few weeks with his arm in a sling.'

'But I saw the blood redden through his sleeve!' cried she, drawing her hands down from her face and clasping them together. And, as though to rid herself of the topic, she jogged her bridle and rode forward.

I turned my horse and followed with Mr. Curwen, the while he gave me more precise account of what had happened.

'The sheriff took an absurd and threatening tone when he found the door barred, which suited me very ill. So I bade Dorothy load my pistols while I parleyed with the man. He threatened me in I know not how many Latin words and in a tone of great injury, whereupon, perceiving that, since he spoke a learned tongue and wore the look of a gentleman, it would be no derogation, I threw down my glove as a gage, and challenged him to take it up.'

I shot a glance at Mr. Curwen, but he spoke in a simple, ordinary voice.

'Instead of doing that,' he continued, 'he disappointed me greatly by a violent flow of abuse, which was cut short on the instant by Dorothy's pistol. She was standing behind me, who stood on a chair, and fired beneath my arm. "Oh, the poor dear!" she cried, "I have hurt him," and plumped down in a faint. It was indeed the luckiest accident in the world, for the constables, seeing their chief wounded, were sufficiently scared to stay no longer than gave them time to pick him up.'

'But all this occurred a month ago!' I exclaimed. 'Surely the sheriff's men returned.'

'In the evening; but they found no one at Applegarth. Dorothy and I with Mary Tyson were on our way to Carlisle. The other servants I sent to their homes. We have good friends at Carlisle, Mr. Clavering,' he said, with one of his prodigiously cunning winks, 'very good, safe friends. We said good-bye to them when your army had passed Carlisle, and so returned home.'

'And Miss Curwen?' I asked. 'What of her, since you come with us?'

'She will be safe at home now,' said he, 'and Mary Tyson is there to bear her company.'

'She will be safe, no doubt,' said I, 'so long as we keep the upper hand.'

We were by this time come to the top of the hill, and Dorothy was already talking to Lord Derwentwater.

'So,' says he, coming forward and taking Mr. Curwen by the hand, 'here are the four of us proscribed.'

'We will wear our warrants for an order at St. James's Palace,' cries Dorothy; and at that moment the trumpet sounded.

A brief leave-taking between Dorothy and her father, and we were marching down the hill, Mr. Curwen joined to the Gentlemen Volunteers, his six henchmen enrolled in Lord Derwentwater's troop.

Dorothy remained behind upon the hilltop with the servant who was to convey her home, and though we marched away with our backs towards her, I none the less gathered, as we went, some very distinct impressions of her appearance. Nor can it be said that they were the outcome of my recollections. For when I first saw her riding towards the hill, I was only conscious that it was she riding towards me, and very wonderful it seemed. And afterwards, when I heard her voice, I was only conscious that it was she who was talking, and very wonderful that seemed too. But I did not remark the particulars of her appearance. Now, as we were marching away, I gained very distinct impressions, as for instance of: item a little cocked hat like a man's, only jauntier; item a green riding-coat; item a red waistcoat, etc. The truth is, my head was turned backwards all the time, and we had not advanced more than a couple of hundred yards before my horse was turned in the same direction. For I let myself fall to the rear until I was on the edge of the troops, and then faced about and fairly galloped back to her.

She was looking with great intentness in the direction precisely opposite to that from which I came; and as I halted by her side:

'Oh!' said she, turning in the most perfect surprise, 'I did not think that it would be you. I expected it would be my father.'

'I gathered that,' I replied, 'from your indifference.'

She answered nothing, but industriously stroked the mane of her horse.

'Now say "owl,"' I added.

She began to laugh, then checked herself and looked at me with the chilliest stare.

'And if I did say "owl,"' she asked in a puzzled simplicity, 'would it rain?'

I began to wish that I had not spoken.

'Well?' she insisted, 'what if I did say "owl"?''

'I should say "Robin Redbreast,"' I replied weakly.

'And a very delicate piece of wit, to be sure, Mr. Clavering,' says she, with her chin in the air. 'You have learnt the soldier's forwardness of tongue. Let me pray you have learnt his——' And then, thinking, I suppose, from my demeanour that I was sufficiently abashed, she broke off of a sudden. 'I would that I were a man,' she cried, 'and could swing a sword!'

She looked towards the little army which defiled between the fields, with the sun glinting upon musket and scabbard, and brought her clenched fist down upon the pommel of her saddle.

'Nay,' said I, 'you have done better than swing a sword. You have shot a sheriff, though it was by accident.'

She looked at me with a certain timidity.

'You do not blame me for that?'

'Blame you! And why?'

'I do not know. But you might think it—bloodthirsty,' she said, with a quaver in her voice, betwixt a laugh and a cry.

'How could I, when you swooned the instant afterwards?'

'My father told you that!' she exclaimed gratefully; and then: 'But he did not tell you the truth of the matter. He said I fired by accident. But I did not; I meant to fire;' and she spoke as though she was assuring me of something incredible. 'Now what will you say?' she asked anxiously.

'Why,' said I foolishly, 'since it was done to save your guest——'

'Oh dear, no,' she interrupted coolly, and the anxiety changed to wonder in her eyes. 'Indeed, Mr. Clavering, you must not blame yourself that it was on your account I fired.' She spoke with the greatest sympathy. 'You have no reason in the world to reproach yourself. It was because of my father. He threw down his glove from the window and challenged the sheriff to mortal combat, with whatever weapons he chose, and the sheriff called him—mad. It was that angered me. I think, in truth, that I was mad. And since the pistol was loaded and pointed at the man, I—I pulled the trigger.' Then she turned to me impulsively. 'You will have a care of my father—the greatest care. Oh, promise me that!'

'Of a truth, I will,' I replied fervently.

'Thank you,' said she, and the old friendliness returned to her face. 'We could not keep him. From the day that he heard of the rising in Northumberland, he has been in a fever. And he meant to go without our knowing. You are familiar with his secrecies;' she gave a little pathological laugh. 'He was ever scouring his pistols and guns in the corner when he thought we should not see him. He meant to go. I feared that he would slip from the house one night, like——' She caught herself up sharply, with half a glance at me. 'So it seemed best to encourage him to go openly. 'Besides,' she added slowly, bending her head a little over her horse's back—she seemed to be carefully examining the snaffle—'I thought it not unlikely that we should find you here.'

'Ah, you had that thought in your mind?' I cried, feeling my heart pulse within me. 'Indeed, it turns my promise to a sacred obligation. What one man can do to keep your father safe, believe it, shall be done by me.' I was looking towards the receding army as I spoke, and a new thought struck me. 'You would have let me go,' I exclaimed in reproach, 'without a hint of your request, had I not come back to you?'

She coloured for an instant, but instead of answering the question—

'I knew you would come——' she began, and broke off suddenly. 'Yes, why did you come back?' she asked in a voice of indifferent curiosity.

'I had not said good-bye to you. You gave me no chance, and it hurt me to part from you that way.'

'But I thought that was your custom,' she replied, with some touch of resentment underneath the carelessness. 'It would not have been the first time. You were careful not to leave a light burning in the stables the last night you quitted Apple-garth.'

'I saw that you knew.'

'Yes,' said she, hurriedly. 'I heard your foot upon the gravel.'

'But I said good-bye to the candle in your window all that night, until the morning broke from a shoulder of High Stile. I had to go. There were reasons.'

She interrupted me again in a great hurry, and with so complete a change of manner that I wondered for a moment whether Mary Tyson had related to her the conversation at the gate of the garden.

'I have no wish to hear them,' she said with a certain pride.

'Nor I to tell you of them,' I returned, and doubtless I spoke in a humble and despondent voice.

'I do not know the secret,' she said gently; 'but if I can help you at all——' She relapsed into gentleness. 'Why, you are helping me, and I would gladly pay you in the same coin.'

'Nay,' said I, shaking my head, 'no one can help me. It is my own fault, and I must redeem it by myself. It was a little thing in the beginning, only I did not face it. It grew into a trouble, still I did not face it. Now the trouble has grown into a disaster, and I must face it.'

She sat her horse in silence for a moment.

'I have known for a long while that there was some trouble upon you. But are you sure'—she turned her face frankly to me—'are you sure I cannot help? Because I am a woman, after all?' she said with a whimsical smile.

'Miss Curwen,' said I, 'if this was a case wherein any woman could fitly help me, believe me, I would come to you first in all this world. But——' I hesitated, feeling it in truth very difficult to say what yet remained. But I had already said too much. I had said too much when I told her I had watched the light in her window, and the consciousness of that compelled me to go on. "But the business is too sordid. I would have no woman meddle in it, least of all you. The trouble is the outcome of my own wilful folly, and my one prayer is that I draw the consequence of it solely upon my head." I gathered up the reins, and prepared to ride away.

'Well,' said she, in a voice that trembled ever so little, 'we may at least shake hands;' and she held out her hand to me. 'And observe, Mr. Clavering,' she continued with a smile, 'I say *hands*,' laying some emphasis upon the word.

I could not take it.

'I have not even the right,' I said, 'to touch you by the finger-tips. But,' and I drew in a breath, 'if ever I regain that right——'

'You will,' she interrupted, her voice ringing, her face flushing, her eyes bright and sparkling. 'I am sure of that. You will.'

The confidence, however misplaced, was none the less very sweet to me, and I felt it lift my heart for a moment. But then—

'Even if that comes true,' I replied, 'there will still be a barrier

which will prevent you and me from shaking hands, and that barrier will be a prison-door.'

She started at the word, as though with some comprehension ; and since I had no heart to explain to her more concerning the pit into which I had fallen, I raised my hat and rode down the hill. It seemed to me that the prison-door was even then shutting between us in the open air. For these last days I had lost my hopes that in this rising we should succeed. The chess-board was spread open, and the chessmen ranged upon the board. We had no pawns, and only novices to direct the game. There was General Wills in front of us, and General Carpenter behind us ; and, moreover, one question dinning in our ears, at every village where we halted, at every town where we encamped, 'Where is the King?' With the King in the midst of us, who knows but what the country might have risen? But, alas! the King was not as yet even in Scotland, and since he delayed, what wonder that our lukewarm friends in England tarried too?

All this flashed through my mind as I rode down the hillside, and the reflection brought with it another thought. I turned in my saddle. I could just see Miss Curwen disappearing on the further side of the hill, and again I rode up to the top and descended with a shout towards her.

'Should we fail,' I cried hurriedly—'should the usurper hold his own——'

'And you think he will, I know,' she answered. 'You told me so a minute ago, when you spoke of the prison-door.'

Her words fairly took my breath away. I stared at her, dumbfounded. Did she know my story, then?

'But if we fail, what then?' And her question brought me back to her own necessities.

'Why, there will be a great danger for you at Applegarth.'

She turned to me very solemnly.

'If we fail,' she said, 'keep that word you pledged to me. I shall treasure the pledge, knowing you will not break it. Guard my father!'

'But it is of you that I am thinking.'

'Of me?' she said ; 'why, if needs be, I suppose I—I can shoot another sheriff;' and with a plaintive little laugh she set the spur to her horse.

I rode across the hill, and, once upon the flat, galloped after our regiments. The expression of her confidence was as a renewal of my blood. It sang in my ears sweet, like a tune

dimly remembered, and heard again across a waste of years. 'I would fulfil that double trust,' I cried with a leaping heart, and then in more humility fell to a prayer that so I might be permitted.

For it was a double trust, I felt. It was not merely that I was pledged to the safeguarding of her father, but it seemed to me that I was no less firmly pledged to bring about that other and more difficult result. I must regain the right to hold her hand in mine, even though I might win no advantage from the right.

(To be continued.)

PLUTARCH'S HEROES.

CHAPTER II.

MYTHICAL HEROES.

IN the classical (and post-classical) periods of Greek literature, the term 'hero,' as has before been said, did not mean 'hero.' It had come to signify local deities, such as founders of cities, who, becoming more venerable the farther they receded into the past, were merged at last into an inferior order of gods. In the 'Life of Romulus' the exact process is described. After some discourse on the relations of body and soul, their antagonism in death, he goes on—

'Hence it is not right to send the bodies of good men up to Heaven with their souls, contrary to nature, but to hold that their virtues and souls most certainly, according to nature and Divine justice, are raised from men to heroes, and from heroes to lesser divinities, and from lesser divinities—if they be completely, as in initiation, cleansed and sanctified, having escaped all that is mortal and sensuous, not by the law of the city, but in truth and according to probable reason—to gods, attaining to a most noble and blessed consummation.'

In Homer, where we first meet with it, 'hero' is a term of complaisance, corresponding to our word 'gentleman.' It was applied, not only to those who excelled in war, but to heralds as discharging the highest distinctively civil functions, and to minstrels as guarding in their own persons the divine arts of Poetry and Music. Primarily, however, there is no doubt, it referred to leaders of the people, who, from the nature of the case, were expected to fight for their stake in the thick of the fray.

It is worthy of note that the hero with whom Plutarch elects to commence his series, united in himself all three senses of the term—the original, the classical, and the modern. Notwithstanding this high recommendation, his biographer had manifestly grave doubts as to the propriety of receiving him into his

book. It seemed to Plutarch very questionable whether such persons as Theseus, flitting as they do on a sort of historical borderland, ought not to be undertaken rather by poets and mythologers. Not unhappily he compares the position to that of contemporary geographers who, on reaching the limits of their knowledge, labelled the outlying regions 'frozen sea,' 'obscure swamp,' or 'wild and waterless wastes.'

How came it, then, that Theseus was included? It is here that we perceive the force of parallelism. From his introductory remarks, as well as from subsequent allusions to the Lives of Cimon and Demosthenes, it would appear that Plutarch, after the slipshod manner of authors, began with modern—that is, comparatively and relatively modern—subjects, thence working backwards to the more ancient. In this way he arrived at the records, which he plainly regarded as authentic, of the legislator Lycurgus and his 'double'—the pious, but nymph-worshipping and grove-frequenting King Numa. But, verily, it had been a fond thing, rude and unreasonable, to take in Numa and shut the door on Romulus, parted from him only by a generation and to all appearance just as real. Romulus, great Romulus must enter.

Then the question arose, who was worthy to compare with such a man—the Father of glorious and unvanquished Rome? And Plutarch, looking around, could find but one—the Founder of beautiful and romantic Athens. The choice, though necessary, was not unexceptionable, but, on condition of our meeting his convenience, he engages to supply us with a narrative as free as possible from mythical elements, and meanwhile supplicates our indulgence in view of the antiquity of the theme. The strength of the argument is incontestable. If we are to have Romulus, we may as well have Theseus also; and assuredly we see no reason why our author should draw the line at Numa, and by thus decapitating the dynasty, if 'dynasty' it may be called, expose us to the unpleasant sensation of a vacuum.

Yet stay! Shade of Niebuhr! have we conceded too much? For thee, perhaps. But, gracious thought, our task is not historical criticism, or reconstruction; only interpreters of Plutarch—that is all, most reverend Shade! But are we certain that we have understood him? More than once, as we conned this initial apology, the suspicion has returned to us that, after all, we might be dealing with a subtle piece of Greek humour. But, no! Plutarch was clearly of opinion, not only that Theseus

was, or had been, a real personage, but that, blended with much that was false, and fabulous, and fictitious, there had been handed down concerning him a respectable body of facts which it was necessary to disinter and elucidate. Thus persuaded, he sets out with the firm resolve to be cool, cautious, and critical.

As luck would have it, Plutarch's faculty for criticism was extremely infantile, and he tells us a good many charming stories both about Theseus and about those sad dogs, the Greek rationalists, whose opinions he quotes without liking to endorse them. His own bias is shown very early in the recital where he accepts the apparition of the dead Theseus and the departed Romulus to their respective countrymen. The only alternative, he maintains, is to discard the most sober narratives, and to treat the records of the past as a heap of poetry. In the 'Life of Romulus,' whilst taking the same line, he attaches more weight to poetic testimony. 'It is wrong,' he says, 'to be sceptical, when we see what poems exist founded on actual fact.' Whatever we may think of Plutarch's consistency, his earnestness is transparent. He is, indeed, a sort of mediævalist, born some ages too soon.

And, now that it occurs to us, how admirably his stories would have suited our ancestors of the Middle Age, who, to be sure, came by some of them another way! For the first, they would have christened it 'The Noble Historie of Dan Theseus,' and would have appreciated its marvels far more thoroughly than we, from the analogy of his times to their own. There are numerous passages in Plutarch's 'Life of Theseus' which, we fancy, it would not be difficult to parallel from the writings of that typical worthy, Sir John Mandeville. We do not propose, however, to enter on the attempt, neither shall we reproduce all that Plutarch has gathered from various and conflicting sources regarding Theseus and his times. An outline of his career, and a shadowing forth of the significance of his rôle in the unfolding of human destiny, will suffice.

The birth of this hero is not without its element of romance. A travelling prince named Ægeus is trapped by his host into blind wedlock with his daughter. Æthra—such was the lady's name—could not have been very attractive, for no sooner did Ægeus awake to the nature of the transaction than he proceeded on his journey, leaving his new-made bride. He left also his sword and sandals, hiding them under a great rock, that they might serve as tokens, in case a son should be born and attain

to man's estate. In due time Theseus appeared, and growing up in his grandfather's house at Troezen, nurtured his boyish mind on the splendid feats of his kinsman Hercules, of whom, and of which, the whole world was eloquent. But childhood does not last always, and by-and-by, taking the sword and sandals, he went to claim his father. The land being infested with robbers, his relations wished him to proceed by sea, but Theseus ignored their entreaties, and after sundry adventures worthy of Hercules himself, arrived at Athens, where Ægeus, who had been regretting his childlessness, both welcomed and acknowledged him.

With his arrival at Athens, Theseus enters on his career. What was its distinguishing note? Or, in modern phrase, what was Theseus' mission? It is not difficult to answer this question. Theseus, in many respects a faulty character, looms on the extreme verge of history as the champion of civilisation. The pioneer in this work had been Hercules, but his labours, though proverbial for their severity, had left no permanent trace. In the task of 'purifying,' individualism had failed, or rather, if we may venture on the paradox, it was destined to succeed by ceasing to be individual. The motive remained; the method disappeared.

It is a grim, but, from what we know of savage races, not inaccurate picture that Plutarch presents to us of primitive man. 'The age,' he observes, 'was fruitful in huge men, incapable of weariness, cunning of hand, swift of foot, and strong of body; but employing their powers for no kindly or helpful purpose. They took delight in overweening insolence, and with ferocity and spleen made full use of their might, conquering, and constraining, and destroying suddenly. Honour and justice, fairness and friendliness, which are commended by most men out of horror of inflicting and fear of receiving injury, were, they thought, no concern of those who were able to gain the mastery.'

Whilst Hercules was abroad enacting in fitting time the part which Don Quixote afterwards made ridiculous, these malefactors, we are told, lay low and took to mean occupations in order that they might shield themselves from his righteous vengeance. But after his retirement to Lydia, as an act of penance for the death of Iphitus, troubles broke out afresh, crimes flourished—in short, the work of reform was entirely undone. Such, then, was the condition of Greece when Theseus was approaching manhood.

Civilisation, in its initial stage, has usually three obstacles to contend with—vegetation, savages, and wild beasts. The ingenuity of modern man, as shown in the destructiveness of his arms and the number and variety of his well-nigh miraculous appliances, has greatly diminished the material difficulties, and the problem, from being one of wherewithal, swiftly passes into a question of expediency or morals. How far is it wise or right to go on exterminating these enemies? At the outset, with only rude weapons to depend upon, the contest with the forces of barbarism must have been long and uncertain, and one aspect of the struggle seems to have been preserved in those grotesque tales of personal conflicts between the heroes of the world's youth and certain notorious brutes, some normal, others of a legendary or heraldic type.

In battling with these vague horrors, or, if you prefer, concrete realities, Theseus was scarcely inferior to Hercules himself. His capture and sacrifice of the Bull of Marathon was indubitably a feat, the deed of a mighty hunter, and it was speedily followed by a still more terrible risk, which was voluntarily assumed on the chance of redeeming Athens from an intolerable tax. Year by year seven youths and seven maidens were sent to Crete, that they might be slain by that half-man, half-bull, the Minotaur, or, after futile wandering, might perish miserably in the meshes of the Labyrinth. Theseus suffered himself to be included in the batch of victims, but, on reaching Crete, wrestled manfully with the Minotaur, threw him, and so procured the remission of the tribute.

To this version of the story others are annexed, in which the monster transforms himself into a man, or rather sheds his physical symbols, whilst retaining those attributes of mind which make him essentially what he is. The Minotaur, in fact, is simply the Cyclops over again, the embodiment of immoral or simply *unmoral* force, tyranny, masterfulness. As for Theseus, he has already taken a considerable stride forwards. He does not fight for his own hand, he does not even fight for the oppressed *from the outside*, but he puts his valour into the common fund, and his success reacts on the happiness, not only of sundry persons, but of a community.

His desertion of Ariadne, after the help she had afforded him, is a discord, a disillusion which must vex everybody. That nobility of character of which he had recently given proof—what had become of it? A kindly old commentator suggests a way

out of the difficulty by hinting that it was a distressing affair—that Ariadne was landed in rough weather, and then winds and waves wafted poor Theseus away, leaving him no opportunity of explaining himself. If that was so, Theseus is a deeply injured man; he has had to support the calumny of ages, and every effort should be made to rehabilitate him in public esteem. But, we are bound to confess, we pin our faith in a general way to the myth. How frequently have public virtues been dimmed by private vices, and by means of what faulty instruments has civilisation moved onwards to its goal! And, we may add, how often has it fallen to the lot of suffering woman to pay the price of success! Who can read unmoved the pitiful tale as told by Chaucer in the 'Legende of Goode Women'?

"Allas," quod she, "that ever I was wroght!
I am betrayed," and hir heer to-rente,
And to the stronde barefote faste she wente,
And cryede, "Theseus, myne herte swete!
Where be ye, that I may not wyth yow mete?
And myghte thus with bestes ben yslayne."
The holowe roches answerde her agayne.
No man she sawe, and yet shone the mone,
And hye upon a rokke she went sone,
And saw hys barge saylynge in the sec.
Cold waxe hir hert, and ryght thus sayde she:—
"Meker than ye fynde I the bestes wilde!"
(Hath he not synne, that he hir thus begylde?)
She cried, "O turne agayne for routhe and synne,
Thy barge hath not al thy meyny ynne."
Hir kercheffe on a pole stykede shee,
Askaunce, that he shulde hyt wel ysee,
And hym remembre that she was behynde,
And turne agayne, and on the stronde hir fynde.
But al for noght; hys wey he ys i-goon,
And doune she felle a-swowne on a stoon;
And up she ryste and kyssed in al hir care
The steppes of his fete, there he hath fare,' etc.

The truth is, Theseus' relations with the sex were tainted, and not in this instance alone, by a fickleness and cruelty for which it is requisite to account. Was it a legacy of the old barbarism, of which the founder of the new order could not utterly divest himself? Or shall we say that the glamour of his enterprise blinded him to the common duties of life, while the very energy which he flung into his vocation made him reckless of other demands? Either solution would harmonise with what we

know of certain phases of human nature, though neither is offered as a palliation of gross ingratitude and shameful inconstancy.

Lamentable, however, as those declensions were, they must not blind us to the fact that Theseus represents a great advance on those who went before. His father, Ægeus, for instance, was guilty of a similar lapse, but did not atone therefor by momentous services rendered to mankind. It is Theseus' distinction that, in certain spheres, he looked beyond his own interests, and, in pursuing the altruistic idea, at last hit upon a real, though rudimentary, civilisation. Civilisation nowadays appears to contain the germ of all that we call progress—germs that in some cases have blossomed into results surpassing the wildest dreams of our sober ancestors, and rivalling the stupendous creations of Eastern fancy. It will be well, therefore, to go back and ascertain for ourselves what it signified at the outset. And here let us observe that many familiar terms, such as 'civilisation' itself, denoting the highest forms of organisation, are of classical origin, and, whether Greek or Latin, have a common and fundamental element in the underlying thought of citizenship. Naturally, seeing that the ancient city was the outcome of a compromise between independence and subordination now realised in the State.

It may perhaps have been somewhat of a stumbling-block to find Athens spoken of as already existing and under the rule of Ægeus when its foundation has been expressly attributed to his son. There is really no contradiction here, for, in speaking of Athens, everything depends on what we mean. Probably no educated person would think of an obscure collection of huts, looking back to no past, and destined apparently to no future, as Athens. The vision that rises before the mind is the city of the Parthenon and Phidias, not αἱ λιπαρὰ καὶ ἰοστέφανοι Ἀθῆναι of the dithyrambic poet. It was Theseus who made that city possible, and therefore he has been styled very properly its founder.

Apart from Athens itself, the consequences of Theseus' action were rather political than material. They spelt, in fact, revolution, though revolution attended by none of that disturbance and bloodshed the word inevitably suggests. Until Theseus appeared, the people of Attica are said to have lived in scattered hamlets, or rather townships, having no principle of cohesion, and frequently divided by rivalry and conflicting interests. The peril and inconvenience of such an arrangement,

always patent, became painfully manifest when the country was swept by invading hosts, as, for instance, during the terrible crisis signalised by the descent of the Amazons.

In order to remedy this state of things, Theseus, very first of political stump-orators, made a tour of the various tribes, and easily drew over the common people to his proposal. With the leaders it was more difficult, but eventually he conciliated them by renouncing his crown and agreeing to an equality with them in all but two particulars—the command in war and guardianship of the laws. By these measures government was centralised at Athens, which, politically and commercially, became more and more the magnet and cynosure of the whole country. The key to civilisation was thus found, and consisted in the choice of some one town as the heart of the body-politic, from which the vital current might freely circulate over the entire organism. For the nations of Europe ideally, if not historically, the first impulse was given to that wonderful faculty of association which has been the source of all trade and manufacture, all science and invention, all literature and art, and is destined—what man can doubt?—to still greater triumphs in time to come.

Here we must take leave of Theseus, with the remark that he met with the usual fate of those who endeavoured to serve the Athenian democracy. To be sure, these benefactors sometimes presumed on their benefits. Even Theseus cannot be acquitted of a certain imprudence. On his return to Athens, after a detention like that of Cœur de Lion, he found much of his prestige vanished. To restore his supremacy he employed violent methods, which apparently failed. So in disgust he sailed away to Scyros, where he had land, and either was thrown over the cliffs by the treacherous Lycomedes, or died through an accidental fall *after dinner*.

As has been already intimated, we owe this account of Theseus, nominally at least, to the necessity of providing a partner for Romulus. We know, however, of no circumstance connected with the latter that would justify us in regarding him as one whit less mythical than his yoke-fellow. Tradition, in Romulus' case, took various forms, and, in Plutarch's opinion, the truest and most authentic was Greek. Then there is the chronological point. The conventional dates would make Theseus about five centuries earlier than Romulus, but, taking all things into account, it is impossible to set any great store by these conventional dates, as Plutarch well knew. If opportunity

served, we could fashion quite a little essay out of Plutarch's time-references, nor do we think it would be dull, but, merely citing for reference the introductory passages in the 'Lives' of Numa and Lycurgus, we will invite the reader's attention to the following remarks of Sir Isaac Newton :

'A little after the death of Alexander the Great, they (the Greek historians) began to set down the generations, reigns, and successions in numbers of years,' and thus, 'by putting reigns and successions equipollent to generations, and three generations to a hundred or a hundred and twenty years (as appears by their chronology), have made the antiquities of Greece three or four hundred years older than the truth.'

Decidedly, a bad slip !

We have spent so much time over Theseus, and the weighty issues associated with his name, that we hardly know what to do with Romulus, and are half inclined to imitate that fine scholar Augustus W. Schlegel, and summarise the story in scintillating elegiacs. That is, we should like them to scintillate ; but, in prose or verse, whether we like it or not, we must be allusive. And why not ? The legend of Romulus is so familiar that to tell it over again were a work of supererogation : Mars and the Maid—the Tyrant Amulius—the Babes cast up by the Swelling Flood—the Maternal Wolf—the Swine-herd Faustulus—the Strangling of the Serpents—the Vengeance on Amulius—the Colonisation of Mount Palatine—the Omen of the Twelve Vultures—Remus' Fatal Leap—the Nest of Robbers—— We were going on to refer to the Rape of the Sabines as a thing which need only be mentioned to be remembered, but we observe that the illustrious Schlegel is silent on the matter. At this point, then, we take up our parable.

In attacking the usurper, Romulus had assembled an army of slaves and runaways, who could not be disbanded with safety to himself. And scarcely had his city assumed permanent shape, when a sanctuary was opened for every sort of malefactor, even homicides not being refused, but women criminals were few. As soon, therefore, as a constitution had been formed and the motley crowd reduced to some kind of discipline, this want began to be felt. It was not likely to be supplied by the daughters of Alba, who had already exhibited the dislike of respectable folk to associate with the scum of humanity ; so, to get them wives, the bandits resorted to a stratagem. They

invited their neighbours the Sabines to a festival, and at a concerted signal carried off thirty, or, as some state, several hundreds, of their women. For a time the Sabines nursed their wrath, and at last entered on a war, in which first one side, and then the other, seemed fated to triumph. At the very crisis of the invasion the Sabine brides, who had come to love their rough masters, rushed between the combatants, and by their arguments and entreaties succeeded in reconciling them. We may remark that Plutarch, who is full of excuses for the Romans, describes this touching scene in right good style. We can almost hear the whimpering, and witness the embraces, of the loving, distracted creatures. The result was that the Romans, under Romulus, and the Sabines, under Tatius, formed a single nation, an amalgamation taking place on terms honourable to both.

It is worthy of remark that the Sabines, constituting one half of his subjects, did not waver in their allegiance to Romulus after the death of their king, but the Roman monarch yielded at length to the temptations of his position. His rule became oppressive, he took to wearing purple, and transacted business sitting on a throne. The council of state was no longer convoked, and then—Romulus vanished. His vanishing is explained by matter-of-fact historians as assassination, but the warriors he had so often led to victory eagerly accepted the story that he had been caught up to Heaven by his father Mars, especially after the appearance of the lost leader to the upright Julius Proclus, and his farewell then spoken.

This farewell is important as defining the purpose of Romulus' life, and as giving us to see what it is that he symbolizes. The name of Theseus stands for Civilisation; that of Romulus for Empire. The words in question bear out this view. 'It seemed good to the gods, O Proclus, that we should sojourn for so long a time among men, being from thence, and that having founded a city for government and glory, should again dwell in Heaven. But be of good cheer, and tell the Romans that, if with valour they practise moderation, they shall attain to the largest share of human dominion. As for me, I will befriend you as the god Quirinus.' Government and glory! Were the thought of Empire to be resolved into its component parts, could we desire a better analysis?

F. J. SNELL.

(To be continued.)

MRS. OLIPHANT.

THE outline of Mrs. Oliphant's life, the names and dates of her chief writings, with critical appreciations of her powers, will have been repeated so often in daily and weekly papers, that it is difficult to find anything to say that can seem fresh to readers at the month's end. This little paper will, therefore, only aim at being a record of the personal impressions of one who was allowed to read 'Mrs. Oliphant' in the earliest days of eager girlhood, when novels still came by favour, and who, even then, cared enough how the delightful work was done to notice peculiarities of style, and to guess at motives and methods.

It has been said in some of the many recent notices, that, important and excellent as Mrs. Oliphant's work is, she was still not a 'great' novelist. It is true that she never wrote a great novel; but there is, I think, the quality of greatness in many of her works—unique insight, tragic as distinguished from merely pathetic, and still more from sensational, interest, and a largeness of view which is not often equalled. There always seemed a possibility of the 'great novel,' which never came.

She had also a great *quantity* of power: the spring was never dry, and many streams flowed from it. She certainly had spontaneity of invention—what may well be called genius,—and she was enabled to make use of it by a large share of working talent.

She wrote at least three kinds of novels, besides biographies and literary studies, and without including the remarkable series of 'Stories of the Unseen.'

The types of character which she chose were limited. There are a great many people of the same kind in her books; but each individual is quite fully worked out and distinctly individualised. She certainly spun very long web. out of nothing, or out of very little, but they were well spun, and covered a strong backbone of construction in almost all cases.

It is not easy to put into words the quality which distinguished all her work. It has been called irony ; but perhaps 'detachment' expresses it more completely. She is a looker-on. She does not write with her own heart's blood, or rather, let us say, the blood has been long shed, and the wound is regarded as inevitable—and, therefore, pardonable. She pities the sorrows of her characters, but she is always conscious of other sorrows, of which these are only a share ; she condones their failings in the very act of calling attention to them.

Her books undoubtedly 'make for righteousness,' and yet no cause can say she has given it support, no enthusiasm has been encouraged by her ; it is impossible to say that she advocates, or even thinks people the better for, any given set of opinions.

There is a saying in one of Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie's books—we quote from memory—which seems to express something of her point of view. 'To fight the devil and all his works is one thing, to know where the devil is and which are his works is quite another.' The cloven foot appears in very unexpected places—a small and almost harmless little hoof, certainly—but taken out of its disguising shoe. It is remarkable, however, that though she turns up the under-side, shows life 'bare to the buff,' has evidently no illusions, and allows her readers none, she shows how vast a field of human nature may be truthfully studied without coming upon those murky depths which some writers think well to stir up. That this reticence was not unintentional, a recent critical paper from her pen plainly shows.

She was an exponent of civilisation, and had no desire to return to barbarism. But human nature was clear and vivid and interesting to her, and she does not spare the showing of primeval instincts, in the fine, minute, and restrained forms under which, after all, we most of us know them.

She noted, she criticised, she distrusted, she pardoned, she was nearly as impartial as Shakespeare—but with this difference, Shakespeare left the criticism alone.

Her conceptions, as we hope to prove, were large and deep ; but she 'hedged' too much to give them their full weight. And while she realised the existence of spiritual enthusiasm and showed it a certain respect, we always feel that she was surprised at it, and felt that it needed explanation. But that the writer, who for nearly fifty years has worked so hard to fill our idle hours, was a good woman, who believed in the supreme

necessity of being good, no careful reader could doubt—even while she shows us how imperfect each special manifestation of goodness must needs be.

Her first novels, which must have been written in very early youth—‘*Lilliesleaf*,’ ‘*Mrs. Margaret Maitland*,’ and ‘*Adam Græme*’—were pretty, domestic, and Scotch. They showed delicate and skilful characterisation, and charming interiors in that beloved Scotland, which she described so lovingly long before what has been irreverently called ‘*Kailyard*’ literature gave it its present popularity. ‘*The Laird of Norlaw*,’ probably written rather later, was more romantic, and was a delightful story of fresh and heroic young people, already, however, tied safely to reality by little threads of defect and failure. These stories must have been closely followed by two romances, now, we think, out of print, which were the precursors of such novels as ‘*Valentine and his Brother*,’ and ‘*Young Musgrave*.’

In the memory of an enthusiastic girl, ‘*Zaidee*,’ which appeared in *Blackwood*, reigns as the loveliest of stories. A dark-eyed child, living among dear and delightful cousins in a wild and wind-swept mansion, suddenly finds herself the heir to the estate, which ought to have belonged to the eldest cousin, the excellent perfect hero—his name was Philip—whom *Zaidee* adores without knowing it. This cannot be borne, and *Zaidee* runs away, calls herself *Elizabeth Francis*, meets adventures as a nursery governess—she cannot teach, even then *Mrs. Oliphant* made her human, is adopted by kind friends, grows up, is called *Miss Elizabeth Cumberland*, lives in an enchanting house by the *Thames*, where white *acacia* blooms full on her black hair as she sits on the velvet lawn ; meets Philip again, is recognised, and after a proper amount of misery and self-sacrifice on his part, makes him the offer he will not make to her—marries, and lives happy ever after :—a sweet, cheery, impossible story, read, ah, how long ago ! and never seen since.

Then came ‘*The Athelings ; or The Three Gifts*,’ about a beauty, a genius, and a persevering plodder ; very romantic also, and full of pleasant, domestic pictures, of a nice suburban family, very poor, who came into a small property, and lived in the country. The charming style and delicate satire were, I imagine, much more developed in this story. There was also, belonging to this early period, an historical tale called ‘*Katie Stewart*,’ of which there is, I believe, a modern reprint, and which described the loyal and romantic devotion of a certain

Lady Anne for Prince Charlie, which is shown to be the one thing life held for her. What it cost her, Mrs. Oliphant was already anxious to show.

Mrs. Oliphant always continued to write what may be best described as romances, of very varying merit, depending, as years went on, more and more on their 'character parts' for interest, and perhaps more and more handicapped by the strong necessity of showing that heroes are often unheroic.

Of 'The Chronicles of Carlingford' so much has been lately written that little remains to say. The first one or two came out anonymously, and wild guesses were made at the authorship, which was, however, easily discernible by any one with an eye for literary characteristics. They are extremely clever and openly satirical, containing some of her best work.

No one can forget Lucilla, who reformed society in Carlingford in a 'white frock, high,' and tried to console her widowed father by abolishing his late dinner and substituting a fireside tea, as more suitable in affliction. There is delightful fun in all of them. They aim at being pictures of the parochial and ecclesiastical life of the time; but though this is very well got up, and the clergy are good and real young men, the point of view is that of an outsider, and the result is not quite satisfactory. Probably this is also true of Salem Chapel and its minister; but the subject is fresher, and does not compete with Trollope, whose 'church' stories, though limited, are extremely true to life. Among these stories there is also a specimen of what is perhaps one of her least successful types—the lovely, half-witted girl who develops under affection and kindness. This young person is never convincing, even when she culminates in the incredible 'Innocent.'

Among all the other countless novels which show such industry, such invention, and such a fair level of good work, we can but take one especially characteristic. 'Hester' is not a great book, but it has one great situation, and the central figure is of a tragical kind.

It is among the most cynical, the most cruelly impartial of Mrs. Oliphant's books, as it is certainly one of her strongest. It is her *Troilus and Cressida* or *Timon of Athens*. In 'Catherine Vernon,' the brave woman of business, who in middle life saves the family bank from the ruin brought about by her old lover's dishonesty, and again in old age barely pulls it through, when a second time it is risked by the utter heartless treachery

of the nephew whom she has adored, we have a powerful conception on a great scale. It is not rendered less powerful by Catherine's faults, her contempt for the objects of her benevolence, her prejudice against her rival's daughter. There are few figures so strong, so melancholy, and so real in modern fiction. She shows what Mrs. Oliphant is fond of showing—the inevitable and unacknowledged disappointments of old age. Hester is a vivid figure; she is intended for a sort of incarnation of young girlhood—proud, modest, unreasonable, absolutely without guile; but no young woman likes the detached conception which sets all her faults and virtues down to the mere fact of her youth. The best of the young men in the book is inferior; the silliness of Hester's mother is more condoned than it deserves to be; the poor relatives are mostly hateful; the girl on the look-out for a good marriage, though cleverly done, reveals herself too much and too often. The book is full of repetitions, and of what seem like tiresome tricks of style. It never has been, it never will be popular; but let any one else try to write three pages of it! No one else could produce them.

In all the novels the relation of mother and daughter is almost always tender and sweet; that of mother and son too frequently full of disappointment and disillusion. The men are in most cases unsatisfactory. No 'new woman' writer ever left so strong a sense on her readers of the troubles, the wrongs of women. The eagerness of the new-made widow to leave the dull old home where she has been a good wife and mother; the rapture of the illused wife hidden under her mourning when her cruel husband is dead; the bitter judgment of the adoring mother on her inferior son; these are facts that bite and sting. There is much kindness towards youth; the young are generally successful; but under all the pleasant acceptance of conventionalities, all the good-natured mockery of causes and enthusiasms and grievances, there is a revolt deeper than that of any 'revolting daughter,' for it is seen to be inevitable though foredoomed to failure from the first. The philosophy of the novels is pessimism made the best of; optimism, the best of which is not very good.

But there are good days in this unsatisfying world, and we rarely get outside the modifying influences of a competence and good society.

There is no space in this short paper to treat the biographies

and historical studies at all adequately. They demand an article to themselves. May it be permitted to one who holds a brief for fiction to say that their charm is greatly owing to the fact that Mrs. Oliphant was a novelist, and so could present living characters. She brings Dante, St. Francis, Irving, and Laurence Oliphant before us in their habit as they lived; she makes us feel that eighteenth-century beings and courtiers were our own flesh and blood; she finds out all the links that bind her subjects to ordinary humanity. But how about the spiritual side of the great enthusiasts who seem to have had so much attraction for her? She shows their little vanities and perversities with affectionate kindness; she never cries down or explains away their ardours; she gives them credit for perfect honesty, and yet she leaves a double impression upon us. We never understood them so well before or admired them perhaps so much; and yet we sit in judgment on their zeal, and say, 'To what end did he suffer?' We feel that their life purposes were to the author foolishness, but foolishness of which she saw the beauty, if not the use. And this mental attitude seems to reach deeper than their obvious errors, to the very springs of their spiritual life.

The least cynical, perhaps the most powerful, the keenest and yet the most appreciative of all her biographical notices, is that on the Brontë sisters, contributed this year to Messrs. Gardner and Darton's book of Victorian women novelists. This, which must have been almost her last work, shows her in full strength, and is a most excellent piece of writing.

There still remains the remarkable group of 'Stories of the Seen and the Unseen,' in which she treats of various occult and abnormal phenomena, and which are all of comparatively recent date.

What view she took of the events she describes, she never allows us to know. That she perceived the extraordinary opportunities to be found in them for the writer of fiction is evident. They are extremely skilful in workmanship, and contain flashes of remarkable insight, but their main interest—how should it be otherwise?—is the effect of such occurrences on the living characters concerned. 'The Wizard's Son,' the only novel dealing with these matters, is, we think, the least good of the set. The family fiend is stagey; and quite the best part of the book is the extremely human mother and her very faulty son. But there was a short sketch once in *Blackwood* of the same

subject, never reprinted, which was much more impressive. The 'Open Door' is a quite perfect ghost story, and 'Old Lady Mary' gives us a curious realisation of the possible experiences of dis-carnate humanity. 'Alas! poor ghost!' may be said at every turn. 'The Beleaguered City' strikes different readers differently, and we are not sure that the supernatural events are managed with entire skill. But the characters, especially the good but sceptical Mayor, are quite excellent, and the effect on them of the strange experience shows the writer's philosophy in its keenest and most perceptive form. 'The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen' is as successful as any such picturing can be—full of taste, reverence, and good feeling; and 'The Land of Darkness' is as powerful a modernisation of traditional imagery as can well be conceived—a nineteenth-century 'Inferno' within the compass of our fears.

We of the Victorian Age must bid farewell to one of the chief Victorian writers. We have learned from her what a writer may do in wholesome daylight. We have seen our own follies and weaknesses shown with kindly keenness. Age should have learned from her some tolerance for youth, and youth cannot fail to get understanding of age. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* The treasure is there, even if we are shown cracks and flaws in the fairest and rarest of the earthen vessels that contain it.

CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.

ABENDROTH.*

THE 'Herr Lehrer,' Otto Meinhold, sat musing over his after-supper pipe, its broad bowl of porcelain gaily painted with mountains, hunters, and game, and its cherry-wood stem so long that the landscape reposed on his well-rounded waistcoat. Possibly he might have been chatting had there been human being within reach. True, the clatter of dishes came from afar; he *could* seek old Veronika's company: but had he not listened time and again with amiable complacency to her diffuse reminiscences, the while she cared for the marigolds and lettuce, the hollyhocks and beans, the sunflowers garnished with parsley and other 'Grünzeng,' which in indiscriminate confusion occupied his rectangular garden-patch? Veronika's life, indeed! Had he not learned its very uneventful phrase 'answendig' (by heart), as he paced the paths of an evening before retiring to his lonely rest? Lonely! Ay that was in truth the word that fitted Otto closer than any of his country-made garments, for even in his work he was lonely, lonely in spite of some fifty or more of the village 'Buben und Mädel' who learned from him how to read the crooked German print, to write angular German script, and to spell such pretty words as 'Zwetschgen,'—with which delectable fruit their pockets were filled at this reason. And must it not require a patience tenfold to teach the three R's in German!

Ay, the 'Herr Lehrer' was lonely in this his work, because his heart was not in it! For he had studied hard during his youth, had passed his 'Stadt's Examen' with ease, and he *had* had aspirations.

They, however, were long since flown. For ten long years, Otto had been nothing mightier than pedagogue in a small-sized Bavarian village, and in all probability another decade would still find him there.

* 'Abendroth'—the after-glow.

To be sure he liked the children in a way, but undoubtedly would have liked them better had they been less fond of him. Seldom, indeed, could he leave his little domain without being shortly attended by a rapidly increasing body-guard—which fact perhaps accounted for his staying at home so much.

He was lonely, too, in thought, for with whom could he exchange one? With the worthy village priest he had had differences, and although still calling himself Catholic and attending Mass on high festivals, he since then had seldom fathomed the mysterious depths of the 'Herr Pfarrer's' great empty house.

Then the 'Herr Forstmeister' was much of the time away—he must needs look after his insane Majesty's woodlands. The 'Herr Doktor' was a boor, who made short calls at the bedside of the suffering, and lengthy stops at the 'Gasthaus' (country inn), drinking Bavarian beer and hobnobbing with those of like low tastes—of whom the 'Herr Lehrer' was not one, he preferring his foaming mug in the seclusion of his own home.

And who else in a Bavarian Dorf was likely to have a thought?

Poor lonely Otto Meinhold! And yet perhaps he was not, after all, so much to be pitied, for he himself was scarce conscious of the fact that there was a great want in his life, and doubtless had any one suggested it would have indignantly scouted the idea.

He, Otto Meinhold, schoolmaster, with his choice library, his beloved piano—he lonely? And wherefore then? Och, what ridiculous nonsense!

As he mused, he became conscious of voices out on the post-road, and as the sound came nearer he could distinguish words—the voice of the principal speaker being quite loud.

'Ach, Gott! How lonely it were, if one only——'

'What, Rosa?'

'I was only thinking, mother dear, how beautiful—how delightful—always in the country to dwell! And just think—but a fortnight remains—then comes the long school-year with never one glimpse for us of the beautiful Abendroth?'

A pause, and then she continued. 'Here one need but look from one's window—unless shut within the small village, as is this school-house here—or go at most five short minutes to find the evening reds in all its expansive beauty. Ah, truly must it cast a glow and a glamour over the whole life, no matter how

dull and laborious ; indeed it must soften the hardship of any so fortunate as to come within its radiant spell.'

Another pause, then the speaker went on : 'But, "Mütterchen" (little mother), didst thou ever see such a square box of a house, and the garden just like it in form—indeed, a new Jerusalem could not be more exact as to measurement—even the flower-beds, everything rectangular save those dreadful glass balls! Just compare this with the lovely old farm-house I have this morning sketched.'

The weaker voice from just below Otto's window was now plainly audible. 'Ach, Rosa dear, perhaps *this* formerly was quite as tumble-down and steep-roofed, and—uncomfortable. I dare say they raised and squared off the roof to give them sufficient school-room.'

'Well, it may be comfortable and convenient, but it is far from picturesque! Come, lean on me, mother dear! Dost forget that it is now "Berg auf"? Courage!—if steep, it leads us to the restful "Abendroth."'

Otto stretched his neck and watched two figures wend their way slowly up the hill. The one, short and stout, and apparently no longer young, supported the other, slight, bent, and aged. Presently they disappeared around a curve in the road.

'Some sentimental school-mistress from Munich!' he muttered as he dismissed them from his thoughts.

One word would linger, however,—the 'Abendroth'—where was it? He glanced about the room so dingy and dark, no 'after-glow' there to be found! Trees and the Gasthaus opposite precluded the possibility, and yet most persons would have pronounced it a nice room, a comfortable, well-enough-furnished den for a bachelor.

Carpet it had none—that goes without the saying, for was it not in Bavaria? But before the desk, which was littered with books and papers, lay a bright-hued rug, and another lay in front of the stove,—which substantial structure of tiles might have been taken for the tomb of his ancestors, save that a bench built around it suggested need to hug the porcelain one of the nearing chill days.

The two windows were literally draped with lace—coarse, to be sure, but clean,—and within hung other draperies of heavy cretonne, which, though cheery in colour, did their full share in excluding the evening glow.

The only thing in the room that shone was lost to the view

of its occupant,—namely, his own polished pole twixt curtains reflecting a last stray beam. The ceiling was elaborately panelled off with mouldings of painted wood, and studiously varied designs in scroll-work, yellow and green, filled the oblong spaces. Perhaps 'tis because the taste of the German runs to wall and window-decorations that he is not 'verschwenderisch' as to the covering of his floor! Books in plenty lined two sides of the room, and in an angle stood a piano.

Otto was wont in the gloaming to let his fingers ramble over the keys in 'a desultory fashion,' and though the strings were worn, he could bring forth sounds so sweet that it was a pity no more appreciative ears than Veronika's were within their reach—for, as to his own, he was too modest to give credit where it was due.

He read his favourite authors over and over again—did he never think how pleasant it might be to discuss them with some sympathetic spirit?

Next to his Goethe and Schiller he had worn the leaves of his Shakespeare down, and could, indeed, recite whole pages of it—in German! Had he known how much more enjoyable he would find the original, he had assuredly long since mastered the language he thought so 'unmusical.'

Heine and Lessing were on his book-shelves, and also Kant and Fichte. There were Greek and Latin classics, and yet what service had their faithful study done him? Certainly they had brought him to no lucrative position, much less to one of fame; but, if they inspired his pen, would not fame follow? A glance over his papers might divulge his secret, and a peculiar theme it was, which he had chosen for his present essay. The subject was a deep one, and it remained to be seen whether he would succeed even in satisfying himself—let alone any who might perchance read the essay when forming part of his possible book of the future.

He was writing of the soul—of its isolation—the impossibility of any soul being known save by itself alone—of the superficialities of worldly communion of soul (little experience had he had!)—and of the dual nature in man—though he had not read 'Jekyll and Hyde.'

It was a strange choice of subject for this peaceful recluse, whose life was devoted, sacrificed he thought, to teaching innocent children their A B C's, especially as he did not realise in the least his own loneliness of soul.

He had read translations of Ficino with interest, though not thereby brought into sympathy with his confused host of souls, nor had Giordano Bruno solved the problem for him by uniting them all in one—indeed, what impelled him to write on the subject he could not have explained had he tried.

But now the gloom of his study became so oppressive that, with no definite object in view, save an involuntary flight from an indescribable feeling, he sauntered out through the corridor, and would have stopped at the kitchen door to address some remark to Veronika had he not noted her occupation. He passed on and out into the garden, a grim smile overspreading his features. Veronika, a widow since many years, was in the act of polishing the platter which an hour previous had held the 'Herr Lehrer's' veal cutlet, and, as she held it aloft, she cast her eyes still higher to where a small china image of the Madonna was ensconced in a niche in the wall, and was in the act of invoking the special intervention of this 'Muttergottes' to ward off evil and call down blessings. 'Heilige Maria bitt' für uns !' she ejaculated as Otto passed.

This was a fixed habit of Veronika's while washing up the 'Geschirr,' and also dozens of times in the day did she cross herself devoutly and mutter her orisons ; indeed, never did she pass that corner of the kitchen, near which the dish-rack was hung, without in one way or another acknowledging the supremacy of her kitchen deity.

And Otto humoured her little weaknesses, as he called them in his good nature, for she was, on the whole, a satisfactory servant, who took excellent care of her charge, for such she certainly regarded the Herr Lehrer.

She had taken pains to study his likings, and had soon learned to avoid his dislikes and cater to his tastes, which were, to be sure, far from epicurean, and under her careful management his market-bills were never appalling.

Otto wandered this evening abstractedly up and down the paths which at regular intervals lined off the promiscuous growths, useful and ornamental.

The centre of each square bed was marked by a slender pole, topped by a shining ball, which reflected everything round about it, giving undue prominence to central parts.

As he passed near the largest ball, in the exact centre of the garden, he was struck with his own ludicrous appearance. 'Du lieber Himmel !' he exclaimed, 'and is that indeed my figure of the future ?'

'And wherefore laughs the Herr Lehrer?' inquired Veronika, approaching.

'Ach, thou poor old soul! I was only thinking what a fine-looking master thou wouldst one of these days be blessed with.'

And as she gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder, he said quite soberly, 'Nicht wahr, Veronika, these *dreadful* balls may as well come down? Thou knowest they are quite "abscheulich!" And also findest thou not that the days quickly grow less, and the flowers become duller of colour in this miserable shut-in place? Never a chance in this miserable nest for a glimpse of the "Abendroth!" Why, somehow I can scarcely breathe. Pfui, it is stifling here this evening! Surely one might find better air upon the "Weinberg!"' And without further speech, Otto snatched a hat from a peg within the doorway, hastily hung up his pipe by its green silken cord, and left Veronika struck dumb with amazement, which presently found vent in exclamation.

'Ach, heilige Jungfrau! But the master has gone stark mad! Ach, I know it well—he laughed at my fine sun-flowers—better looking than himself! And he thought me fool enough to believe all his nonsense! And so he would away with my beautiful balls; even called them dreadful! Ach, poor master; God have pity on him!"

Meanwhile, Otto had proceeded but a few rods up the winding path of the Weinberg when he too began to exclaim:

'Ha, there's no escape for me!'

A couple of urchins had espied him, and taking a short cut from the main road, which he had purposely avoided, came towards him shouting: 'Look! There goes the Herr Lehrer, up the Weinberg! Come, Franz, let us run, and we will soon catch up with him!' And so it was, with Hansel and Franz Bammer at his heels, that five minutes later Otto arrived at the summit of that conical, church-capped hill. The tiny church was not in use save as the resort of penitents who wished to pour out their souls in quiet, or, in thankfulness of heart, present some votive offering in return for mercy received, with which offerings the interior walls are liberally adorned.

The road by which pilgrims reach this goal is at regular intervals furnished with the 'stations of the cross,' these rude paintings being raised on poles a few feet above the ground. In front of the chapel, beneath an ancient pine tree stands a wooden bench with accommodation for three or four persons.

Before Otto came within sight of this seat he became awai

that the air was not only more breathable, but that it was surcharged with German superlatives.

'Ach, how beautiful! The most beautiful, the most lovely of views, the most charming! The most splendid! What a heavenly outlook! Oh, thou most heart-stirring after-glow!' And 'colossal' was added by Otto involuntarily, for it was so long since he had climbed the Weinberg to study sunset effects that he had forgotten the magnitude of the lakelet's evening charms, and they proved sufficiently potent to call forth that long-discarded expression of student days.

Distance being measured by time on German soil or water, the most accurate idea of the size of the lake is to be gained by row-boat. It is about thirty minutes in length and somewhat less in width. A small island near the centre appears from the Weinberg well upholstered in green; the mountains rise high on the south only; towards the east they have curtsied themselves off to a respectful distance, leaving a graceful sweep of upward curving valley which is sparsely dotted with farm-houses. On the west, naught higher than a hillock helps to hasten the sun's farewell—if reluctant to leave this spot, who could blame the inspirer of such beauty!

When Otto reached the top of the Weinberg, the heavens were yet aglow with the reflection of the sun-god's last loving look, and the lakelet's blushes still came and went, flitting enchantingly over the rippling surface.

The ladies—Rosa and 'Mütterchen'—occupied scarce half of the bench; there was ample space for the Herr Lehrer's breadth; and yet, as he politely doffed his hat with a 'Guten Abend, meine Damen!' and, preliminary to taking a seat, added, 'Is it allowed?' Rosa, though acquiescing graciously, made such a hasty movement, that she shoved little mother on to the grass.

'O Wehe!' cried Herr Lehrer; and Rosa in consternation exclaimed, 'Ach liebe Mutter!' but in less time than it takes to relate, their combined efforts had planted the unfortunate on the middle of the bench, flanked right and left by substantial consolers.

Otto was profusely apologetic, Rosa self-censuring, and by the time they had finished blaming themselves, it was evident that no harm had been done.

A hearty laugh ensued, which placed them at once on a most friendly footing.

Re-ides, Otto's gallantry was called into play, for Rosa's

reticule had fallen, and lay unheeded till now, its contents scattered wide. It certainly was not a becoming performance for Otto, but he persevered heroically under oft-repeated protest from Rosa, till the sunset-glow seemed concentrated upon their two fair, full faces.

It was 'No, no, Meinherr! I pray you to leave them! I myself will gather them later. Oh, please let them lie; indeed it makes me so sorry!'

But all was of no avail, and in due course of time purse, handkerchief, book, mother's spectacles and knitting-work—a stocking of goodly dimensions—and a piece of cheese were restored to the lap of the remonstrant. The last, not, however, till Otto had carefully brushed off the dust and re-wrapped it in the scanty paper with which it had parted company.

'Ach, it matters not!' urged Rosa. 'Trouble yourself not, Meinherr! You see, we have not yet taken supper, and "Schweizerkäse" (Swiss cheese)—I found it quite by chance, over at the "Hütte"—is so good with beer!'

'You have right, Fräulein! And, indeed, it can but seldom be found so far from town. Truly I hope the ladies will find the cheese quite uninjured.' Then 'Ah, Heine!' he exclaimed, noting the title of the tiny volume he had picked up. 'So—the Fräulein enjoys Heine?'

'Certainly, Meinherr, and you not?'

'Oh, Heine and I are old friends!' And so saying he resumed his seat at the side of Mütterchen.

'And this "Harzreise," so charming! think you it not also, Meinherr?'

'Truly fresh, lifelike, a clear picture!'

'Yes, one can almost see the mountains over which he tramped, and breathe the air, so exhilarating. What a happy spirit! So beautifully in tune with nature!'

'But, Fräulein, may I ask, is that a new publication?'

'Know you not, then, the "Meyer's Volksbücher"? So handy, but ten Pfennige each, and the catalogue quite extensive.'

'What! and mine at twenty I thought so cheap! Let me see, I usually have some about me.' Searching through one pocket after another, he brought to view several numbers of the 'Universale Bibliothek,' and handed them to Rosa.

'Ah yes, I know them also,' she said. 'They have the catalogue still more extended, but print and paper are scarce so

good—and—but pardon me! What for strange subjects you choose!’ And she read the titles aloud.

‘Jean Paul’s “Kampaner Thal!” Surely, Meinherr, you have no doubts as to the soul’s immortality? And Kant’s “Kritik der reinen Vernunft!” So you study Kant? What! Luther’s “Freiheit eines Christlichen Menschen?” Are you not, then, a Catholic, Meinherr?’ And Rosa cast a mistrustful glance in his direction.

‘Oh, not as yet have I turned heretic—though I—you—any one who reads, must allow that good Doctor Martinus had much on his side.’

But Rosa had picked up another book, saying, ‘Truly, a curious mixture! And this “Faust” you doubtless know by heart.’

‘Not this second part. That were too much to expect of the greatest Goethe “Schwärmer”! Has the Fräulein herself read it?’

‘To be sure! though I will not pretend that I comprehend it all.’

‘And pray who does?’ laughed Otto. ‘Did even Herr Goethe himself?’

As he returned the books to his pockets, he said, ‘It is indeed a hap-hazard collection, but search any coat of mine and you would find as motley a company.’

An amused smile flickered across Rosa’s placid features, which Otto chanced to notice, and recalling his last words he was forced to smile too.

Hansel and Franz had meanwhile, at a fairly respectful distance, been performing as acrobats, turning somersaults and standing on their heads, with the evident wish to entertain the ladies.

‘Your little boys?’ inquired Mütterchen—her first remark indeed.

‘Oh, yes, you may certainly call them mine, gnädige Frau. Quite enough, indeed, do I have of their company.’ And again Otto smiled in amusement.

Hansel and Franz were respectably clad, and, though the shoemaker’s sons, were also well-shod, otherwise the connection might have been disclaimed. Presently, however, when bare-footed Pete and ragged Seppl had joined the group, he decided to carry the joke further, and see if Mütterchen was really as simple as she appeared.

'Those two are mine also!' he said complacently. 'I am blessed with a goodly number, you see. And yonder comes the fool of the family—foolish Hans, we call him.'

As this loose-jointed, loutish youth approached, he kept putting whole plums into his mouth, unloading his well-freighted pockets alternately right and left, as though to keep his equilibrium.

'I assure you, meine Damen,' continued Otto, with gravity. 'Hans knows less than the combined ignorance of all the rest—and I have more down in the village—anywhere from forty to fifty boys and girls to care for!'

Here the old lady, who had been gazing at him in innocent wonderment, managed to ejaculate, 'Mein Gott! You do not mean it?' But Rosa, with the instinct of a fellow-toiler, divined his calling at once.

'Ah, I understand!' said she, laughing. 'So you are the Herr Lehrer? Indeed, then, I have the pleasure one time had your boys and girls to meet. They came from the school, and, can you believe it, they all gave me greeting? Truly I felt as though I must somehow be labelled "Lehrerin"!'

'Ach, Fräulein—far from it. That was only country friendliness.'

'Well, it was hats off, and hands held out, and one wee mädél slipped her hand into mine and trotted along by my side. Shy little thing, too—for when I asked her name, she hung her head and just managed to lisp "Gustel." And presently my other hand was captured—and that mädél's name was Tesel. How they do run everything into the "el" hereabouts!'

'Country fashion again! And so you, too, are pedagogic, Fräulein?' And Otto lifted his hat in recognition of comradeship.

'Alas! that is my fate,' sighed Rosa. 'But, Herr Lehrer, how is it that your school is already in session?'

'Once more country fashion, Fräulein. It is sad indeed, is it not, that our holidays last but a month?'

'What a pity! And I, ungrateful, groan at returning after a two months' rest.'

Here Mütterchen thought best to interpose, for the conversation showed no signs of flagging. 'Rosa, love, wilt thou the whole night stay? Look once yonder—grey clouds—no longer the "Abendroth"!'

'Thou hast right, Mutterchen! And it is quite time that we sup. Come, lean upon my arm—so—now we hasten!'

Otto rose also, and with the ladies' permission accompanied them as far as the peasant-house where they had hired their lodgings. Then he returned to his den, so dreary now in the gloaming that it struck a chill to his very heart, which called forth an indescribable yearning. Perhaps never before had he felt so alone as just after his pleasant chat with the 'sentimental schoolmistress from Munich.'

Next evening, after kicking off the corners of several garden-beds, thus, to Veronika's dismay, destroying several heads of lettuce, Otto again ascended the Weinberg. But no ladies were there, nor did they make their appearance, and the sunset, though gorgeous, failed to impress him as it had on the previous evening. Pete and foolish Hans proved dull company, and it chanced that no others found him out.

The following evening, however, Otto had better luck, for as he reached the summit he beheld the little mother being assisted up the opposite side of the hill. He hastened to lend a helping hand; indeed, in his excessive eagerness, he hauled her up the last steep pitch as though she were a bale of goods, and as she gasped for breath thereafter, the others exchanged cordial greetings.

'And where were the ladies last evening?'

'Alas!' sighed Rosa, 'we were obliged from behind our windows to rest content with the few touches of "Abendroth" which the "Gasthaus" did not quite shut away.'

'All my fault!' exclaimed Mütterchen, who this evening was not to be repressed. 'I assure you I felt quite guilty—for Rosa so dotes on these evening walks—and she would not leave me, though I tried my best—truly I did, Herr Lehrer!'

The last words were so earnest that Otto felt bound to put in, 'Indeed, gnädige Frau, I doubt it not at all!'

Then she rattled on glibly, 'You see, the day before we did too much—way over to the Hütte—though we did stop yonder for coffee, and I knit quite a piece; but I am, alas! no longer young—seventy come next birthday.'

'Ach, you joke! That I can never believe. Why, you look so young out!' exclaimed the gallant schoolmaster.

'But I assure you it is true! Why, even my "Röschen" is not far from forty.'

'Impossible! That surely the Fräulein will deny!'

'Ach, what does it matter? Mother has quite right. Why, we grow old together—a pair of staid old ladies we presently become.'

'So? And how old think you I myself am?'

'Five and forty!' said Mütterchen, in confident tone, after throwing a keen glance over him, while Rosa added hastily—

'No, no, for once you have wrong, mother dear! The Herr Lehrer is surely scarce forty.'

Otto laughed as he said—'You, gnädige Frau, have right. Come the New Year I am six and forty. The years indeed begin to hang heavily, for in my case they add weight, whereas in yours, I should judge, they but reduce the burden.'

'Oh, that my Röschen kindly assumes as it grows too weighty for me.' And Mutterchen gave a loving tap to the buxom shoulder next her.

Did Rosa think best to turn the conversation, or had she just noted the charms of the landscape, that she suddenly exclaimed in ecstasy—'But look! Look once! Was aught ever so heavenly? Ach, what we miss—we poor Müncheners, shut within our city streets!'

'But, Fräulein, you forget one great blessing! Where is such beer to be found as in your delightful München. The poor country folks are indeed to be pitied, for we must be content with what we can get—alas! usually from some country brewery.'

'Ah, but, Herr Lehrer'—and Rosa spoke feelingly—'you country persons have blessings worth more than even 'Hofbrau'—choicest of Munich beer! Behold the landscape—was aught ever more peaceful—more soothing to weary soul?'

'But, Fräulein, you yourself look the embodiment of peace and contentment.'

'Here—ah, yes—it may well be possible. But, ach, the restless turmoil of life in town!' And she sighed as she recalled it.

'Then you can hardly imagine this peaceful valley the scene of such a stirring event as that picture within represents.' As the ladies looked surprised he added, 'You have not seen it? Then come—let me be your cicerone!' He led them into the little church, whose portals of course stood open. The picture was not large. It was hung just below the organ loft with sundry similar works of art, none possessing high merit, and it caused a merry laugh, despite the sacred precincts, which, fortunately, were deserted.

'I assure it you, meine Damen, it is by these peasant-folk believed as you see written here below. That in 1760, as herds

and herdsmen were scattered over that pasture represented—it is the large plain yonder east of the lake—a huge rock burst way up on the mountain side, and flew in great pieces all over the field; that as the flocks, and the attendants as well, flew wildly in all directions, just as you see here in the picture, St. Leonard kindly took pity on them, appeared thus in the clouds, and, owing solely to his intervention, but one poor beast was killed. And behold the unfortunate cow yonder, in the midst of the stampede, flattened to the earth, with her four feet serving as indices to mark the points of the compass. Ha, ha! saw you ever such perspective? such bodily proportions both of beast and man? Know you, *meine Damen*, that St. Leonard is the patron of this village and the guardian in especial of cattle? Therefore these many pictures, votive offerings every one, for some special favour granted in time of dire need. Look once at the sick horse yonder, and at that emaciated cow! Any peasant hereabouts will tell that they were miraculously restored.'

Still laughing, they left the pilgrim's chapel, and as the *Abendroth* had vanished, they descended to the village.

Their friendship was already well established, and ere many days had passed Otto was acting the self-instituted guide to the Munich ladies. He rowed them over the lake—by taking to boat he was rid of his faithful boys,—and, landing at various points, they made incursions into the surrounding country.

By the end of a fortnight they had sampled the beer in every *Gasthaus* within reasonable distance—that is, within *Mütterchen's* pedestrian powers,—and, while imbibing beer, had dissected sunsets and discussed books and music, finding a wonderful similarity of taste—at least, so had Rosa and Otto—not only in music and literature, but in regard to their national beverage, as was proved conclusively on a certain afternoon.

It was supposed to be their last trip previous to the ladies' departure citywards, and the fates favoured their celebrating the event with fitting festivities. They, indeed, had considered it the height of good fortune that a peasant wedding was to take place on that day at the farther end of the lake, for not only could they view the solemnities in the church and the merry-making to follow in the *Gasthaus*, but, the bride's father being the richest farmer thereabouts, some kegs of genuine '*Hofbrau Bier*' had been ordered down from Munich, and for a consideration they could indulge and be happy. And it was

after having disposed of a 'mass' (quart) of Hofbrau each, that the unanimous decision was arrived at that it excelled all others. Löwenbrau, Augustiner, Spartan, Franciskaner, Sankt Anna, and other favourite Munich breweries were passed in review, and each placed in the second rank when compared with the far-famed Hofbrau.

It was on their return, after having been thus refreshed and invigorated, that Otto invited the ladies to take a peep at his den, before they should all ascend the Weinberg for a farewell to the Abendroth.

Veronika, worthy old soul, was scandalised at sight of her master ushering ladies within his sanctum. She had of late been sadly disturbed by his strange manœuvres in the garden. That very day he had cut away one of her finest sun-flowers, thus verifying her theory of two weeks since as to the cause of his laughter, and no end of salad border had been sacrificed in the re-shaping of his garden beds ; but at this latest *dénouement* she became so flustered that she actually forgot her fixed devotions as the evening bells rang out. Not one Ave Maria, not one glance was vouchsafed Madonna ; nor did she even once cross herself.

Her agitation, however, knew no bounds when presently, after her master had performed at the piano, she heard strange sounds. She was sure she had never heard the like before, though she knew not one tune from another. This was not her master—of that she was quite certain, and also that music had never before affected her so unpleasantly.

Then came the sound of talking and laughter ; it was really uncanny, issuing from those sombre, ever-solitary precincts, sacred to her master, and to no one else !

What did it all portend ? She felt as though the elements were disturbed, as though a hurricane were brewing, which perchance might take her from off her feet. Poor old tottering Veronika ! could she weather a domestic revolution ? She had felt herself grounded upon a rock, and here, at first alarm, her balance appeared as shaken as though her footing were on quicksands.

She sniffed and she snorted, she muttered and mumbled, but it was all to no purpose. The fates, inexorable, held the reins that day, and evidently were determined to have their way.

Veronika's reign was well-nigh at end—she would not control the rudder much longer ; and perhaps, after all, she would fin

a secondary place in the Herr Lehrer's establishment preferable to none at all!

It came about thus. In the first place, Mütterchen, being weary, had sunk into Otto's easy-chair, and, as it stood near the window, she soon became absorbed in the ever-changing scenes upon the village highway. Though they were not very inspiring, music had less charm for her, it appeared, and so Otto and Rosa were left to their mutual entertainment; and certain it was, that in all the long years of his village sojourn Otto had never had so appreciative an audience. He wandered from Schumann to Chopin, then to his beloved Beethoven, bringing his programme to end with a fugue of Bach's.

But it was his turn to indulge in German superlatives when Rosa touched the keys. Pleasure spread athwart his goodly features, fairly radiating therefrom, when he discovered that his new friend was also no novice at the pianoforte. Indeed, with his favourite composers she was as much at home as he; and especially did her clinging touch in the adagio movements delight him. As she sat with motionless fingers after a prolonged effort, she threw a glance over his book-shelves, and presently her eyes fell upon his paper-strewn desk.

'Ach, how many, many books, Meinherr! And, too, is it true you write?'

'It is nothing—nothing worth at all! Indeed, Fräulein Rosa, I the subject too trying find. I make but slow headway. I fear that ere long I get me into very deep water.'

'Please, what is it that the Herr Lehrer writes?'

Otto laughed uncomfortably as he made reply, 'The *soul* is my subject—or rather one phase, its isolation, Fräulein.'

'Ah, so!' was the only comment, as, suddenly turning her head, Rosa called, 'Mutter mein, hast forgotten the Abendroth? It will soon be quite vanished. Surely thou art rested; is it not true?'

But the old lady paid no heed, and 'now or never' thought Otto, and 'Fräulein,' he began timidly; then a slight pause, and he went on bravely, 'Knows not the Fräulein, then, that there is no need to climb the Weinberg to seek the Abendroth, if——' Rosa looked up in surprise, for his tone was so strangely subdued. 'If—ach, Fräulein, can you not see it here? Why, the room, this dingy old den of mine, is quite filled with a glow of glorious light! It came in with you, Fräulein, and alas! it will depart with you. Ach liebes, Fräulein, have pity;

do not go away. Stay, Rosa, stay and be my light—my “Abendroth”—my beautiful evening star! Indeed, though no longer young, may we not still find and enjoy the lovely “after-glow”?’

Long before this impassioned speech had reached its close, the eyes raised inquiringly had met so earnest a gaze that they had been lowered in confusion, and now, as the speaker ceased, Rosa buried her face in her hands and let her elbows drop on to the keys, which movement called forth a sound so discordant and loud that Mütterchen sprang from her seat, and Veronika dropped her bowl of flour upon the kitchen floor, breaking the dish to bits and scattering its contents afar.

‘Josef Maria!’ cried the irate dame. ‘And no pancake will you get! A “Pfannkuchen” such as Veronika makes is assuredly a deal too good for such as take up with stragglers, with any who chance along.’

At the same time Mütterchen exclaimed, ‘Mein Gott, Rosa, what is the matter? Art thou ill, love? Is it that thou art faint? And go we not up on the Weinberg for our farewell to the Abendroth?’

‘Another evening—no, I mean *never*!’ Rosa’s voice sounded far away and strangely unnatural, but she raised a smiling face as she spoke, towards her patiently waiting swain, and a triple embrace—during which Mütterchen seemed in danger of annihilation—was the immediate result.

‘Isolation of soul, indeed!’ exclaimed Otto, presently; and he caught up a bundle of papers from under a metal weight, and, tearing them to atoms, added, ‘I will begin it all over again, and the title this time shall be—what? “Sweet Communion of Souls?” What, pray, says my Röschen?’

‘If you wish my opinion,’ and Rosa spoke quietly, though with the firmness of conviction, ‘why, it has ever been my belief that two souls a more perfect unit make than one soul alone; and that, if not in this world, without doubt in the next, each soul will find its completing if not its better half.’

‘Bravo, my oracular Rosa!’ cried Otto in ecstasy. ‘Truly mine has been but a lonely, a half-fledged soul. Hereafter, in the commingling of two sympathetic souls, each shall bring out the latent good in the other. But to think that I should have caged so cleverly the much wiser half of a soul! And, Rosa, I have already it planned. Thinkest thou not, love, we might run a gable up from the roof? Or even a small

tower—*round*, of course ; then we might view the Abendroth without climbing to the top of the hill.'

'Ach, wherefore?' and Rosa looked bewildered. 'Do we not all enjoy the little journey up the Weinberg?'

'Ay, so we do! To be sure, thou hast right, Rosa! But then I have long—at least a fortnight—been trying to take the squareness off. Come back, my beloved!' He drew her to the window. 'See! Octagons, sexagons, circles, rhombs; not a square flower-bed remains. And poor old Veronika; how she has groaned over every corner removed! Perhaps, after all, we had best leave her the balls—they, though dreadful, at least are not square! What says my Röschen?'

Rosa, still more mystified, gasped, 'I! What have I to say?'

'Everything, love. For since the day when, by luckiest chance, I overheard thy opinion, I have diligently planned all possible changes in my humble domain, and hope now, with thy kind help, to reach even the picturesque.'

'Lieber Gott!' cried Rosa, covered with confusion, 'didst thou overhear my foolish remarks? Ach, I beg thee quickly to forget them. For, a change has come over me. The old place has taken my heart; indeed, Otto, I love it best as it is! Promise that thou wilt alter nothing more.'

Rosa's imploring voice and pleading eyes were not to be resisted, and Otto gave the required promise as he opened the door of his den. Then cheerily he called out—and a death-knell it was to the tortured one's lingering hopes—'Veronika, run! Fetch three glasses of beer, and also a fourth for thyself, that thou drinkest to thy master's happiness, to the health of his perfected soul.'

'Ach!' sighed Mütterchen. 'What a pity it cannot be Hofbrau!'

'Ha, ha!' laughed Otto; '*that* we reserve for the wedding. Courage! Thou shalt wait but a week!'

MARGARET BLAGROVE RUDD.

TWO OLD DERBYSHIRE FESTIVALS.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY L. HEReward.

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To the average barbarian, Derbyshire means one of two things—Buxton—its baths, its pump-room, its public gardens, and that inevitable old compliment which one of the Dukes of Hamilton is supposed to have paid them, of calling them the finest in Europe (which they are not), and that same old dialogue, heard every hour : ‘Have you been to Poole’s Hole?’—‘Yes.’ ‘Have you driven to the Cat and Fiddle?’—‘Yes.’ ‘Have you been to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth?’—‘Yes;’ and then a silence.

Or, if Derbyshire does not mean Buxton, it does mean Matlock and Smedley’s Hydropathic. Then, again, Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, possibly a drive down the Via Gellia and on to Dove Dale (‘Oh! the river Dove, beloved of Isaak Walton!’), and perhaps, if the visitor is *very* original, a trip to Wingfield Manor, once the prison of Mary Queen of Scots.

All of these places are charming and well worth ‘doing;’ but *why* will the very persons who rave over the quaintness of Somerset, the folk-lore of Dorset, and the old-world customs of Cornwall, come year after year to Derbyshire, go through the same course of baths, the same routine of drives to ‘show places,’ and so back to their homes and never take the trouble to see what lies off the beaten tracks? It makes one who knows and loves Derbyshire jealous—ravidly jealous!

He longs to take those Philistines who think of her as synonymous with ‘baths’ and ‘brakes’ by main force, and show him things which have nothing to do with ‘hydros,’ and which, were they in any county not overshadowed by ‘baths,’ would make its reputation. The Druidical remains alone are perhaps second only to Stonehenge, and yet nine out of every ten who visit the county do not even know that they exist. As to old-world beliefs and customs, the land is full of them, only, c

course, they must be found out. To mention only two of their fête days will probably take up the space allotted to this paper ; but there are many more equally interesting.

In the whole of Derbyshire—'dear Derbyshire'—where one may live a thousand years (at least, one *may* not, but one *might*) and never have occasion to complain of monotony of the scenery, for at every step some new beauty shows itself ; in the whole of this goodly county and fair, it would be difficult to find a prettier village than Tissington. It lies in the midst of round-topped, partially wooded green hills, that by-and-by lead on to the wonderful rugged crags of Dove Dale. Just here, however, all is softness, quietness, and peace—a world out of the world. The approach to it at either end is down avenues of splendid trees, and through gates which the rosy cottage children run to open as one nears them. It is a very tiny place, but the beautiful of what a village should look like. Think of a spot where there is not one ugly cottage, and nothing approaching a modern 'villa.' *En passant*—is there really any connection between the architectural horror which Jerry the builder terms a 'villa' and board schools ? A close observer will find that they usually run in couples. This cluster of pretty little homes, each with its own garden rioting with flowers, is watched over by the old Norman church—there is a curious wide staircase outside the tower—and the old grey-brown Hall, the home of the ancient family of the Fitzherberts. The school is a modern building, but is of Norman fashion, to match the church, and has a pretty cloister.

It is not, however, on account of its beauty that we, in company with all the gentry round about, as well as the villagers and farmers, are visiting Tissington on this holy Thursday. Centuries ago, perhaps nearly two thousand years since, it is believed that our heathen forefathers held festival in honour of the Springtime in this very spot, and that part of the ceremony of that day still forms the most noticeable feature in the rejoicings of this. Gushing up from the limestone rock are five pure, clear springs—veritable 'wells of sweetness'—and the service of Ascension Day is made the time of especial thanksgiving for them. For days the children have been scouring the country for flowers—bluebells, daisies, cowslips, marsh marigolds or mayablobs (seventeen a's in that 'ma'ya,' please, if you wish the correct local pronunciation), larch sprays, laurel, anything which will lend itself to a decorative effect. Over the well

kind of arbour of green branches is sometimes formed, and beneath this arbour or canopy is placed a design worked out in flowers.

These designs are extremely well done, and the result is most charming, but the labour expended on them could scarcely fail to produce some beautiful result. First, a board of the required size and shape is covered to the depth of half an inch with wet clay. Then the chosen design is picked out on it. Now the real work begins. A half-dozen or more of the most deft-fingered of the village maidens sit hour after hour (if the design be very elaborate, it may take a day or two to complete it) carefully and patiently fastening the flower or leaf stems in the wet clay. Sometimes there will be a background of moss with a pattern in marsh marigolds running across it, like richest patterned velvet in green and gold. Sometimes a vari-coloured background, like a piece of gorgeous mosaic, will bear a text worked out in bluebells. Indeed, there is no limit to the ingenuity and the artistic fancy of the workers. White doves, the cross, a vine and branches, an anchor, a crown, and many other symbols which embody to the Christian his beliefs and hopes are all employed most effectually.

At eleven o'clock the usual Ascension Day service is held in the ancient church, and now at its finish a procession is formed, clergy and laity falling into line and setting out for the wells. The Hall well, so called from its proximity to Sir Richard Fitzherbert's ancient seat, is visited first, and after a halt for the singing of a psalm and a hymn, the other springs are visited in turn. At each a short but most effective service is held. At one the Epistle is read, at another the Gospel; and all, old and young, gentle and common, join heartily in the hymns, or lift up their voices in 'O let the earth bless the Lord,' and 'O ye Wells, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever.'

Then the vicar called upon the Giver of all gifts to accept the prayer and praise proffered to Him from our glad hearts, and standing in the full flood of sunshine, which made each tiniest leaf glow like a living jewel, he blessed the assembled crowd, and the simple, but deeply touching ceremony was finished.

The well-dressing or well-flowering was once observed in many of the Derbyshire villages—but in all of them, except Tissington, it had fallen into disuse. Of late years, however, has been revived in several places, as at the little village

of Youlgrave, where it takes place on Midsummer Day, and at Tideswell. Some attempts have also been made to carry it out at Buxton.

High up in the country—close to the borders of Yorkshire—there nestles among the great bare, bleak hills the little village of Castleton, that Castleton made famous by Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak.' On a wedge-shaped hill—only one side of which is accessible—the ruins of Peveril's stronghold still stand; and at the foot of the long, steep slope leading up to them, gathered there as if for protection, are the grey stone cottages of the place. 'A long pull—a strong pull—and a pull altogether' brings one up to the ragged, ivy-covered remains of the Castle, and the view thus obtained is well worth the climb. Peeping cautiously over the wall at the west side, one finds that one is standing on the very verge of a bald rock, which rises sheer from the valley below to a height of 260 feet. Underneath it, one can just see the gloomy entrance to the Rope-spinners Cavern—a visit to which is well worth while, for the colony which has held it, rent free, from the Dukes of Devonshire for time out of mind, is a quaint little world all of itself. Looking farther on to the left, one sees the imposing, rocky portals called the Winnets or Windgates—and truly the wind rushes down the wild ravine beyond, like a river. Farther on, Mam Tor—the Mother Mountain—rises some 1300 feet from the valley floor.

One has just time to note the long sweeps of Winhill and Losehill (where, legend has it, two opposing armies fought to the death, long long ago) and, two miles on to the right, the spire of Hope Church rising from its cluster of rook-haunted trees, before one's attention is brought sharply back to the scene nearer home.

All day long the country folk have been flocking in from all quarters, and the village has been pervaded with a general air of expectancy. Now, as six o'clock approaches, the place is alive. Old and young, rich and poor, have all turned out to join in or watch what is going forward. The last two or three days every field and hedgerow, every copse and dell, has been levied upon for its toll of leaf or flower—and the procession which now takes its way through the streets could almost be described as a perambulating arbour.

For generations—indeed, no one knows from what dim day in the past the custom comes—the Castleton folk have kept the

29th of May, or a day very near it, as a festival. A kind of belated May Day, with not only a Queen but a King as well, with a dash of Oak Apple Day and of the fifth of November in it. You will see that the oak figures largely in the decorations, and that the nettle is not infrequent. May 29th is known—especially among the small fry—as ‘Nettle Day’ almost as well as by its more general name, the practice being to carry a plant of stinging nettle and to beat any one who is chanced upon without a bit of oak in cap or buttonhole. The writer met a little urchin armed with a nettle half as tall as himself, who exclaimed in great glee—

‘Eh, Oi coomed oot wioot any oak in me, and eh, moy werd! but Oi joost gi mysen a good stinging, Oi did!’ and then trotted along, chuckling in huge triumph over having caught one person at least who was obliged to pay him the customary penalty of the day!

As the festival is supposed to have existed long before our Royal Fugitive sheltered in that friendly tree, it is probable that the oak (unless, indeed, it comes from the old Druidical days) is a feature only added to the original celebration, the origin of which was long since lost sight of. The May Queen and King are mounted on big white horses, with a varied retinue behind them. The most noticeable feature in it is a kind of Jack-in-the-Green-affair. It looks like a mammoth straw beehive, of a size quite to hide a man beneath it. It is covered with wild flowers from base to top, and the apex is finished with a splendid bouquet of hot-house blooms, always donated by the Squire or some other of the local gentry.

Round and round the village wends the procession, until a halt is called in front of a certain gentleman’s house. His gates are thrown open, and a deputation, entering, presents his wife with this bunch of ‘glass-grown’ flowers. The gentleman makes a neat little speech of thanks, and slips a half-sovereign into the leader’s hand, which coin will presently be converted into refreshment for the crowd. This is the invariable custom, and usage has fixed the extent of the ‘tip’ expected. It is deemed a great compliment to be selected as the recipient of the bouquet.

The next move is back to the market-place, which runs along three sides of the churchyard, the High Street forming the remaining portion of the square. Here their Majesties dismount. A dozen lusty youths mount the square tower of the ancient

grey church and throw down ropes to their fellows below. Now the floral beehive is taken to the foot of the tower. The crowds in the market-place press forward to watch every movement. The ropes are made fast, and slowly and carefully it is hauled up and up, until it is suspended just above the clock, here to remain until wind and weather have beaten apart the last wisp of straw. Now it is securely fastened, and on the instant the entire peal of bells gives tongue and sets the Mother Mountain calling to Losehill, and the Windgates to tossing the sound from craig to craig up all their lonely chasm. The crowd joins its voice in shouts that would be deafening without the clangour of the bells, and then all fall to dancing. Wrinkled old dames, who must remember seeing this same ceremony for at least five and seventy years, dance side by side with rosy lasses to whom 'ten years ago' seems half a lifetime. Little children, too young to venture from their mother's wing, cling to her skirts and jig up and down in time and step all their own; while the village belles and the village beaux, all in their brave attire, foot it merrily, and would not change places—at least not now—with the gentry gathered inside the wall of the ancient Hall overlooking the scene—who take no more active part in the festivities than that of spectators.

At eight o'clock a low-toned, somewhat dreary-voiced bell speaks from the church tower, and at the sound the mind wings back to the days when yonder lonely ruin, high up on the hill, was a brave and stout castle, and at the sound of this very bell the lights in the village were extinguished, the fires covered, and all the little world retired to rest. It is the curfew bell.

BORES AND BORERS.

BY C. M. YONGE.

THIS is not a dissertation on tiresome people, but on molluscs which have the capacity of making holes, not in their neighbours' shells, like the handsome tigerish race spoken of under the head of porcelain, but in sand, rock, or wood. In the last mentioned they are troublesome enough, but no doubt they all fulfil their purpose in creation by disintegrating the old and preparing the way for the new.

Unlike all hitherto described, they begin a new series of molluscs, mostly those which are enclosed between double doors, not coiled up—bivalves, as they are commonly called. The animal is less highly developed than the inhabitant of a univalve, often having no head and no mantle, and being stationary. However, there are exceptions everywhere, and one borer used to be called univalve, while another used to be counted as multi-valve.

Borer the first is the *Teredo*, or Shipworm. A hundred years ago we should have been told that this very mischievous creature was a worm with strong jaws and a forked tail, which lived in a lengthening case of white, shelly substance, and ate its way into timber. To observe a creature always living in a tunnel of its own making is not very easy, but by-and-by it was discovered that it could hardly eat its way into the wood, since it goes in backwards, leaving the head outermost, and, besides, the jaws are not adapted for gnawing wood. A clever Frenchman, a naval surgeon, Monsieur Eydoux, managed to obtain some yellow globes, which became a double shell, open at each end, and with a sort of long tail hanging out at one end, the beginning of a head at the other. He gave them some bits of wood, and by-and-by the young teredos settled down, each on a soft part, and began to move from right to left, till the shell had worn a chink large enough to admit half the

animal. By the next morning, they had sunk further in, and to judge of their further progress and development he had to pull them out. He then found that the shells had been surrounded and soldered together at the hinge with shelly matter, but the two sides remained open, the head protruding above, the tail below. The tail was forked, and on each fork he found a tiny pallet of shell, rough or toothed, like a minute shovel, at the end. There is no doubt that it is these curious little pallets that destroy the wood and make the hole, and that the dust is the food of the Shipworm. Monsieur Eydoux thought that, like little files, they rasped it away; others think that they contain some chemical acid: but it is certain that they do the work, and the whole teredo sinks in after them, a yellowish white case being formed over it on the way, and at each pause, apparently, a division being formed across, with two holes in it to admit the passage of the tail and pallets. The perforation follows the grain of the wood, but if the creature becomes sensible of the neighbourhood of another, it changes its direction, so that a piece of timber may be honeycombed throughout with these tunnels, without one running into another. Such a bit of wood, on being handled, proves as light as a feather, and the mischief done is great, for the keels of ships are pierced till they become unseaworthy, and piles on which piers are supported become hollowed through and through. From the harbour of Port Patrick in Ireland, tubes of *Teredo Norwega* have been taken measuring two feet and a half in length; nor thus far does there seem to be any remedy against their undermining propensities.

The great dykes in Holland need continual watch. A pile in twenty years was rendered quite hollow, and some of the tunnels of the sea-worms were more than a foot long.

The *Xylophaga*, or Wood Eater, as Dr. Turton named it, is nearly related to *Teredo*, and likewise bores into wood under salt water. It has pallets of the shape of a pen, and makes holes in which to dwell, but does not line them, only retreats further and further, both genera alike being the most subtle enemies of the wooden walls of Old England. It works against the grain of the wood, not with it, like *Teredo*, and it is said to be worst in black birch wood, but to dislike African or American oak. Even metal sheathing does not hold out more than ten or twelve years against it. Both genera only work under sea-water.

There are other borers, which do not do such damage, as they content themselves with making holes in rock or burrowing in sand. There is a very large one, like the Shipworm in most of its habits, but found only in warm countries—the *Septaria*, which seems to have lived in fossil times. And on our own shores may be found certain odd-looking, white shells, evidently intended to be pairs, though, when cast up on the beach, they are generally separated, as, indeed, there is no ligament to keep them together. Their colour is always white, their shape is a long oval; one end is scooped out or cut away as it were, and the shell is closely ribbed or furrowed lengthways with transverse ribs at the scooped end, so as to make a sort of net-work. Where the hinge, if there were one, would naturally be, is a kind of plate or thickening sustained by eight or nine little shelly supports, and within the shell there is a kind of tongue of shelly matter, owing to which it used to be classed as a multivalve with the *Teredo* and the *Chiton*. The two valves of the shell are alike, but only touch one another at the place where the hinge would be, though they nearly meet at the widest part of each; but the scooped-out part holds what may be called the body of the mollusc, and the other end gapes to give opening to a tube. This tube, if the animal is disturbed, will spurt out a jet of water at the enemy. It is found all along the coast in soft rock, in sand, or even in decayed wood, and the shells always fit exactly into their burrows. How are they made? That is the question. Some people think that the mollusc makes a file of itself, and moves itself so as to rasp out its hole with the rough furrows on the shell; while others think there may be some chemical action in the tube, assisted perhaps by the file-like shell. The substance perforated is not very hard, chalk or sandstone, and large pieces full of holes are often cast up by the sea, which has broken them off in a storm.

The most common sort is *Pholas Dactylus*, which is found wherever there is rock soft enough for it on the English coast. In Cornwall there is a pretty little delicate *Pholas*, called *P. Papyracea*, which has shells like tissue paper, and sometimes comes floating in on sea-weed. The *Pholas* is phosphorescent, though no one can guess why, when alone in its dark hole, but probably, when dead and floating, the lamp guides other animals to feed on it.

Two other creatures are worth mentioning here, because the

start as bivalves, but form a tube—the *Aspergillum*, or Watering-pot, a New Zealander, who forms a pretty white tube with several frills at one end, and a rose like that of a watering-pot at the other. The *Fistularia* also makes a tube, but it is a sort of macaroni of sand compacted together. Both live in the sand, and bore there, doing no harm.

RAZORS AND CLAMS.

Did you ever see a little jet of water come up in the sand, or rather a double jet coming up where the tide is going down, leaving moisture behind it? The tops of two small tubes may be discovered ejecting the water, but they soon retire with the ebb of the waves, unless a pinch of salt is thrown on them, which brings their owner up to find out what irritates him. Then you can at once see that he is long and narrow; but if your shadow passes over him, he is gone in a moment, unless a very quick hand seizes him. Left to himself, he would either retreat or try to make another hole; or, if the sand be too dry and hard, find a new soft place for his den by a sort of swimming leap made by drawing himself close into his shell and squirting out the water, so as to impel himself by springing forward. More likely, poor fellow, he will be caught by a fisherman, boiled and eaten, for he is esteemed very delicate food nearly all over the world.

He has two fringed siphons for a head, and a foot or sucker at the other end, where, with the hole, the body is long and narrow, fitting into the tube-shaped shell, whence it is called Razor-shell in English, *Solen* in Latin.

The foot is elastic, long and pointed, or capable of becoming a shovel, wherewith to dig out the sand, and then hooked to help the owner to descend. Or when he wishes to move, it is rolled up into a ball, to give him a hold after his forward leap.

The shell is bivalve, consisting of two pieces joined together by a ligament of an elastic gummy material, and with one tooth at the upper end. The two valves meet so as to close all the length of the shell, but are open at the two ends to allow the siphons to protrude at the upper end, the foot at the lower. Seaside visitors can generally find them, for they are some of the most common of British mollusca, and the shells can often be found uninjured, as fisherfolk push out the inhabitant with a wire and throw aside his house. The species vary chiefly by

the straight or curved outline of the shell. *Solen Marginata* is quite straight and cut off squarely at the ends; the largest sort, too,—often nearly a foot long and an inch and a half wide. *Solen Ensis* is more curved, like a sabre, as the name implies, smaller and altogether prettier, having a pattern of a triangle, pale brown stripes going transversely from the lower end to the upper, where a pattern of pale lilac-shaded stripes begins to go horizontally down to the bottom end.

There is a very odd Norman legend connected with it, namely, that a *Solen* was the handle of Cupid's dagger, and that when Venus descended on the Gaulish coast to obtain pearls for herself, and a razor shell as a knife handle for her son, Thetis caused a Triton to steal her golden apple (query, the original Apple of Discord) off the rock. Thetis broke the apple and scattered the seeds along the coast, when they produced the famous cider apples of Normandy, certainly sometimes productive of Discord. The story is found in Mary Roberts's 'Introduction to Conchology,' but where she found it, or how to account for the queer mythology, I cannot tell.

There is a very beautiful relation of the *Solen*, which used to be classed with it, though it has nothing of the razor shape, only it has siphons and a foot, two teeth and a ligament, and gapes at each rounded end. It is now called *Machera Radiata*, for it has white rays, proceeding from a centre, on a rich purple ground.

These rays prevail through a large number of shells. There is one specially known as the Sunset shell, *Psammobia Vespertina*, the valves being of lovely pale crimson rays, alternating with pure white, spreading out just like the sunbeams on a fine evening sky; and there is another, almost equally beautiful, but with more of red and less of white, the *Tellina Crassa*. They are highly polished, and always with more or less of pink in the shells. *Tellina Tenuis* or *Tellina Pygmea* furnish the little pinks we delight to pick up on a sandy beach, looking like scattered rose petals, and which are sometimes tortured by being glued up in the likeness of sham roses, to be sold in old women's baskets. These shells are equivalve, with the valves alike, with two teeth, generally oval, but sometimes nearly circular. The animal has two siphons, rather long, projecting from the left side. Right and left, by-the-by, are reckoned from the hinge as the bottom. The creature burrows in the sand, but can jump like the razor. It is not ornamental, and its principal

use is to the mollusca of prey, which bore a hole and eat it out of its pretty pink abode.

In company with these you will generally find the Duck Bill, *Donax Anatifera*. The second specific name refers to the duck, the first word is the Latin for a reed. All the shells of this genus have the left side sharply and squarely cut off, while the right is lengthened, so that they may be known in a moment by the wedge shape when the valves are closed. The *D. Anatifera* has the wedge rather less distinct than some other kinds.

It is a very pretty shell, polished with purple tints within, and with purple concentric borders outside, a tiny saw-like edging to each valve. To me it always recalls the charms of Whitsand bay, in Cornwall, as it was sixty years ago, before the days of forts and fortifications, with the green white-fringed waves in the distance, and the reaches of sand shut in by promontories of sea-weed covered rock.

There, too, I made acquaintance with the *Macra*, or Kneading-trough, a burrowing shell also, though seldom so pretty as *Tellina* or *Donax*, at least in England, since only the *Macra Stultorum* (Fools' Kneading-trough) is polished, brown outside, pale purple within. These *macræ* are equivalve, deeper and more cup-shaped than the former ones, nearly triangular. Their hinge consists of a three-cornered pit containing the ligament and two strong teeth in the upper valve to fit in over it. Why one species should in English and Latin have been devoted to fools, there is no knowing. The other common British kind is much more solid, called, indeed, *M. Solida*, and covered with fine ingrained lines. The inside is white, and it is a large shell wanting in colour. Some of the foreign species are very handsome, polished, and beautifully tinted. These all gape at one end, and burrow in the sand or mud.

One great mud-lover, whose Latin name comes therefrom, is the *Lutraria*, a thin white shell with a brown epidermis, with a hinge rather on one side of the oval gaping valves, one of which shows a hollow mark or indentation, called the muscular impression, because it is where the muscle has been by which the mollusc adheres to the shell. The valves open at each end, widest at the left for a long triangular foot, with two small fringed siphons. The *Lutraria* is everywhere to be found, burrowing deep in sand or mud at the mouths of rivers, even very far north, and in some places it grows to a huge size. *Lutraria Elliptica* may be picked up on our shores from John o'

Groat's house to the Land's End, and this is especially the species that is called Clam in the United States, and which affords American children and grown people the delightful sport of digging them out of their holes, roasting them, and having a picnic. Every story of American seaside life speaks of the joys of a clam picnic!

Mya has a wrinkled epidermis, which covers up its two siphons. There is a chance of English collectors finding the *Mya Arenaria*, in which case it would be wise to preserve the characteristic piece of epidermis. The *Mya* is a pale or white shell found on all the northern coasts, with one spoon-shaped tooth in the thin shell, and gaping widely.

FROM MY ATTIC WINDOW.

Women's
Clubland.

It used to be said, in the days when Woman was spelt with a small 'w,' that women were not clubbable. 'See how women hate each other!' men said, and they pictured them foregathering in clubs without a single member of the other sex, before whom they had to keep up appearances. The idea struck them as humorous. Now, women may or may not hate each other; they may or may not be clubbable; but the fact remains that every year, indeed oftener than that, a new woman's club springs into existence, and generally it thrives. Sometimes, indeed I am afraid I must say always, if I am to speak the truth, it has a stormy childhood, and even a tempestuous maturity; but somehow or other it seems to weather the storms and grow sturdy. This has been an eventful year in woman's clubland. In the early months, the Ladies' County Club, which began life as the tea and shopping club, enlarged its borders and took in a new house in an adjoining street. Then in the height of the season a new club, yclept the Empress, began a select career. Later on the Sesame Club migrated into a charming new home in Dover Street. This Sesame Club is not a purely feminine club, although its committee are mostly of the female sex. It is 'mixed' in the sense that it has both sexes as members, but every one is supposed to be interested more or less directly in art, and letters, or education, and the debates are sometimes arranged with a view to furthering that interest. It has had a short life, but it seems likely to grow merrier as it grows older.

The Pioneer Club, too, has been having a series of eventful chapters in its career. In February Mrs. Massingberd died. This meant more than the death of the president: it meant the loss of the 'strong woman,' who was a leader and a personality, and was marked out for her position by tact and power of organisation, and an utter absence of self-seeking. Now, up in this far-away gabled window, I feel safe in saying all kinds of things which

it would be dangerous for me to even think if I were merely on a ground floor in London town. And accordingly I venture to remark that in the very beginning, when the angles of all the members were sharpest, some folks called the club a collection of faddists. There were vegetarians and theosophists, rational dressers and Buddhists, and a host of other 'isms' and 'ists' to be found in the list of members. But it was infinitely better, after all, to get together a group of women with minds and ideas than a collection of dolls dressed by their dressmakers. But women, and men too, bristling with ideas—fads if you will—do not 'fit in' together so neatly as your smooth rounded dolls. Consequently for some time chaos reigned in that club, and the upshot has been (it's a thing that has often been done before) a split. Part of the members have followed another leader, who seemed to arise with the need for her, and set up a gorgeous new club, with some old and some new ideas, in Grosvenor Crescent; the other part have decided to reorganise themselves under their old management and find a new home. And thus there will be two clubs instead of one—a gain to clubland, perhaps a loss to the original pioneers. Time will show. There are many other women's clubs: one for writers, one for nurses, one for University graduates, several for ladies with nothing to do, some for women with too much to do.

* * * * *

The Club
and
the Home.

In the early days of women's clubs, the club-woman was a 'species to herself.' She was looked at askance by respectable matrons, and hands of holy horror were lifted to her condemnation. Pictures in *Punch* depicted the sporting matron in a coat and waistcoat of masculine cut and the minimum of skirt, standing on the fender of the club dining-room, ordering luncheon, eye-glass in eye, in the approved fashion of the man about town, and explaining to her chum that 'Baby has the measles, don't cher know, and Algy's so worried with her and the servants, and he'd just begun spring cleaning too. So annoying, so I came out of it all. Such a beastly nuisance, all these things. Better leave them to the men. It's their "sphere."'

But though the matron of the eye-glass and the minimum of skirt may still be extant, she is in the background. The woman of the club is to all intents and purposes the woman of the home. The times have changed, and changing brought new needs and fresh supplies. In every city, and London more

especially, women whose homes are some distance away, have all kinds of different engagements. They shop, and go to meetings and concerts' and theatres alone, and the necessity for a centre where they can rest, and change a gown, and dine in comfort is obvious. More than that, women are becoming independent. They claim, and are the better for claiming, a life outside the house where they live, outside the immediate social circle where it is part of their daily duty to visit. I venture to say that they are the better for claiming such a life, because when they return to the home their ideas are enlarged, their minds freshened, and the duties and pleasures and anxieties of life appear in a new light, in truer proportion. Of course, if the home is neglected for the club, the balance will be as wrongly held as in the old days when the kitchen, the nursery, and the piano, were the whole sphere of woman. Whether women generally will ever develop into clubbable beings is open to doubt. The free-and-easy, 'hail-fellow-well-met' style of the clubman seems very foreign to the very real reserve of British women. And most of the women's clubs are merely rooms for dining, reading, dressing in comfort, and entertaining friends on occasion. Very slowly do members grow to more than bowing acquaintance with one another, and often not that. But although the stylish gentlewoman may not cultivate the style that slaps another on the back by way of accosting her, she may still learn with advantage to hold out hands of sympathy to her fellow-women, and to recognise the common bond of sisterhood.

* * * * *

Hats or
no Hats.

The members of the Women's Circle of a church in Indianapolis have paved the way to a revolution. They came to a bold resolve, after long and heated discussion, which bore fruit on the Sunday following, when they one and all removed their hats during service time, to the amazement of the congregation. They had their reward. It was hot weather, and they kept their heads cool, and their neighbours behind were grateful, for they obtained a view of the preacher's face. This fashion has caught on in Indianapolis, and what legislation and letters to the papers, threatenings and persuasions have failed to do, has been done by the force of example. In Paris, at the theatre, the fashion either of *matinée* bonnets or no bonnets at all is struggling for life. And at a certain crowded performance at the Lyceum in Jubilee week public opinion, voiced by the pit, demanded and obtained 'Hats off,' from even

the ladies in the stalls. It is a large question, impossible of decision, but one is sometimes tempted to face it—what are hats for? Obviously not merely to protect the head, for occasionally fashion has demanded of us that we put a rosebud and a bow on our heads and call it a hat. Just lately it has been demanding a flower garden on a small-sized umbrella, which has also been called a hat. It is very becoming, of course, but highly inconvenient, especially to the person next who wishes to speak to us in moderate tones, or the unfortunate one behind who wishes to see. I am no reformer—no, really I deny the soft impeachment. But could not something be done in England like unto that which has been begun in Indianapolis? I speak feelingly, as every one would know if they could see the pew in front of me every Sunday.*

* * * * *
Bubbles from
Life's
Whirlpool.

'How sad and bad and mad' it is, and it is not even sweet. It used to be a gibe thrown at women by heartless husbands that they only read the births, marriages, and deaths and the police-court reports in the newspapers, and they were a few days after date at that. Of course this is a base calumny, just what we would expect from the said husbands, but I have out of curiosity been looking through some odd police-court columns lately, and what strange bubbles rise there from the whirlpool which is seething out of the sight and mind of most of us! Think what this means. In the Southwark Police Court, in the course of a case it transpired that a child, with her mother's knowledge, had left her home on Whitsunday and been married to a carman. The child was just turned fourteen! Again, only this fortunately has a more humorous side, and, by the way, was not at a police court, but before a board of guardians, an old man, over seventy, applied to the board for the continuation of outdoor relief. It had been stopped because he was proposing to marry, and the guardians thought if he could do that he could relieve the rates of his maintenance. But he explained the matter. It was true he was proposing to marry, and he only wanted the relief until he was married, for the woman who was marrying him would keep him. She was thirty-five years younger than he. What curious beings women are!

A woman who was brought up for assaulting her husband and

* Small bonnets in Church would answer the purpose better than "uncovered" heads.

being frequently drunk gave it as her excuse that she had had twenty-seven children and was tired of being respectable. There is a picture of a life! Here is another, which is unadulterated pathos. A police-constable found a poor woman named Agnes Kimber, at one o'clock in the morning, in Moorgate Street, leaning for support against the wall, and apparently very ill. She said she was quite destitute, and had no home, friends, or money, and that she felt ill all over her body. She was taken to the City Union, where she died the same day. The superintendent at the workhouse said at the inquest that the woman told him she had been sleeping in the open streets for many nights, and was 'very, very tired.' The medical evidence showed that death was due to heart failure, accelerated by exposure, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly. Fancy being so 'very, very tired' that you died in the City Union, and no one but the police-constable knew. Is it any wonder that when we try to help the world the heart of us sinks in utter helplessness?

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This is a note for those who cultivate a conscience.

Concerning Extravagance. The question of a right and a wrong in connection with the spending of money is not one that I believe seriously troubles the average woman. She spends all she can get from her husband in as thrifty or thriftless a way as her training suggests. But to men and women who have a conscience and consult it, the questions raised by the Hon. James Adderley are not easy to settle. He was stirred to speech by the reports of the cost and brilliancy of a ball dress of a certain lady in high life, and he has been writing on the subject of the extravagance of Christians with indignation. Now, the Hon. James Adderley has gained a right to be heard on the subject of self-denial, for he has lost his life to find it in hard, lonely labour in the extreme east of London. Every one, whether they sympathise with him or not, will therefore understand the earnestness which makes him exclaim that charities which would relieve half a neighbourhood would be supported by the money spent on that gown. The question is, of course, entirely a relative one. What would be extravagance for me would be right for the duchess. What is right for me would be extravagance for my cook. Social levelling is not in my creed, nor can I see eye to eye with the creed of the Puritan who would rob life of all beauty and person of all adornment. I am also aware of

the old Political Economist's argument about the circulating of money. Does the name of the wearer of that gown which cost a cool thousand for an evening's parade ever appear for a like sum on any list for the alleviation of the suffering which can be alleviated by money? Much of the world's suffering cannot, by the way. Do I spend on my fellows—in whatever form I may consider best—at least as much as I spend on my luxuries? If not, is not one's sense of proportion outraged, and is it not necessary to consider or to begin to consider where want and need should meet?

* * * * *

The British
Schoolboy's
Awful
Warning.

Mr. Mundella has been talking to the boys of Mill Hill school for their good. He has given them food for reflection. Probably they would rather have had food for digestion. He told them of the long list of noble and cultivated women which England boasts, but, said he, in the past fifty years women have been going ahead in education as they never went before. Girls are more conscientious in their work than boys, said Mr. Mundella, and are not drawn aside by cricket bats into 'small deceit or any sinful games.' But the result is, that unless the boys look to it, the girls will beat them hollow, in competition, in business; and, more awful still, these same boys may live to take to themselves wives more cultivated, learned, and intelligent than themselves. Oh, British boys, have a care!

PATRICIA.

BY MARY CARMICHAEL.

CHAPTER V.

SUNSHINE filled the room when Patricia opened her eyes and looked round, wondering what had happened, and where she was. After a minute or two, she remembered the events of the night before, and rose to her feet, feeling sick and giddy.

'Oh for a cup of tea!' she sighed, as she dragged herself wearily into bed, and, closing her eyes, longed for sleep, which, despite the weary heartache that seldom left her, soon came, and rendered her once more oblivious of this weary world.

She looked pathetically young and helpless, as she lay there sleeping. The white face pillowed in the pretty soft hair was half sorrowful, half peaceful, and as unlike the bright, self-confident Patricia of the evening before as possible.

Bridget, when she came in to call her mistress some hours later, uttered an exclamation of dismay.

'May the Saints presave us, Miss Patricia, but ye look like a ghost! Wan av thim nasthy headaches, I'll be bound.'

'My head does feel rather queer,' said Patricia, languidly, 'so I'll stop in bed for some time longer; but don't let any one come near me, Bridget. If I'm left quite alone, I shall probably sleep it off.'

'I won't let a sowl near the place,' protested Bridget. 'This place don't suit ye at all, at all, I'm thinkin'; ye never had such headaches when ye was at home. The poor masther used to be that proud of ye, because ye niver knew the maning av an ache or a pain;' and with a perturbed expression on her usually good-tempered face, Bridget left the room.

So Patricia spent the long, hot morning in bed, trying to think as little as possible and to control her rebellious heart. She heard Aileen's voice several times at the door, expostulating and pleading with Bridget, who was firm as the wall herself.

'It is no use to be talkin', Miss Aileen, she is fast aslape this minit, and 'twould be a sin to waken her,' said Bridget, emphatically, though she had spoken to Patricia a few minutes ago.

A renewed murmur from Aileen, and then Patricia heard Bridget again.

'She slapes that light, miss, ye wouldn't believe. It's as much as I dare to go in, and she knowin' my sthep since she was a baby. Sure ye wouldn't have the heart to wake her from the lovely slape she's havin'.'

And then Patricia heard Aileen walk slowly away, while Bridget came in with a triumphant face.

But later on, Aileen evaded her vigilance and crept into her cousin's room.

'Biddy is a veritable dragon,' she said, kneeling down beside the bed, and laying a cool hand on the hot forehead. 'My poor darling, it is all my selfish fault ;' and Aileen hid her face and her blushes in the pillows.

'Not a bit of it,' said Patricia ; 'it was coming on all day, but it's nearly gone now, dear. I'm sure auntie thinks me horribly lazy.'

'Indeed, she does not,' cried Aileen. 'She was coming up twice to see how you were, but Bridget declared that perfect quiet was the only thing that ever did you any good, and mother called it "nervous prostration," or something, and declared you must have a tonic.'

'Gracious !' said Patricia, 'the idea !'

'I need scarcely remark,' went on Aileen, 'that papa has been cudgelling his brains for the cause of this poor head, and has at last fixed upon the exertion of punting yesterday ! It's such a relief to his mind, that neither mother nor I have the heart to contradict him.'

It was one of Colonel Desmond's little peculiarities to assign some cause, or reason, for every ailment, however slight, and till this matter was arranged to his satisfaction he gave no one any rest.

'Don't you think it's about time for me to get up ?' inquired Patricia, when she had finished laughing at Aileen's description.

'I should save up for the dinner-party to-night,' said Aileen. 'Dick is coming, amongst others, which I think ridiculous, considering he was here yesterday.'

'Has he no home of his own ?' inquired Patricia.

Aileen laughed.

'Two or three,' she said, 'if it comes to that; but he has no people, you see, and his house—the one about five miles from here, I mean—is a big lonely place for one man.'

'Baby,' said Patricia, after a little pause, 'what would you advise me to wear to-night—that green poplin you are so fond of, or a new pink one I had from Paris?'

Aileen stared at her cousin, and then laughed.

'Dick won't notice,' she said. 'I believe he would take much more interest in a butterfly than even you in your loveliest frock.'

'You are certainly not complimentary, you monkey, and I hope to prove you've made a mistake before the evening is over. I have taken such a fancy to this "Dick." I am sure that all he wants is a little sympathy,' answered Patricia, secretly rather nettled.

The important question, as to what frock she should wear, occupied much thought, and when she finally prepared to dress, she was still undecided. 'I'm too pale for the green to-night,' she remarked to herself, as she inspected the row of pretty gowns which Bridget had laid out. 'That pink is *too* sweet, but the bodice is decidedly frivolous. Sprightly conversation is apparent in every ruffle and tuck, and if I know anything, such an appearance will cause Sir Richard to fly from before me. It must be something subdued, and yet striking in its own way, or he will never notice me at all!'

'Bridget,'—calling her—'what shall I wear this evening?'

'Wan is as good as another,' said Bridget, stolidly; 'they are all tidy.'

Patricia laughed. Tidy!

'There is wan ye havn't wore but wanst, but I thought maybe ye might spoil it,' went on Bridget—'that grey wan, wid the silver thrimmin's!'

'Get it out,' said Patricia; 'I had forgotten it.'

Bridget laid the pretty grey dress, with its shimmering embroideries, on the bed.

'That's it,' ejaculated Patricia in delight; 'what an excellent person you are!' Being crêpe, it would not rustle, which she reflected would be sure to please Sir Richard.

'Do my hair very simply, please, Biddy; it is more comfortable for my headache. And do you think you could coax Jones to cut one of his precious orchids?'

Jones was the head gardener, and a great admirer of Bridget's.

Bridget departed on her errand, nothing loth, and Aileen came flying in.

'Dick is going to take you in,' she exclaimed mischievously. 'I thought perhaps you would like to know.'

'Thanks! I do very much,' said Patricia, calmly. 'What do you think of that frock, Baby?'—with a gesture towards the bed.

'Lovely, quite lovely, but rather smart, Patsy. I mean, you will look quite different to every one else,' said Aileen.

'That is precisely what I want to do,' replied Patricia. 'I think it's very unkind of you to laugh in that unbelieving manner. I tell you I am going to cultivate Sir Richard.'

Bridget entered at this juncture, with no less than two orchids.

'You have exerted your fascination to some purpose,' said Patricia, gleefully. 'Fancy, Aileen, two orchids!'

But Aileen, with a look of mock horror at such shameless preparations, ran away to make herself beautiful.

As Patricia swept downstairs, feeling and looking her best in her shimmering grey draperies, she regretted exceedingly that she had omitted to read up beetles. However, she comforted herself with the reflection that perhaps blank ignorance thirsting for instruction might be quite as effective, and would probably please his vanity.

'I hope you were not very tired after your exertions yesterday,' was the first remark that came in Sir Richard's gentle voice.

'Not in the least, thank you; but that pole was rather heavy, and I was sorry afterwards that we had refused your kind offer,' smiled Patricia.

'Do you know the river well?' was the next rather abrupt question, for Sir Richard did not shine in the art of small talk.

'Not so well as I should like to,' answered Patricia, foreseeing a good opening for river excursions. 'This is only the second time I have been to Felstead, you see, and the last time it was not quite the sort of weather for the river. But I am always on our river at home—in Ireland, I mean.'

'What part, may I ask?' said Sir Richard. 'I spent a couple of months in a very lovely part of Wicklow last year, for the fishing, you know.'

'My home is at Ballinaghee,' said Patricia, with an upwar-

glance; and next minute they were deep in an animated conversation as to the many beauties and perfections of that same place, which, by a lucky coincidence, had been Sir Richard's head-quarters the year before.

'Really, Aileen,' said Patricia, when she saw her cousin in the drawing-room, 'I'm beginning to think "Dick" is a much maligned person. He has been to Ireland, and knows Ballinaghee quite well. I did not feel in the least bored, and he never alluded to beetles once!'

'That is to come,' laughed Aileen. 'He was certainly more talkative than usual. But come with me, Patsy. I want to introduce you to Nancy Charteris. Mr. Charteris is the new vicar, you know, and she is a perfect dear.'

Patricia obediently followed Aileen, who was looking, as Terence would have said, more like an angel than ever, across the room to a tall, graceful-looking girl, with the most beautiful golden hair Patricia had ever seen.

'I'm so glad to meet you,' said Mrs. Charteris, warmly. 'Aileen has so often spoken of you, that I almost feel as if I knew you a little myself.'

'Baby is a little terror where I am concerned,' said Patricia, smiling. 'She talks about me first, and then introduces me in the calmest manner, which I think most unfair. You came here just after I left in May, didn't you? I remember Mrs. Desmond saying how glad she was to hear of it.'

'Yes, I have known Mrs. Desmond for years, but she had never met Mr. Charteris, and it was a pleasant surprise to us both when my husband accepted the living. He has always worked in London before.'

'You must have been glad. London is a hateful place, I think, don't you?'

'Well, I can't say I know much about it, for I've only lived there three months. Then Mr. Charteris was very ill, and he was obliged to come into the country. He did not like it at first, but he's getting used to it now.'

'Fancy!' exclaimed Patricia. 'I cannot understand any one liking to live in London.'

'Oh, it isn't the *place*,' said the other girl, smiling at Patricia's vehement tone, 'it's the work.'

But just then Patricia was carried off to sing, which she did very sweetly, and had no further conversation with Nancy Charteris that evening.

She half expected that Sir Richard would find his way over to her side of the room, but she was disappointed, for he spent the remainder of the evening in conversation with an old gentleman, whom Patricia afterwards discovered was a noted zoologist.

'Moths, I suppose,' she whispered to Aileen. 'I might have worn the green after all.'

But before he left, Sir Richard approached the grey clad figure, and in a very hesitating manner proposed a river excursion for the two ladies.

'There are some very fine ruins that I am sure you would like to see,' he said; 'but I am afraid it's too far for you to go alone, and, if you will allow me, I shall be delighted to row you there.'

Patricia's assent was most gracious, for she felt that her evening had not been altogether wasted.

'The way he said he was afraid we couldn't go alone was too funny; but once, yes, once I caught him looking at me, and I think there was a spark of interest in his eye,' she confided to Aileen, as they went laughing up the stairs, causing Colonel Desmond to shout out warnings of more headaches for Patricia, if they 'chattered all night.'

CHAPTER VI.

EVERY one was in church, and Patricia had the morning-room to herself, so she prepared to write a long letter to Terence. Several frantic epistles had already come from him, but, as she had nothing to tell him, had been left unanswered. It was a great pleasure to write to him in spite of everything. They were such good friends these two, and Patricia's pen flew rapidly over the paper.

'I have made Sir Richard's acquaintance,' she wrote, 'and he really impressed me quite favourably. I venture to express a hope, also, that I have found favour in his sight. At all events, he has been here several times since, and has proposed taking us miles up the river. You'll also be surprised to hear that I have lately developed a keen interest in zoology. He is really not half so bad as I imagined, though the strain of subduing my voice and manner to the level of his small mind is trying on occasions. He dined here the other night, and you

would have shrieked, if you had seen me, in a pale grey gown with manners to match, expressing a keen interest in the ruins at Saltaire. I caught Aileen's eye once, and nearly laughed. She thinks him an awful bore, I know. The result, however, has quite repaid me, for I believe it's the first time he ever volunteered to escort any womankind anywhere.'

Patricia leaned back in her chair, a half contemptuous smile on her face.

'That's vulgar enough, I should imagine,' she said, scornfully, 'but the whole thing is abominable.'

The scent of the flowers floating in through the open window, mingling with the drowsy hum of the bees, made Patricia feel sleepy. She crossed her arms behind her head, and closed her eyes, dreamily wondering if the people in church felt so sleepy. Aileen was probably thinking of Terence, if she let her thoughts wander at all, which was doubtful. Patricia smiled as she pictured her aunt, leaning back in the corner, and plaintively wondering *why* the school children found it necessary to kick and fidget so incessantly.

'I wonder if Sir Richard is there?' she murmured, half aloud, which was a trick of hers when alone. 'What an odd person he is! But his eyes are really nice, just like a dear dog. How would they look if—but I don't suppose he ever could look more than affectionate! Now, Terence looks unutterable things, and means nothing. Which is the best, I wonder?' The half-lazy, half-scornful voice ceased abruptly, and, with a sudden movement, she leaned forward on the desk, her cheek pressed close against the letter.

The sun shone into the room, and the birds sang on; but for some little time the brown head, with its elaborately arranged tresses, lay quite still.

A knock at the door made her begin to write again furiously, and Bridget entered, medicine glass in hand.

'Sure, it's time for yer tonic, Miss Patricia,' she announced rather crossly.

'What a terrible memory you have, Bridget!' said the girl. 'Do you never forget anything?'

'Here's yer swates,' went on Bridget, producing a highly ornamental box. 'Much good it is takin' medicine, an' thin be afther atin' chocolates be the dozen.'

'Have one to sweeten your temper,' said Patricia, smiling. 'What's the matter, Biddy? Has Jones been obstreperous?'

'Get away wid yer tasin', Miss Patricia,' said Bridget, smiling broadly ; 'it's black out wid him I am this minit.'

'Ah! I thought that was it,' said Patricia. 'They are really more trouble than they are worth, aren't they?'

'He's a poor crathure, an' not worth talkin' about,' retorted Bridget; and she stalked away, offended dignity written in her upright figure.

'Uncle Henry,' said Patricia, later on in the afternoon, 'come with me for a little walk. Aileen is off to Sunday-school, so I shall be left to my own devices. Besides, I have seen next to nothing of you since I came down.'

The colonel responded with alacrity.

'Do take me round and show me everything,' went on his niece, slipping her arm through his.

Colonel Desmond positively beamed. He dearly loved dilating on the beauties of his place, and Patricia was an excellent listener when she chose.

'I see you have not adopted my suggestion of electric light,' she began teasingly, as they strolled over the short, springy turf.

Colonel Desmond snorted with contempt.

'My dear girl, it would vulgarise the whole place; I have explained that to you before. Wax candles, when properly attended to, are the perfection of light.'

Patricia laughed.

'Oh, but you can have it most artistically disguised. It's only my deep-seated interest in your welfare that induces me to touch upon the obnoxious subject. What your bill for candles must be I dare not think.'

'Since when have you studied economy?' he said quizzically. 'This is a new departure altogether.'

'Economical,' cried Patricia. 'I am the most economical girl in the world about things like that.'

'I see,' said the colonel; 'it's only in frocks, and books, and pictures, and details of that sort, that you are extravagant.'

Patricia laughed.

'Well, those are sensible things, anyhow; wax candles are so horribly uninteresting.'

They spent the long summer afternoon strolling about and inspecting all the latest improvements, Patricia never letting the conversation flag, and amusing her uncle with a recital of her experiences, and the shrewd comments she made thereon.

'Why, there is Baby,' ejaculated Colonel Desmond. 'She is home very early to-day. Who is that with her?' he added sharply.

Patricia looked over her shoulder.

'Get in a good temper again quickly, for it's only Sir Richard Graham,' she said.

'Ah!' said her uncle, smiling genially, 'I am always glad to see Dick. Sunday visitors are abhorrent to me ; but, of course, he considers himself one of the family. Nice young fellow, don't you think? And seems great friends with Baby, eh?'

The subject of their remarks had turned, and was now walking towards them, looking (as Patricia would have said had she been asked) totally devoid of any expression whatever. To the colonel's eyes, however, he was the picture of a happy lover.

'Hullo, Dick ; glad to see you. Rather hot for a walk, isn't it? Did you bring Baby home?' he called out.

'I've been botanising a little, and met Aileen at the gate,' replied Dick, quietly. 'I thought,' he continued, turning to Patricia, 'that it might be a good opportunity to arrange about our river excursion, Miss Tremayne.'

'Yes,' said Aileen, who had subsided on to the grass ; 'do arrange it, Patsy. We ought to go soon.'

'What's all this about?' broke in Colonel Desmond. 'This is the first I have heard of a river expedition. Who is going with you? I will not have you girls knocking yourselves up rowing.' He hated anything being arranged without his knowledge.

Patricia rapidly explained that they wanted to see the ruins at Saltaire, and that Sir Richard had kindly offered to take them there by river.

'Ridiculous idea!' growled the colonel. 'A long, hot pull on the river! You had much better have the waggonette and drive over.'

'Oh, papa!' cried Aileen, in genuine dismay.

'Well, well, we'll see what your mother says about it. I think it a most foolish plan ;' and Colonel Desmond walked off towards the house.

The three young people looked at each other and laughed. No one ever took much notice of Colonel Desmond's unaccountable moods.

'I vote we stay where we are for the present,' remarked

Aileen, settling down with her head on Patricia's knee. 'Mother will manage things much better if we are out of the way.'

Dick flung himself down on the short grass, and, throwing off his straw hat, leaned back, gazing up into the green roof of oak trees.

Patricia, with her back against the trunk of a tree, watched the long figure with a feeling not far from admiration. She was beginning to foresee complications. First of all, this man had won her respect, and now she genuinely liked him. There was something attractive to her in his utter want of attraction, as the world holds it. When she thought of his goodness, his gentle, unselfish ways, she felt she must stop before it was too late. She could not help seeing that Sir Richard both admired and liked her, nothing more as yet. But she was too well versed in the ways of mankind not to know what to expect under the given circumstances. She was no saint—admiration, even love, were always welcome to her. The sense of her own power pleased her, for she was still smarting under the shock to her vanity that Terence had inflicted. She liked to watch this shy, reserved man expand and become quite genial under the spell of her kindly interest and frank, natural manner. He little knew how exceedingly studied that manner in reality was. But still, to give Patricia her due, the real reason for this mode of action was the final happiness of the man she loved with all her soul.

'Had we not better arrange something?' she said, breaking in on the silence.

'Certainly; let us go to-morrow,' said Aileen, lazily.

'The only thing that worries me is the distance,' said Patricia, looking at Dick. 'I am so afraid it is too much for you.'

'Not in the least, I assure you,' he answered; 'it will give me great pleasure.'

Patricia smiled at him.

'It is kind of you, but I shall do some of the work. What do you say to making a day of it? Starting quite early, I mean, then we would get there before it was too hot, and it would be delicious coming back in the evening.'

'Delicious!' exclaimed Aileen. 'But papa won't hear of it.'

'Oh yes, he will,' said Patricia, reassuringly. 'It will be an odd thing if he we can't manage him between us. Such a long day won't bore you, Sir Richard?'

'I shall be only too pleased,' he said again ;' and he really meant it. It would be a very great pleasure to spend a long summer's day with this girl, whose pretty ways and healthy, bright conversation made him begin to revoke his decree as to the utter frivolity of 'young ladies.' And Aileen, of course, Aileen also.

'Do you suppose that we can go alone, Patsy?' queried Aileen.

'Pity Colquhoun isn't here,' quoth Dick, innocently. 'He would make a good fourth.'

Patricia felt that Aileen was blushing furiously, so with great presence of mind promptly tilted her hat over her face.

'Yes,' she said calmly, 'he is always so obliging ; but, unfortunately, he is abroad just now.'

'What about tea, Patricia?' came from under the broad-brimmed hat ; 'I should think we might go in in safety now. You'll come of course, Dick ?'

'Thank you, not this evening, for I am due at the Vicarage. Then I'll be at the boat-house to-morrow at——' And he turned to Patricia.

'About nine o'clock, please,' said that young lady, quietly. 'Good-bye till then ;' and the two girls strolled towards the house, Patricia laughing at Terence being described as a 'good fourth.'

CHAPTER VII.

It was finally decided that the girls might go.

'I really do not see why they should not go, Henry,' said Mrs. Desmond to her husband. 'You know Dick is as steady as a rock, and if they take plenty of wraps the mists cannot possibly hurt them. The propriety of the affair is the only trouble.'

'Propriety!' broke in the colonel ; 'propriety be hanged. My daughter can surely spend a couple of hours with the man she is going to marry without violating any laws of propriety !'

'Oh, of course, dear,' said his wife, hastily. 'I was only thinking that perhaps Nancy Charteris might like to go with them. She would look after Baby, for Patricia is rather careless about wrapping up. Besides, four is a much pleasanter number than three, especially in the present case.'

The colonel was all good humour directly.

'Well! it would certainly be more comfortable for Dick and Aileen,' he said, smiling.

Mrs. Desmond arranged for a fourth party from a very different point of view. She was really strongly against this favourite project of her husband's. In the first place she knew that Aileen did not, nor ever would, love Dick Graham, and she was determined that no coercion should be used. She saw at once that Dick was attracted by her niece; and, deceived by the girl's manner, had some hopes that it might be mutual. This idea seemed to present a way out of all difficulties, and she determined that Dick should have every chance, for, as she said, 'Patricia was the very girl for him.' But like a discreet woman, she breathed no word of her hopes and plans to any one, least of all to her husband.

So now, the four were standing on the little landing-stage impatient to be off.

'I hope you have your cloaks, girls,' said the colonel. 'Those confounded mists are the worst thing in the world for Aileen!'

'I will look after her,' said Nancy Charteris, smiling. 'We are all going to be models of discretion, I assure you.'

Patricia was in high spirits, insisting on rowing bow, to Sir Richard's stroke, and demanding sculls when he suggested oars. Aileen's steering was slightly erratic, but that was only a part of the fun. Even Dick caught the prevailing spirit, and felt and looked utterly unlike himself.

Were all girls like this, he wondered? If so, what a fool he had been! This breezy, healthy chatter was quite unlike his preconceived notions of the conversation which should be carried on with the young ladies, and he came to the conclusion that on the whole it was delightful. His shy, distant manner was fast vanishing in the genial atmosphere with which Patricia always seemed to surround him, and he laughed and talked as well as any of them.

'Don't you think we might easy a bit,' he said, over his shoulder, for Patricia was rowing as if for a wager. 'You'll tire yourself, Miss Tremayne, and we have a good way to go still.'

'I like it,' laughed the girl. 'I've got the "rowing fever" on, and want to go as hard and as fast as I can.' Her eyes were dancing, and her whole face brilliant with excitement.

Sir Richard stopped rowing, and, turning round, said, 'Nevertheless, if you don't mind, we will rest a little.'

'Tell us about Saltaire,' broke in Aileen. 'I have not been for ages, and I quite forget the story.'

'Yes, do, Sir Richard,' urged Nancy. 'I believe it's a beautiful legend.'

'It's a sad story,' said Dick, as they paddled slowly along, 'but a beautiful one, as you say, Mrs. Charteris.' And then and there he told them all he remembered of the old legend.

It was a story of love and revenge, of blood and violence, that seemed strangely out of place that glorious summer morning.

The sympathetic voice, that Patricia noticed on their first meeting, lent a pathos and reality to the woes and troubles of Sir Geoffry Carmorie, and Joyce of Saltaire, which enthralled the three hearers.

'I can show you the very place,' said Dick, after the short silence that greeted the end of his tale, 'where Sir Geoffry was murdered, the night he tried to rescue Joyce.'

Aileen drew a long breath.

'It did seem hard,' she said pitifully, 'when they had waited so long, and suffered so much.'

'What became of Joyce?' queried Nancy, with dim eyes.

'She killed herself,' said Dick, briefly.

'They were together afterwards, anyhow,' went on Nancy, softly; 'and, after all, that is the great thing. He had been true to his trust, and she had kept faith with him, in spite of all.'

Patricia said nothing, but rowed as if her life depended on the result, and congratulated herself that no one could see her face.

The river became much narrower as they went on, and great banks of rushes and many curves made steering a difficulty.

Aileen, in her anxiety to save her beloved Patsy every inch possible, made the most terrible blunders with the tiller, till at last, with general consent, she abandoned her post in favour of Patricia.

'That thorn bush was the last straw,' laughed Nancy. 'I can't imagine how we escaped with our eyes.'

'I do love steering, but it is so difficult here,' said Aileen, conscience stricken. 'Patsy shall come now, if she will, for I can't do anything but run into things, it seems.'

With a little sigh of relief, Patricia changed her place. She was really desperately tired, but nothing would have induced her to say so.

Aileen examined her cousin's hands, with exclamations of dismay at the blisters.

'It only smarts a little, because I forgot to take off my rings,' said Patricia, hastily. 'Don't look so woebegone, Baby!'

The heat and the long row was beginning to tell on every one, and the conversation was not quite so brisk as before, so the grey tower through the trees was a welcome sight to all, and in a few minutes they were hastening towards it, all heavily laden.

'What a wonderful old place it looks!' said Patricia, as she flung down the roll of rugs she was carrying.

'You see, the east tower is quite intact,' began Dick, eagerly. 'If you come with me I'll show you the window from which Joyce saw the whole terrible struggle. Do you see, just here on the left.'

'Yes,' assented the girl. 'How I should like to stand there and look out of it myself! Isn't there some way of getting up?'

'Surely there is a staircase,' said Aileen. 'You told me something about it once, Dick, I think.'

'I am afraid it's hardly practicable now,' answered Dick, dubiously, 'but——'

'Suppose we have lunch first,' said Nancy, who was already unpacking the hampers; 'then we will feel sustained for that staircase, which must be a steep one, I should imagine.'

The meal under the trees was a merry one, for the weather was perfect, the place lovely, and the company thoroughly congenial. They laughed, and talked, and dawdled over luncheon, so that it was two hours later before they started for the tower.

'Please let me go first, if you will excuse me,' pleaded Dick, as the two girls hurried to the foot of the winding stair, 'and, Aileen, you will keep with us, and not go exploring on your own account. It's so unsafe,' he added apologetically.

'Of course not,' retorted that small person, much offended. 'Isn't he fussy?' she whispered to Patricia.

On they went, up, and round, and round, till their limbs ached and the dust flew in clouds around.

'It's broken here,' came in muffled tones from Dick, who was far ahead. 'I am afraid we can go no further, but you get really a very fine view from this loophole.'

'Lovely!' panted the girls, collapsing on the steps.

'Oh, how steep these steps are!' exclaimed Nancy. 'I

certainly shall go no higher, nor you either, Aileen,'—appealing to the girl.

Aileen looked pathetic, but murmured between her gasps that she supposed she had better not.

'I am going on,' said Patricia, looking at Sir Richard. 'I can jump, and my nerves are as steady as the stones.'

'That's not saying much, is it?' said Dick, looking at the eager face, 'but, of course, if you wish it—— Will you please step exactly where I do?'

Patricia tucked up her skirt and climbed after him. It was not an easy ascent, for the steep stone steps were very high and full of unsuspected hollows.

Sir Richard looked round anxiously at the white figure toiling after him.

'I am afraid I can't help you,' he said, in an unhappy tone of voice, 'and really I'm not sure we ought to go any further.'

'Just a little more,' said Patricia. 'I want to stand by the window.'

Dick smothered his doubts and went on.

'The next turn, and we'll be there,' he said cheerily, as he sprang on.

Next minute Patricia heard an exclamation of dismay, and in her hurry to reach him and see what it meant, tripped in her skirt and nearly fell.

'There is a fate against us,' said Dick, as she climbed up beside him and looked at the gap in the masonry. 'This is a facer.'

About three steps above them, a wide, deep opening in the outer wall showed where a window had been, but the steps directly below it, being more exposed to wind and weather, had almost crumbled away.

'It does look formidable,' said Patricia, her eyes shining with excitement, 'but I think I can manage it.'

Sir Richard looked at her nervously.

'Let me do it first,' he said, 'and then you will see exactly where to put your feet.'

In another minute he was beside her again.

'You watched me? You will be careful?'

'Oh, all right, go on,' said the girl, half impatiently.

Dick turned away without another word, and again climbed up the first two steps.

'Give me your hand,' he said, leaning forward and grasping the side of the window with his other hand.

Patricia did as she was told, promptly, and in another second they were both on firmer foothold, gazing out on to the courtyard below.

'It was just there,' said Dick. 'He got his back against that pillar and kept them off as long as he could, poor fellow.'

'Fancy seeing it all, and being helpless,' said Patricia, her eyes wide with horror.

'It drove her mad,' said Dick, briefly, 'for when at last she reached him she killed herself with his own sword.'

'It was the least she could do,' burst out the girl. 'But I would have killed that fiend Seyton first, or at least tried to do so.'

'Well, I don't suppose there was time, you see,' said Dick.

They were both silent awhile, gazing at the scene of the piteous story.

'Come,' said Patricia, abruptly, 'let us go down.'

'Be careful, Miss Tremayne ;' and he caught his breath sharply, for Patricia, her head full of the story, missed her footing and half slipped. 'Hold on for your life——'

Patricia shut her eyes, clinging to the rough wall in an agony of terror. Something flew past her. She heard a thud, and then the strain was over, and she was lifted down in safety.

'Oh !' she gasped, clinging to him. 'I am so frightened. I thought—I thought——'

Dick tightened his hold on the slim figure.

'Sit down a minute,' he said. 'You are quite shaken, and no wonder. I thought, for a moment, that it was all up.'

Patricia sank down on the step, her face as white as her dress, drawing her breath in long, heavy gasps. Every nerve was on the quiver.

'What happened ?' she said, struggling for composure. 'You were above me. I came first, didn't I ? And then you suddenly lifted me down. You didn't jump it !'

'There was nothing else to do. I couldn't pass you, and I couldn't draw you up again.'

Patricia looked at him, her grey eyes swimming in tears, and he looked back again, wondering what on earth could be the matter with him. Why did the gloomy, dusty staircase suddenly seem radiantly bright ? Was it the shock to his nerves that made his heart beat as though it would choke him ? And

surely it was an odd thing that he should feel so blissfully, perfectly happy under the existing circumstances. Again he looked at Patricia, who was leaning back, with closed eyes, her hat off, and the warm brown hair tumbled against the rough stones. All at once, and without any warning, Sir Richard felt irresistibly induced to take the white figure once more in his arms and kiss the quivering mouth and pale cheeks into rosiness again. But before he had time to take in the novelty of the idea, Patricia looked up, and announcing that she felt much better, proposed going down again.

'It's so stupid of me to behave like this,' she said, smiling faintly. 'It's only because I'm strung up and played out ;' but then, remembering the reason of her state of mind, she blushed furiously.

Dick was so taken up with his own feelings that he hardly noticed what she said.

'I am half afraid of going down alone,' she went on, slipping her hand through his arm. 'Do you suppose we can go down like this? I know you are thinking me feeble beyond words ; but please don't imagine that this is my normal state.'

'I don't think anything of the sort, indeed,' said Dick, earnestly, putting the rein on himself with resolute hand. 'It's quite enough to make you nervous ; but rest a bit longer before you attempt it.'

Patricia sat down again.

'I hope I don't look as white as you do,' she said, rubbing her cheeks violently. 'There, is that better?' And she lifted her face for inspection, with a little smile.

Again Dick was overpowered with the same odd feeling, but he only turned, and led the way down the staircase. Patricia was thunderstruck, for whatever he might do for his feelings, he was quite unable to control his eyes, and her doubts as to whether those same eyes could ever look more than 'affectionate' were set at rest once and for ever.

It was quite the first time Dick had ever felt the slightest inclination to do such a thing, and, despite the strangeness of it all, he rather hoped it would not be the last.

They made light of their adventure to the other two, who had been on an exploring expedition of their own.

Aileen at once captured Dick to help her find wood for the fire, for it was coming up to teatime.

'Has it got colder?' said Patricia to Nancy, shivering slightly, 'or is it only fancy?'

'The sun has disappeared behind those clouds, which looks rather miserable,' said Nancy. 'Put this on, Miss Tremayne;' and she folded Patricia's scarlet cloak round the girl's shoulders. 'I'm afraid that stumble has shaken you more than you like to confess, but some hot tea will do you good.'

Patricia came closer, and leaned up against the elder girl like a child.

'Thank you. I was rather scared,' she said simply.

Nancy put her arm round the girl.

'Poor child!' she said; 'don't think of it.'

Patricia looked up appealingly.

'Don't let them talk about it,' she whispered; 'and do let us go home as quickly as we can.'

Nancy assented, feeling sorry for the evident state of nervousness the girl was suffering from, and also strongly attracted to Patricia, whose utterly unexpected, almost childlike manner fascinated her; and from that moment the friendship, which was to do much for Patricia, began.

Aileen and Dick came hurrying back with piles of dry wood, and soon the fire was blazing.

'I am afraid we must be thinking of going back soon,' said Nancy, as she cut the cake. 'It looks suspiciously like rain.'

'Yes,' said Dick, 'it is a sudden change, and it would never do to risk a wetting.'

Patricia crouched beside the fire, utterly careless as to what any one might think. The fall had shaken her, but that was only a detail. Dick's eyes, when she inquired as to the colour of her cheeks, were much more disquieting. She turned over and over in her mind what she should do. After all, it was only what she wanted all along, but when brought face to face with the result, it looked so very different. Her whole plan now looked nothing short of wicked; but it might be all a mistake on her part. It was probably only because of the shock and the relief that he had looked so. She had thought that Terence meant the same thing, and had been mistaken. That thought made her set her teeth, and resolve to be quite certain of her facts this time. She did not stop to consider the difference in the nature of the two men. All her pride was up in arms, and she persuaded herself that Sir Richard meant nothing, and that if he did, it was no affair of hers. With an effort she roused herself and turned to Aileen, who was regarding her dolefully.

'I do hope you haven't caught cold,' she said. 'Papa will declare that he knew it would be the way.'

Patricia laughed at the mournful tone of voice, and hastily reassured her cousin on that point; while Dick looked at her anxiously as he bent over to throw some more wood on the fire, remarking that he was afraid there was a storm brewing: 'There is, indeed,' thought Patricia; but she only smiled, and was presently making them all laugh at her quaint tales of the things she had seen and heard in Ireland.

But before they had finished repacking the hampers, the rain came down in torrents. Going home by river was, of course, out of the question, and they all hastened under shelter, feeling rather disturbed.

At last, after much consultation as to ways and means, it was settled that Dick should go across to a farmhouse, about a mile across the fields, and see if a covered vehicle could be procured to take the party to Felstead, which was only half the distance by road.

'It's too bad to send you out in the rain,' said Nancy; 'but I don't see what else we can do.'

'Not in the least,' said Dick, cheerily. 'It won't hurt me, and you would get wet through in five minutes. I'll be as quick as I can,' he added, as he buttoned his flannel jacket and turned up the collar.

'Do hurry,' 'It's so miserable for you,' 'I'm so afraid you'll get wet through,' called the three girls, as the tall figure disappeared into the blinding rain. It seemed a long half-hour before he was back again with a covered cart, but they were all too depressed to care about anything, except getting home as fast as possible. The return journey was of a much more subdued character than the one in the morning; but one member of the party was happy, and when Sir Richard finally said good night, Patricia felt her heart sink, for once again she caught the unmistakable look in his steady brown eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was now six weeks since the day at Saltaire, and Patricia felt in a state of chaos. A hundred times a day she made up her mind to go away, while matters were still undecided, and a hundred times a day she changed it again. Dick neither said

nor did anything that Patricia had not seen and heard heaps of times before, but somehow she could not help feeling that this was different.

This man was so utterly unlike other men that he puzzled the girl, and she could not really make out his meaning. Little things must mean so much from him, she knew, and yet when she thought of Terence—— Colonel Desmond was away yachting, so knew nothing and suspected less; while Mrs. Desmond moved heaven and earth to bring the two together on every possible occasion. Every one seemed to conspire against her, and, making no resistance, Patricia drifted with the stream.

She had made one effort to right matters by being much cooler in her manner, and persistently avoiding Dick, but with no success. She only troubled and distressed him without making him deviate for a moment.

Mrs. Desmond noticed it, and, after puzzling over the matter, had at last taken Aileen into her confidence.

'I can't make it out either,' the girl said, her sweet little face puckered into a frown. 'I was beginning to think that perhaps Patsy did care a little like that, I mean. He is in love with her, that's certain;' and this experienced young person looked wise. 'He is a million times nicer than ever he was before——don't you think so, mother?'

'I can't understand it, Baby. You see, darling, it would be such a good thing for both of them. You are old enough to know what a terrible thing it would be, if Patricia were only playing with him.'

Aileen looked at her mother with reproachful eyes.

'The idea of *Patricia*,' she said. 'Why, she couldn't do such a thing!'

Mrs. Desmond was not so sure, but she would not say so to Aileen.

'It's only since the day at Saltaire,' said Aileen, thoughtfully. 'I wonder could he have annoyed her in any way. They went up the tower together, and Patsy had a little fall on the way down, and she looked very white afterwards.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Desmond. 'Well, never mind now, darling; it will be all right again in a day or two, I expect.'

Left to herself, Mrs. Desmond pondered deeply, and at last came to the conclusion, that on that day Patricia had discovered the state of Dick's feelings, and her sense of honour had bidden her discourage him as far as possible, believing him bound to Aileen.

'Poor child,' she said to herself; 'it's just like her, but the sooner this matter is put straight the better.' And she carefully arranged a plan by which to convey to Patricia that Aileen and Dick were as far apart as the poles.

So that same day, when Mrs. Desmond found herself alone with her niece, she led to conversation on prearranged marriages, using her own daughter as an example of the futility of such arrangements.

Patricia listened to it all, knowing what was in her aunt's mind perfectly well, and agreed with all Mrs. Desmond said; but when she was alone that night, and could think things over quietly, the old struggle began.

'She thinks I am in love with him, and is trying to make things easy for me,' she said bitterly. 'Why will people give me credit for feelings I don't know even the meaning of? I will go away, and leave it all.' And she flung open the window as though longing to escape from the evil self that tortured her. The fresh air cooled her hot, dry eyes as she leaned far out, gazing away to where the river shone in the moonlight. But even as she looked, she heard Terence's voice clear in her ears.

'You won't get tired of the whole thing, and chuck it up in the middle, will you?'

'No, *dear*,' she cried between her sobs. 'I won't, indeed, never. I don't care who is miserable, what happens, so as I keep faith with you.' With a despairing gesture, she flung herself on the floor, struggling to keep back the flood of misery that overwhelmed her. 'Why do I love him like this; will the pain never cease? I'd lose my soul for him, and it seems now as though I were going the right way to do even that.'

So she hardened her heart, and acted recklessly. Sir Richard once more enjoyed the sunshine of her smiles, and kind Mrs. Desmond smiled with pleasure at the success of her little plan. Dick Graham lived in a dream of happiness, for he now began to dare hope his goddess regarded him with feelings a little warmer than friendship. Colonel Desmond was expected home in a few days, and Patricia intended that matters should not come to a crisis before that event. Then, she intended going away at once, knowing that her uncle would be furiously angry with her, and also that she quite deserved it. The so-called slight upon Aileen would, she knew, make him so wild, that the projected marriage would once and for ever be put from his mind. Then, after a year's time, in which matters would

gradually subside, Terence should try his luck, with, she felt sure, a triumphant result.

Dick, meanwhile, seemed to have utterly ignored the fact that he was supposed to fall in love with Aileen. Once, after the day at Saltaire, the thought of Aileen, or rather Aileen's father, had flashed into his mind, and had for the moment caused him dismay and confusion. But, as he argued with himself, his consent had never been asked, and if his father chose to make arrangements without consulting him, he could not see that he was obliged to carry them out, especially as the lady in question was totally ignorant of the whole affair. Being a young man of an honourable turn of mind, he intended going at once to Colonel Desmond to acquaint him of the state of affairs, but various matters of business detained him for a couple of days, and when he reached Felstead finally, he found that Colonel Desmond was off for a long cruise, and was not expected back for three or four weeks. The next best thing was, obviously, to confide in Mrs. Desmond, who received his communications joyfully, waved her husband's objections airily aside, and encouraged Dick to proceed, which he was nothing loth to do. Nevertheless, he determined not to speak to Patricia till he had interviewed her uncle, for he could not bring himself to write on the subject.

The long summer days slipped by, Patricia feeling that each might contain her hour of reckoning.

This particular afternoon she was at the Vicarage. Nancy Charteris made a most charming hostess, for she never thought of herself, and her sweet and ever-gracious manner made the Vicarage far and away the most popular house for miles around. The Rev. Paul Charteris had also been voted a decided acquisition. At first his pale face and tall, ascetic figure were viewed with much suspicion, especially by the male portion of the community; but his genial manner had counteracted this altogether, and he was now prime favourite with young and old.

'Every one adores him,' his wife said to Patricia. 'I've never yet met any one who did not. I did the moment I saw him, but he always seems so much older and so far above us all, that I was never so much surprised in my life as when I found it was mutual;' and she blushed slightly, with a shy, glad look in her eyes.

Patricia sighed.

'I see what you mean,' she said; 'his white hair has something to say to it, I think.'

'Yes,' said Nancy, eagerly. 'He is not nearly so old as he looks, but hard work and worry have given him his venerable white head. You would hardly believe it, but sometimes, when we are quite alone, he behaves like the veriest spoilt child.'

Patricia laughed.

'I cannot imagine it,' she said, caressing the golden head, as she leaned over the back of Nancy's chair.

These two had become great friends, and Patricia had dropped into the way of strolling down to the Vicarage when she wanted a little quiet. There she was always sure of a quiet, firm sympathy, which Nancy gave her without knowing the reason or inquiring as to its nature. Patricia used to laugh at herself, and one of her many names for her friend was her 'Quinine Tonic.' But she persistently avoided the vicar. She rather dreaded those keen blue eyes of his, despite their kindness, and she knew that he had seen enough of human nature to read her like a book if she gave him the chance. Nancy was always lamenting that Patricia did not know the vicar better, and she began again this afternoon.

'Of course Paul is out, as usual, when you come,' she said, as she pushed Patricia into a big chair under the trees. 'He is visiting the other side of the parish, and I don't expect him back till after Evensong.'

Patricia expressed her regret, inwardly feeling relieved.

'Then, as you'll be quite alone, I'll stop and have tea with you; that is, if I am not in the way.'

'My dear! Indeed no! I shall be only too delighted.'

Patricia leant back in her chair with a sigh of comfort. The strain and worry of the past weeks were telling on body and mind. Her moral nature was deteriorating, as it necessarily must, when she gave way so persistently to her worst self; but, added to that, her sensitive nervous organisation was all unstrung, and day by day she was feeling less able to keep any sort of control over herself. If something did not happen soon, she felt she would break down altogether, and tell Dick the whole story.

They sat and talked the whole lovely afternoon, Patricia unconsciously gaining help and comfort, as she always did, from Nancy's stronger, deeper nature. But just as tea was brought out, Nancy looked up with a glad exclamation, and, to Patricia's dismay, the vicar's tall figure came striding down the path-way.

'Paul!' said Nancy; 'why, you said you could not be in till much later!'

'Yes,' he said, greeting Patricia warmly; 'it is a piece of good luck, especially as I have at last succeeded in catching Miss Tremayne. Do you know,' he went on, smiling, 'I was only saying to-day how extraordinary it was that we never met.'

'It has been rather odd,' said Patricia, looking up at him. 'Somehow I always come in as you go out; or is it the other way round?'

In another five minutes she was chatting away as though she had known him all her life, and making him laugh at her bright, vivid way of expressing herself. The conversation during tea-time was mostly between the two, Nancy watching them with delighted eyes. They were deep in Socialism now, Patricia talking rapidly, and emphasising her remarks with little gestures—a trick she had when at all excited—and Paul Charteris listening attentively, as he always did, and scanning the eager face meanwhile.

'Well,' said Patricia, finally, 'you have explained one point, anyhow, though you have levelled all my pet theories so unmercifully. Thank you very much for listening so patiently. I must be going, Nancy. What a terrible time I have stayed!'

Nancy laughed, and forcibly held her back as she tried to rise.

'Do come again soon, and we can resume the discussion,' said the vicar, genially. 'But there are the bells for Evensong, so I must be off;' and, catching up his hat, he disappeared into the house.

'Isn't that Sir Richard?' exclaimed Nancy, as she walked to the gate with Patricia. 'I believe he is coming here.'

'I should think it's very likely, or perhaps he is coming to church,' said Patricia, demurely.

Nancy laughed, and as she saw the two figures meet, and then turn down the path that led to the river, felt quite certain in her mind as to the next piece of news at Felstead.

Later on in the day, as Nancy had just finished watering the flowers, her husband stepped out of his study window.

'Don't go in,' he said. 'I'm going to strike work for to-night; it's too lovely an evening to spend in the house.'

Nancy turned to him with alacrity.

'Have a cigar, do,' she said coaxingly; 'the midges are such a nuisance.'

'Such is my intention,' he said gravely, producing one from his pocket and lighting it.

Nancy smiled at him, well pleased.

'If only the people could see you!' she said. 'You are supposed to be above such frivolities.'

'My dear child, do not let us think or talk about any one but our two selves,' said her husband, slipping an arm round her waist. 'I have seen nothing of you for ages, so now talk to me nicely, like the treasure you are.'

Nancy nestled a little closer.

'It's too nice to talk much,' she murmured. 'You know I don't grudge the time you give to your work, but it is nice to have you all to myself again.'

Her husband removed his cigar, and, stooping down, kissed the mouth that gave utterance to the above speech with great deliberation. This performance seeming to afford him much satisfaction, he repeated it several times, and then went on smoking without uttering a word.

Nancy appeared much amused.

'I devoutly hope no one saw us,' she said, laughing; 'you might have waited till we were under the trees.'

'Well, really,' said her husband, in aggrieved tones, 'it's a queer thing if I may not kiss my own wife, in my own garden.'

'It isn't that, silly boy, but you look so utterly unlike anything of the kind, that somehow it seems incongruous to associate you with a wife *or* a garden.'

It was his turn to laugh now.

'You absurd child, what on earth do you mean? Can you suggest any way by which to make myself less incongruous with the present surroundings? Would dying my hair be any good, do you think?'

'Paul,' exclaimed Nancy, in tones of horror, 'I love your dear white head.'

'Then it does not matter what other people think about it, sweetheart. We cannot all have curly locks like this, you know,'—playing with the beautiful golden hair that was the pride of his life. 'Pull it all down, Nancy; I love to see it about your face.'

'I think we had better sit down,' remarked Nancy. 'We are out of sight of the house here, and it's evident that you are in your most hopeless mood. If only Patricia could hear you! What did you think of her, Paul; isn't she pretty?'

'She could look lovely, I imagine, and yet it is chiefly expression. She interested me very much this afternoon, for the whole time she was talking in a clever, even brilliant style, she seemed to be making an effort. She gave me an impression of restlessness all through, and two or three things she said, were very cynical, for so young a girl. Did you notice it?'

'Yes! I have grown very fond of her, but she puzzles me more than any one I've ever met. Sometimes, she looks—oh! Paul, I can't tell you how she looks!—as if she were in mortal pain, and then if she catches me looking at her, she will be in the maddest, merriest spirits in two minutes. And then, sometimes she is so irritable, as though some trouble was at her, but she is always so pathetic about it afterwards, and says how sorry she is, as simple as a child.'

'Poor child!' he said gently. 'I am afraid she is in sore trouble of some sort, probably of her own making. She is one of those complex natures, I think, capable of the highest good and of the greatest evil; and the worst of it all is, that she must fight the greater part of the battle alone.'

They were silent for a little while.

'I was under the impression,' remarked Paul, presently, that we were not going to discuss any one but ourselves. I have finished my cigar now, and am quite ready to listen to any suggestion you might like to offer. About hair-dye, for instance.'

'Silly boy,' she whispered, slipping on to his knee, her golden head against his white one. 'Oh! silly boy, I really believe you are as much in love with me now, as you were when I married you.'

'I really believe I am. It's a sad and lamentable fact, that I am, if anything, in a worse plight than ever, despite six months' matrimony. Why will you be so bewitching, child? It's entirely your own fault!'

(To be continued.)

THROUGH PINK GLASSES.

THERE is a lull, for the moment, in the ceaseless production of new books. The Spring publishing season is well over, and, until October comes round again, those readers who toil panting after the circulating library, and those reviewers whose cargo of recent novels arrives with praiseworthy regularity at the beginning of every week, will be able to enjoy a well-earned rest, or devote their leisure to working off arrears. The past season has not been in any way remarkable. Publishers have been unanimous in complaining of stagnation in the market, due chiefly to the June festivities, and in part perhaps also to the Græco-Turkish War. No doubt these events have brought some compensation in an increased sale for what may be called topical literature, such as notes on Crete or Thessaly, or books dealing with Her Majesty's early history. But general literature has fared badly. A great number of books are being held over for the autumn, and it is likely that October will bring a harvest, in point of quantity, to beat all records. As for quality—we shall probably have Stevenson's 'St. Ives,' which is to be completed by Mr. Quiller-Couch, and a volume of stories by Mr. Kipling, including 'Captains Courageous,' recently published in serial form.

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Now and again we hear rumours that the last-named writer is about to start work on a real novel—a good old-fashioned 'three-decker'—and the hearts of his many admirers beat high in anticipation. Somehow or other, however, it never seems to come ; more pressing duties intervene, and the magazines must needs be served first. I do not much think we shall ever see a worthy exposition of Mr. Kipling's genius in this form. He is an acknowledged master of the short story, but when he tries to go further the result is merely a rather longer short-story than usual. Of course they are good—even 'The Naulahka' was eminently readable—but they do not suggest that we shall

ever get from Mr. Kipling a novel of superlative excellence. And, for my part, I am not very anxious that we should. There have been several British novelists of the highest rank : never, before Mr. Kipling showed the way, a writer of short stories worthy to sustain the honour of this empire against France.

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There are several ways of telling a short-story, and now that every one tries his hand at that fascinating branch of fiction, there are likely soon to be still more varieties introduced. The growth in the number of magazines and illustrated papers has created a demand for this sort of work ; and even the daily papers are not averse to filling a column or so on occasion with sketch or story. Sketch is certainly the better name for most of these productions. There is not much skill in construction—for example, in ‘Pacific Tales,’ by Louis Becke. Yet they are singularly fascinating to read. Mr. Becke, as he proved to us before in his earlier volume, ‘By Reef and Palm,’ knows the islands of the South Seas by heart ; there is not, apparently, a group with which he is not familiar, and he has succeeded to admiration in suggesting the atmosphere of the Pacific. But, with rare exceptions, his tales are not tales at all ; they are descriptions of wild life, jotted down by a writer who possesses a keen eye for character, but little sense of proportion. Still, now that Stevenson is dead, Mr. Becke is unquestionably the laureate of the South Seas.

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Mr. Frank Stockton pursues a very different method, and a more old-fashioned. Sometimes he reminds me very much of Mr. Anstey, as he used to write in the days of ‘The Black Poodle,’ and ‘Vice Versa.’ It is a favourite plan with both of these writers to imagine some extraordinary situation, and then to cast about for means of making it appear plausible. Some of Mr. Stockton’s efforts in this line have been marvellously good—as, for example, ‘The Wreck of the “Thomas Hyke.”’ There is nothing quite so wonderful in the present volume, which he has called ‘A Story-Teller’s Pack,’ but there are several, as ‘An Unwilling Neighbour,’ which are conceived on the old lines. In a short preface to the volume, Mr. Stockton gossips amiably about the sources of his inspiration. One of his budget, it seems, was suggested to him on a beautiful day in summer, as he lay idly in a hammock looking up into the clear blue sky. Such a picture carries a pang of envy to the breast

of the British story-teller, who does not often find inspiration come to him under such pleasant auspices. Mr. Stockton is a fortunate man ; his mind is full of quaint and whimsical fancies, and his stories always look as if they had been composed without an effort. In his case, too, easy writing does not make hard reading.

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The explorer is beginning to come to his own in fiction. This may, perhaps, be taken as a sign of a wider interest in Imperial affairs, quickened by recent events. At any rate, readers will be glad of a touch of novelty about their heroes. 'The God in the Car' set the fashion, and now it seems to be in full swing. In two recent novels, published almost simultaneously, I read of the dangerous power your autocratic explorer wields over the feminine heart. It has always been a commonplace that women adore strength, and men who set about founding empires in Africa (which is the fashionable thing in novels just now) are likely to possess that quality, even if they fail of every other. Therefore Mr. A. E. W. Mason, in 'The Philanderers,' introduces us to Stephen Drake, just returned from Africa for the purpose of founding a chartered company ; while Peter Blake, by a rather curious coincidence, is hero of a romance by Mr. Julian Sturgis, entitled 'The Folly of Pen Harrington,' and has arrived in England from the same prolific continent, on very similar business, when the story opens.

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Mr. Mason, whose name should be familiar to readers of this magazine, is a young writer of more than considerable promise. His 'Courtship of Morrice Buckler' is, at present, the book by which he is best known, and it gives him a claim to be considered as one of the foremost of the young school of historical novelists. His first book is not so well known as it deserves ; it was called 'A Romance of Wastdale,' and published, I believe in 1895, by Mr. Elkin Mathews. In 'The Philanderers,' however, Mr. Mason has abandoned the historical romance for the comedy of manners, and the result is a very interesting little book, admirably written, and containing some very clever sketches of character. Mallinson, the author, is particularly well drawn, and the heroine is sufficiently charming. But she marries the wrong man, which, in my humble opinion, is always a pity ; and the story has the further disadvantage of ending in a very indeterminate manner. Indeed, strictly speaking, it has no end at all. Perhaps some

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readers like to draw their own conclusions ; personally, I prefer the author to give me a hint or two, at the least.

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Mr. Sturgis's book aims at painting Society. Miss Penelope Harrington, familiarly called Pen, is a young lady of birth, wit, and considerable beauty, who rules with a sweet imperiousness a select coterie of friends, including a remarkably stolid duchess. She is permitted in the end to marry her explorer—a boon that was denied to Mr. Mason's heroine ; but before this comes to pass, she engages herself to Otho Pharamont, a character rather reminiscent of Grandcourt in 'Daniel Deronda.' This is her folly, and she is suitably rescued from the consequences. 'The Folly of Pen Harrington' is a very readable book ; but the author, in his desire to produce telling portraits, has caricatured some of his sitters hopelessly. Hero and heroine are well enough, but some of the minor characters are frankly impossible—or, for the credit of Society, the charitable reviewer hopes so. Nevertheless, the caricatures are amusing. Mr. Sturgis can write ; he can even, on occasion, be epigrammatic.

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Mr. Rolf Boldrewood has been for some time accumulating opinions, not all complimentary, on the mother country ; and at last, finding the load grow somewhat heavy on his mind, he has relieved himself by the publication of 'My Run Home.' It is an amorphous production—half-novel, half-reminiscence—and the author is his own hero. There is a prodigious deal of fine language in the book, and not a little melodramatic love-making ; but here and there are passages which remind us of the better days of 'Robbery Under Arms.' Mr. Boldrewood is always good with horses, and there is plenty about horses here—horse-breaking, a hunting run or two, and a marvellous win in a steeplechase. Events, real and imaginary, jostle each other to the confusion of the date-loving critic, and Australians display their superiority on every possible occasion. To say the truth, the material is very thin ; the English is by turns slipshod and bombastic ; and the author has a curious habit of beginning a new chapter in the middle of a conversation. But there is just a touch of the old dash about it, and readers, like concert-goers, are loyal to an old favourite. It is a pleasing trait of character, and to some writers it must be extremely useful.

THE GIRLS' ROOM.

CHILDREN'S SINGING-GAMES.

THE Girls' Room will, I hope, have been missed in June. By a curious fatality the manuscript was again lost in the post, and its loss, owing to the President's absence from home, was not known till too late to be rectified. The prize winner that month would have been 'Gem,' whose paper I am again using this month. I proposed to give a second book-prize to 'Miranda,' who is one of our most esteemed contributors, and since then she has added to her gifts to us by sending me a delightful paper on local customs belonging to feasts, etc. Will 'Miranda' send her address?

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For the lost manuscript I had made an *amende* to a distinguished worker in the folklore field, whose labours I had passed over through ignorance. Since then I have become the possessor of Mrs. Alice Gomme's two illustrated volumes of Singing-Games, as well as of the volume she edited in the 'Dictionary of British Folk-Lore,' that specially devoted to Singing-Games. I may say that when I learnt the enormous work done in this field by Mrs. Gomme, I was appalled at the innocent presumption with which I had suggested a book of Singing-Games from the Girls' Room. The work has been so superbly done by her, that another volume on the subject would be a work of supererogation, and in a sense an impertinence. I therefore abandon the idea of a volume on this subject, but I think we shall be doing ourselves honour if we hand over all we have gathered to Mrs. Gomme, with a view to her making what use of it she will in her own researches. I don't hope that we can do more than give her some variants, for she has picked the ground carefully. And, meanwhile, all who have been interested in our work, cannot do better than make themselves acquainted with the results of Mrs. Gomme's scholarship and monumental industry. The books are published by David Nutt, Strand.

* * * * *

And now for 'Gem's' paper.

HERE COMES THE ABBESS.

One child, as Abbess, advances; the others hold hands in a line.

Here comes the Abbess, she comes in state,
Fi foll de roll de roll day.

The Abbess now retires, and the maidens advance singing—

Why comes the Abbess, why in such state?

Abbess.—She comes to seek for a maiden fair.

Maidens.—Whom will she take as a maiden fair?

Abbess.—The lovely Emma it now shall be.

Maidens.—The lovely Emma it cannot be.

A nun she will not, she cannot be.

And Emma we may not give to thee.

Abbess.—Your windows I will break with might.

Maidens.—Our shutters we will fasten tight.

Abbess.—Your cottage I'll burn your ears about.

Maidens.—With water we will put the fire out.

Abbess.—I seize her now by her lily-white hand

And lead her away to a distant land.

The Abbess takes Emma by the hand and leads her off, and the game is repeated till all are chosen but one. The last one takes flight, and if captured assumes the part of the Abbess. The refrain

Fi foll de roll de roll day

is repeated after every line.

* * * * *

'Seek it' is a variant on 'Hunt the Slipper.' The children form a circle, holding each other's hands. A ring is quickly passed from hand to hand, while the children dance round singing—

Seek it, seek it, tra la la la la.

A child, who stands in the middle, tries to discover it, and the one in whose hand it is found becomes the seeker. This would belong more to the Winter Games, of which we shall have some presently, than to the Singing-Games.

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HERE COMES A POOR WOMAN.

One child in the middle, the others in a ring. The circle dances and sings—

Here comes a poor woman from Babylon,

With six poor children all alone.

One can bake and one can brew,

One can shape and one can sew,

One can sit at the fire and spin,
One can make a cake for a king.
Come choose you east, come choose you west,
Come choose the very one you love best.

The child in the middle chooses one from the ring, and then the song goes on round the two.

Now you're married and married away ;
And when you're married you must obey.
So love one another like sister and brother,
And kiss care away.

Then the pair kiss. The chosen child remains in the ring while the other joins it, and the game goes on *da capo*.

IN THE WOODS LET US ROAM.

One child, as wolf, crouches in a den. The ring dances, singing—

In the woods let us roam,
While the wolf is from home.
Wolf, are you at home?

Sometimes he says 'No,' and sometimes 'Yes.' In the latter case, the children all run away ; but if one is captured, he or she becomes wolf, and the game goes on again.

FOUR THIRSTY GEESE.

One child stands in the middle ; the others dance round singing. The ring has a leader, who determines when to say 'gosling.'

Four thirsty geese on the wing,
Who wanted to drink at the well of the ring ;
And five geese and six geese and
Seven geese—and a gosling !

The 'gosling' may occur at any moment. When it does, every one lets go hands and seeks a new partner. It is the business of the one in the ring to seize a partner, and then the child left partnerless goes into the middle.

I'LL BE OUT IN THE MORNING EARLY.

This also is a ring game. The circle sings—

I'll be out in the morning early,
I'll be out on board the ship,
I'll buy you a pair of gold ear-rings,
I'll buy you a guinea-gold ring,
I'll buy you a silver cradle
For to rock the baby in.

The girl in the middle answers—

I'll have none of your pair of gold ear-rings,
 I'll have none of your guinea-gold ring,
 I'll have none of your silver cradle
 For to rock the baby in.
 I'll have none of your nasty fish,
 I'll have none of your barley,
 But I'll have some of your very best flour
 To bake a cake for Charlie.

They all sing the last verse with great spirit. Then another girl goes into the middle and *da capo*. At the end this verse is sung—

Over the water and over the lea,
 And over the water to Charlie;
 And Charlie loves good cakes and ale,
 And Charlie is a dandy,
 And Charlie loves a pretty girl
 As sweet as sugar-candy.

This is surely of Jacobite origin.

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LONDON BRIDGE (OLD VERSION).

A dance and chorus of girls and boys, to which the words of the ballad gave the measure. The breaking-down of the bridge was announced as the dancers moved round, and the question, 'How shall we build it up?' was chanted by the leader, while the rest stood still.

A.—London Bridge is broken down. Dance o'er my Lady Lea.

London Bridge is broken down with a gay ladye.

B.—How shall we build it up again? Dance o'er my Lady Lea.

How shall we build it up again with a gay ladye?

A.—Build it up with silver and gold, etc.

B.—Silver and gold will be stolen away, etc.

A.—Build it up with iron and steel, etc.

B.—Iron and steel will bend and bow, etc.

A.—Build it up with wood and clay, etc.

B.—Wood and clay will melt away, etc.

A.—Build it up with stone so strong, etc.

Huzza! 'twill last for ages long, etc.

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Now, I have been obliged to miss out Miranda this month. And, meanwhile, I want to ask a very irrelevant question of the Girls' Room. Does any member know of a country cottage, within forty or fifty minutes' rail of London, which the President could make temporarily her own? She wants something very simple, at a rental of twelve or fifteen pounds a year.

KATHARINE (TYNAN) HINKSON.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p. 240.)

FIRST SHELF.

It is said that no books have been bought, sold, written, or reviewed during the Jubilee period, and though magazines have been duly published, their contents have had, as was right, an air of jubilation. It is all over now, but its spirit will not quickly die out; and it will remain a fair and glorious memory, both for those who shared in the glorious pageantry of London's great rejoicing, and for those who feasted merrily on green turf under shady trees, helping to make a jubilee for the home-stayers and the little ones. England has 'had a good time.' May all her children be the better for it!

The Women-Writers' Dinner went off just before the great week with even more than its usual success. It was graced by many distinguished names. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel took the chair; Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Edna Lyall, Miss Montresor, and many others were present, and Mrs. Creighton talked to us about the joys of study. It is a happy gathering, fruitful in good understanding and mutual comprehension, and it was most admirably carried through by its clever and energetic secretary, Miss Ireland Blackburne.

One great name—we are proud to say one of our contributors—has passed away from among us, a writer whose work stretches across nearly fifty of the sixty Victorian years. Her work is treated of elsewhere, so we will in this place only record our regrets, and remind ourselves that our new series began with *New Year's Day*, one of the sweetest of Mrs. Oliphant's 'stories of the unseen.'

The G.F.S. anniversary week was held amid scaffolding and red twill in jubilee weather, and brought a large number of women workers together. The Bishop of Albany's sermon in St. Paul's was all the more inspiring, as it came to us from over the sea. Mr. Winnington Ingram's address was so good, and so much to the point, that it is well worth our readers' while to read it in the August *Associate's Journal*, whether they are members of the G.F.S. or not. Courage, industry, personal goodness—what worker does not need these virtues? We ought not, we suppose, to speak of 'contemporaries' in our pages; but this month's *Friendly Leaves* and *Girls' Quarterly* are so graceful and pretty that Chelsea China strongly recommends her readers to cast a glance at them. She thinks they carry some of our old traditions further afield on the broad back of a penny piece, instead of that of the smaller and less universal shilling.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

The Good Queens of History.

Only three lists ! Evidently every one has been so absorbed in the good Queen of the present that they have not spared the time to look up her worthy predecessors. *Black Rose* and *Delf* have sent good lists, but *Winifred Spurling's* is the longest, best arranged, and most interesting. Chelsea China, however, begs to state that she cannot be held responsible for the characters of such ladies as *Shírin* or *Sexburga*, and must take them entirely for granted ! She would like to add, on her own account, Queen Emma of Honolulu.

THE GOOD QUEENS OF HISTORY.

Amongst the real queens of pagan history, three are distinguished for their patriotism and virtues ; they are—

1. *Hatshepu*, Queen of Egypt, who lived about 1700 B.C. As the Egyptians disliked the idea of a woman ruler, though they obeyed her, she dressed as a king. She collected and commanded a fleet in the Red Sea ; she brought back with her spice-trees, and had them planted at Thebes, etc.

2. *Cleopatra I.*, Queen of Egypt, ruled well until her death, 174 B.C. She brought up Ptolemy Philometer ; no doubt, owing to her influence, he was the best of all the Ptolemies.

3. *Bath-Zabbai (Zenobia)*, Queen of Palmyra, governed during the absence of her husband, and after his death, until, after a severe struggle, Aurelian conquered Palmyra in 272 A.D. By uniting firmness and clemency to her gifts of economy, organisation, and political insight, she was a blessing to her country.

CHRISTIAN (GOOD) QUEENS.

4. *Clodosinde*, Queen of the Lombards, wife of Albain (died 570 A.D.). Nicetius, Bishop of Treves, says of her, 'Her fame is great as that of a useful, humane, and munificent woman, anxious for the welfare of the poor, sagacious in ruling, illustrious among all her subjects for her excellent life.'

5. *Queen Shírin*, the Christian wife of Krosau II., King of Persia (590 A.D.). She used her influence in persuading him to build churches and to do other good works.

6. *Theodolinda*, Queen of Lombardy. At King Arthuri's death (591) declared queen by the people, by whom she was loved for her goodness.

7. *Bertha*, wife of Ethelbert, King of Kent. Pope Gregory, in 601, ascribes the conversion of the English nation to her.

8. *Sexburga*, Queen of Wessex, 672-73. 'A princess whose spirits and abilities were worthy of a crown.' At the head of her army, she overawed the enemies of Wessex ; she reigned with kindness.

9. *Ethelburga*, wife of the King of Wessex. 'A woman of royal race and mind.' During her husband's absence his castle at Taunton was taken by an enemy, so she recaptured it in 722. After a long reign her husband resigned, and they lived the rest of their days doing good works.

10. *Ethelflaed*, wife of Ethelred of Mercia. The ancient historians praise her masculine virtues. Her husband was infirm, so she governed during his lifetime and after his death, until her death in 920 A.D. She defended her country from the Danes.

11. *St. Margaret*, wife of Malcolm III., King of Scotland (died 1093). Strong, noble character, had great influence over her husband, and through him over Scottish history ; founded churches, refined the Celtic Court.

12. *Beringaria*, Queen of Castile (about 1217). On coming to the throne she gave up her rights to her son Ferdinand ; but she had such wonderful influence over him that they may be said to have reigned well together.

13. *Blanche of Castile*, Queen-Regent of France (died 1253). She governed with wisdom, and brought up her son so piously that he was famed amongst kings for his goodness.

'If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should we find it purer than in Blanch?'

SHAKESPEARE.

14. *Isabel of Aragon*, married 1281 to Jiniz, King of Portugal. Pure, unselfish peacemaker, she rode between the armies of her husband and son in 1323, and again made peace between her son and Castile in 1340, thus saving the kingdom from the horrors of war.

15. *Maria de Molina*, Queen-Regent of Castile and Leon (1295). Her great skill and capacity for government alone kept the kingdom for her son Ferdinand, and averted war.

16. *Margaret*, Queen of Denmark and Norway, who, having ruled both countries wisely in her son's name during his lifetime, was at his death, in 1387, asked to retain power; the nobles of Sweden also invited her to govern Sweden.

17. *Philippa*, Queen-Consort of Edward III. of England (died 1369). During the absence of the king she defended England; she always influenced the king on the side of mercy and justice. 'The most gentyll quene, moost lyberall, and moost courtesse that ever was quene in her dayes.'—LORD BERNERS.

18. *Jadwiga*, Queen of Poland (died 1399). A woman of great worth, beloved by her subjects; for the good of her country she overcame her repugnance and married Jagiello, the pagan prince of Lithuania, in 1386, thus uniting the two kingdoms. Partly through her influence his country became Christianised.

19. *Queen Isabella of Castile* (1451-1504). Spain owed to her clear intellect, energy, and unselfish patriotism much of its greatness.

20. *Marguerite D'Angoulême*, Queen of Navarre (1492-1549). She ruled her two small courts with sweetness and strength; she was the refuge and defender of the Huguenots; she encouraged literature, etc.

21. *Jeanne*, Queen of Navarre. A good, wise, and brave queen; died 1572.

22. *Elisabeth*, Queen of England, 1558-1603. Although not without faults, she made a good queen; her wisdom and patriotism advanced England's greatness.

23. *Ulrica Eleonora*, Queen of Sweden, 1715. Her wise government and skilful negotiations restored Sweden to peace.

24. *Caroline of Anspach*, Queen-Consort of George II. of England, died 1737. A wise, prudent, and virtuous woman, who, without appearing to do so, influenced her husband for the good of England.

25. *Queen Barbara*, died 1758, wife of Fernando VI. of Spain. The latter was a weak, and despondent, though good man, so he left the management of affairs to his ministers and beloved wife; their wise counsels greatly improved the kingdom.

26. *Maria Theresa*, 1740-1780, Queen of Hungary. Carlyle says: 'Royal qualities abound in that high young lady—most brave and pious-minded;—there is perhaps no nobler woman then living.'

27. *Louisa*, Queen-Consort of Frederick III., King of Prussia, died 1809. Alison says, in his History of Europe, that she in 1805 brought about the alliance between her husband and the Emperor of Russia, an act of the highest importance to the destinies of Europe.

28. *Christina of Austria*, Queen Regent of Spain; living now; wise and good.

29. *Wilhelmine*, Queen of Holland since 1890. She has been trained in goodness by her wise mother, and shows a kind and sweet disposition.

30. *Queen Victoria*. Well has she fulfilled her motto, 'I will be good,' since she came to the throne sixty years ago.

'Oh Royal heart, with wide embrace
For all her children yearning !
Oh happy realm, such mother-grace
With loyal love returning !'

A short list of queens called 'good' in history, but hardly important enough to be included in the longer list.

31. *St. Clotilda*, 492. Wife of Clovis, King of the Franks, said to have christianized France.

32. *Edilburga*, wife of Edwin, King of Northumbria, persuaded her husband to be a Christian.

33. *Ælfgive*, wife of Edmund the Magnificent: The Saxon chroniclers call her the holy queen. She redeemed slaves, etc. Died about 944.

34. *Good Queen Maud*.

35. *Good Queen Mary*.

36. *Good Queen Ann*.

37. *Good Queen Charlotte*. All English queens.

There are two others who may be counted : one is in the Bible.

38. *Queen Esther*, pious, faithful, and courageous ; and the other is—

39. *Anne of Beaujeu*, virtual queen of France for nine years, regent for her brother Charles VIII. 1483-92. She was prudent, intelligent, just, and true. France flourished greatly under her rule.—WINIFRED SPURLING.

ADDITIONAL QUEENS.

1. *Balkis*, Queen of Sheba, about 992 B.C. The history of this queen is veiled in obscurity, but from the sacred record of her visit to King Solomon, we may gather that she was held in high consideration by contemporary monarchs, and was anxious and willing that herself and kingdom should profit by the wisdom and advice of the wisest of kings.

2. *Artemisia*, Queen of Halicarnassus, about 480 B.C. A wise and far-seeing woman. She accompanied Xerxes in his invasion of Greece, and had he attended to her advice before the battle of Salamis, he would have probably benefited by it.

3. *Helena*, Empress of Rome, 292-328 A.D. The Empress Helena was the mother of Constantine the Great. She was a Christian, and is said to have discovered the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem and the wood of the true cross. Her influence over her son was very great.

4. *Maria*, Queen of Hungary, 1521-1558. This lady was the wife of Louis, King of Hungary, and sister to the Emperor, Charles V. On the death of her husband, her brother made her governess of the Lowlands, which country she ruled very well. She retired, to the sorrow of the natives, when Charles V. abdicated.

5. *Queen Anne of Austria*. Regent from 1643-1654. Anne of Austria was in private life a good, though not a very clever woman. She improved the French court very greatly during the reign of her husband Louis XIII., and while acting as Regent for her son Louis XIV. But she was very proud, and held to the cold and stately ceremonies and customs of the Spanish, and so she was not liked by the emotional French people, who hated her chief minister, Mazarin, in whom she placed great trust and confidence.

6. *Christina*, Queen of Sweden, 1632-1654. Queen Christina was the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. She was a woman of genius and great taste. At the age of twenty-seven she became tired of ruling, and abdicated. She lived at Rome, and was the centre of the most intellectual circle that existed at that time in Europe.

7. *Mary II.*, Queen of England, 1688-1696. Mary was the wife of William III. of England, and Prince of Orange, and the daughter of

James II. She ruled conjointly with her husband, and showed wisdom and kindness, as well as good judgment, in matters of State. She is often blamed for her undutiful conduct towards her father, but she was led to act thus through her love for her husband, to whom she was devoted. She was very greatly regretted when she died, of smallpox, in 1696.

8. *Anne*, Queen of England, 1702-1714. Queen Anne was the sister of Mary II., and wife of Prince George of Denmark. She was a very good woman but not clever. She was easily led by any one whom she loved or trusted.

9. *Boadicea*, Queen of the Iceni. Patriotic, self-sacrificing, courageous. Dreading shame more than death to the last.

PRIZE WINNER FOR JUNE.

Miss E. H. Taylor, The Vicarage, Gomersal, Leeds, Miss Winifred Spurling having already taken a prize in this series.

SUBJECT FOR AUGUST.

Discuss Mrs. Oliphant's treatment of the 'Supernatural.'

SECOND SHELF.

PROSE COMPOSITION FOR JUNE.

The Meeting on the Moor has been very popular. The stories are surprisingly similar and mostly tragical. The parcel in most cases contains *pistols*, occasionally *swords*, once *dynamite*, often *weapons*. *Title-deeds* and *jewels* make a variety. Sometimes *revenge* in the abstract forms the traveller's burden, and now and then the writer contents herself with an awful abstraction, and merely refers to *It* or *That*. This, though impressive, Chelsea China thinks rather a mean way of getting out of the difficulty.

Only two contributors have shared in the humdrum interpretation that formed itself in Chelsea China's mind as she invented the problem. Her own parcel contained *champagne*. One writer improves upon this idea by bringing *chartreuse*, and the other the excellent picnic supper, for which the lonely gentleman was evidently waiting.

The attempts are naturally very equal, and criticism is difficult. Some of the epithets fall more naturally into place than others, and a good many have failed to connect the noise and the silence with the previous events, or to give the dog a reason for barking. As Chelsea China considers the 'nice derangement of epitaphs' excellent practice, she has arranged the next exercise with a view to their careful and appropriate selection.

The assigning the prize or the classing of the papers is really more arbitrary than Chelsea China likes, but she thinks *Lindum's* is perhaps the most consistent of the tragic ones; and of the two comic ones *No. 7* and that of our welcome old contributor *Honora Guest*, are really equally good. *Cork-extracting* is not, however, so natural an epithet as *munching*, especially as *popping* would have done. Room is made for both.

The Strange Meeting on the Lonely Moor.

It was evening, the rays of the sun shone down on a moor crossed by a road, and overgrown with heath and furze. One traveller paced along, his head bent as if in thought; his steps were *hasty*, his clothes *dusty*, his aspect *travel-stained*. A dog followed him. As he reached the top of the moor, a conveyance came in sight, containing one person. The conveyance was *old*, the horse *weary*, the traveller *impatient*. The man paused, and hailed them with a *loud* shout. 'At last!' he cried. 'I can wait no longer. But you are here. What can I say of your conduct? It has been more than *treacherous*.' 'What is to be said of yours?' was the answer in *fierce* tones. 'But there is still time. Come.' The *first* man waited while the *impatient* traveller descended, and took out a *small* parcel. Then, with a *set* face and *dogged* manner, he hurried over the moor to a *hidden* hollow by a *stagnant* pool of water. There he stopped. 'Now,' he said, 'look round; look at the *darkening* sky, the *lonely* place, and confess that it is *better* that we should meet here rather than in that *frequented* spot selected by you.' The sun sank behind the hill. The traveller looked at his *silent* companion. Then the *silent* one opened his parcel, and said, 'Now you will own that I was *right*. Let the contents of this parcel, so *sharp*, so *decisive*, so *conclusive*, convince you, and end our *bitter* experience and our grief. You have been *aggrieved*, you will now be *satisfied*. Be *content* at last.'

There was a *short* pause, . . . then a *shrill* bark from the dog, and then, 'I did not think that you would have had *pistols* in that package,' said the man, a *surprised* look changing his *hard* face. 'You knew me of old,' said the other. And then there was a *loud* noise, and then a *deathly* silence.—LINDUM.

The Unromantic Meeting on the Breezy Moor.

It was evening, the rays of the sun shone down on a moor crossed by a road, and overgrown with heath and furze.

One traveller paced along, his head bent as if in thought; his steps were *slow*, his clothes *shabby*, his aspect *ill-fed*.

A dog followed him. As he reached the top of the moor, a conveyance came in sight, containing one person.

The conveyance was *neat*, the horse *well-groomed*, the traveller *stout*.

The man paused, and hailed them with a *hoarse* shout.

'At last!' he cried. 'I can wait no longer. But you are here. What can I say of your conduct? It has been more than *cruel*.'

'What is to be said of yours?' was the answer in *genial* tones. 'But there is still time. Come.'

The *hungry* man waited while the *portly* traveller descended and took out a *bulging* parcel. Then, with a *smiling* face and *encouraging* manner, he hurried over the moor to a *small* hollow by a *clear* pool of water. There he stopped.

'Now,' he said, 'look round; look at the *open* sky, the *sheltered* place, and confess that it is *better* that we should meet here rather than in that *crowded* spot selected by you.'

The sun sank behind the hill.

The traveller looked at his *lean* companion.

Then the *jovial* one opened his parcel, and said, 'Now you will own that I was *judicious*. Let the contents of this parcel, so *substantial*, so *dainty*, so *appetising*, convince you and end our *ridiculous* experience and our grief. You have been *scrupulous*—you will now be *reasonable*. Be *content* at last.'

There was a *short* pause, *breathless*, *eloquent*, then an *agitated* bark from the dog, and then, 'I did not think you would have had so much in that package,' said the man, an *eager* look changing his *pinched* face.

'You knew me of old,' said the other. And then there was a *munching* noise and then a *satisfied* silence.—HONORA GUEST.

The Appointed Meeting on the Heathery Moor.

It was evening, the rays of the sun shone down on a moor crossed by a road, and overgrown with heath and furze.

One traveller paced along, his head bent as if in thought; his steps were *rapid*, his clothes *dusty*, his aspect *perplexed*.

A dog followed him. As he reached the top of the moor, a conveyance came in sight, containing *several* people. The conveyance was *well appointed*, the horse *well-conditioned*, the travellers *merry*.

The man paused, and hailed them with an *impatient* shout. 'At last!' he cried. 'I can wait no longer. But you are here. What can I say of your conduct? It has been more than *dilatory*.'

'What is to be said of yours?' was the answer in *chaffing* tones. 'But there is still time. Come.'

The *first* man waited whilst the *hilarious* traveller descended, and took out a *heavy* parcel. Then, with *beaming* faces and *eager* manner, they hurried over the moor to a *well-wooded* hollow by a *clear* pool of water. There they stopped.

'Now,' they said, 'look round; look at the *golden* sky, the *fairy-like* place, and confess that it is *better* we should meet here than in that *unromantic* spot selected by you.'

The sun sank behind the hill.

The traveller looked at his *teasing* companions. Then they opened the parcel, and said, 'Now you will own that we were *thoughtful*. Let the contents of this parcel, so *exhilarating*, so *refreshing*, so *well-chosen*, convince you, and end our *hungry* experience and our grief. You have been *croaking*, you will now be *magnanimous*. Be *content* at last.'

There was a *questioning* pause, *short*, *quiet*, then a *delighted* bark from the dog, and then, 'I did not think you would have had *chartreuse* in that package,' said the man, a *satisfied* look changing his *Epicurean* face.

'You knew us of old,' said the others. And then there was a *cork-extracting* noise, and then a *composed* silence.—No. 7.

CLASS LIST FOR JUNE.

CLASS I.

Honora Guest, No. 7, Lindum (but there was no reason he should look fearful when he saw the sword), Carlotta, Erleigh, Irene, Winifred Spurling, Spectacles, Lilian, M. R. A., Mary Parkinson (12½), All-Fours, Doronicum, Miranda (very good), Holly Leaf, Lilian Hardy, Cynthia, Sintram, Scotland Yard.

CLASS II.

(Hardly inferior to Class I.) Moonstone, Staffordshire Lass, G. Easton, Topsy, Pigmy, W. G. Parkinson, Solo, R. V. H.

PRIZE WINNER FOR JUNE.

Miss A. Milner, The Vicarage, Gomersal, Leeds.

(Chelsea China did not perceive till her choice was made that both prizes go this month to the same house.)

SUBJECT FOR AUGUST.

Describe a sky and a landscape, with as many figures as you please. Prize to be given for the best use of epithets.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. To what 'ship' does this refer?

'This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare;'
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.'

2. By whom and of whom was it said, 'He has all the qualities that would make a husband tolerable—battlements, verandah, stables, etc.; no grin and no glass in his eye'?

3. What is said to 'wear out more apparel than a man'?

4. Where do we read of a bird made of gold and fire and amethyst?

5. Who were (1) Orlando de Boys, (2) Master Walter, (3) Pauline Deschappelles?

6. Where are these lines?

'A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here.'

ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTIONS.

(From various authors.)

1. To the nautilus. ('The Chambered Nautilus.' By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.)

2. By Gwendolen Harleth, of Mr. Grandcourt. ('Daniel Deronda' GEORGE ELIOT.)

3. 'Fashion wears out more apparel than the man.' ('Much Ado About Nothing,' act iii. sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.)

4.

'A bird so bold,
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst.'

(Glycine's song from 'Zapolya.' S. T. COLERIDGE.)

5. (1) The hero of 'As You Like It.' By SHAKESPEARE.

(2) 'The Hunchback,' in the play of that name. By SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

(3) The heroine in 'The Lady of Lyons.' By E. BULWER LYTTON.

6. In a 'Song for Music.' By THOMAS HOOD. (See his poems.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

† Cymraes, Helen, Lenore, Double-Dummy, Eleanor, E. T., Feu-Follet, Isabel, Melton Mowbray, 36; A. C. R., 28; Aspley Guise, Dianora, Nevil, The Bratchet, 24; Irnham, 22; F. R. D., Katerfelto, Winifred Adey, 18; Kittiwake, Trimmer, 16; Sophonisba, 15; Cavalier, 12; Proserphina, 10; R. V. H., 8; Mrs. Knowles, 4.

Fourteen Streams is credited to 36 marks for May.

M. R. A. cannot be credited, as her paper arrived too late, owing to being enclosed with Prose Competition

All-Fours is credited with 36 marks for the May questions.

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

(All from the works of one author.)

1. Why is it said that evil spirits do not 'lose all their virtue,' and what virtues are they specially said to keep?

2. Explain the following allusions, and say where they occur:—

(1) 'Fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn.'

(2) 'the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet.'

(3) 'Thro' optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé.'

3. Where are these words to be found? 'No age can restore a life, whereof there is, perhaps, no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which all nations fare the worse.'

4. What is meant by

'Every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale'?

5. Who sat

'Under the glossy, cool, transparent wave'?

6. What is 'the spur that the dear spirit doth raise'?

THIRD SHELF.

Quotation asked for—

The line—

'What of the way to the end? the end crowns all,'

is from Pompilia's speech in Browning's 'Ring and the Book.'—M.H.D.

Will the lady who so kindly offered to sell gloves for 'Our Endowment Fund' send her address once more on a card to—G. M. L., Parkington Hall, Lichfield?

It has most stupidly been lost.

I think the author of the last 'Cameo' confuses two novels in writing of Evelina. True, the heroine is carried off to London by an unpleasant (female) guardian; but this guardian does not dress as a chimney-sweep, or wear any disguise whatever.—HYPATIA.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—Would it be too much to ask, having so kindly put my letter in the 'Packet,' if I begged you to correct a mistake in that letter—whether my fault or a mistake in printing, I do not know—but the amount of money we want is at least £2000—unfortunately not £200. I wish it were. One offer of help, as you know, has come, but not a very feasible one. If the world were asked to send kindly aid (if they will send it) straight to me (G. M. L., Parkington Hall, Lichfield), would it not be simpler and save you trouble? Please do not think needless to answer this.—Yours very truly, GWENDOLEN LEVETT.

THE SQUIRREL.

I know two great beech trees where the squirrels live. Early in the spring I have watched them—when the leaves are just unfolding, and shimmering, and silky, and one can still catch glimpses of the blue sky, when one stands beneath the trees and looks up—two little red squirrels with great bushy tails and bright peeping eyes. They are Mr. and Mrs., I suppose, and probably as the summer comes on there will be all the little masters and misses somewhere up there in those trees, though by that time the leaves will be so thick that they will hide both them and the sky from view.

In the spring it is not so easy for the two, I know, to hide, and they seem to be less inclined to be 'stand offish' then! Sometimes they will even come down on to the ground and play about—then dash up the great round beech trunk, which shines blue where the light catches it, and is covered with short green moss. Up they go—round and round the trunk (for they like to tantalise you at one moment, and are overcome by curiosity to see what you think of their performance the next!) Then they reach the boughs and spring lightly from one to another. They pretend they are going to fall, and crouch behind a bend in one of the branches to make you think they have tumbled! But next moment two sharp little ears are pricked round the corner, and two bright eyes are twinkling merrily down upon you! How happy they are!—and how intensely free from bondage of any sort! They do not seem to have a single care!

A squirrel, in my mind, amongst animals answers to a skylark amongst birds: to see one or the other in captivity is to witness an enormity. Poor little bird, whose one instinct is to fly up and ever upward! Poor little squirrel in his tread-mill cage—the iron bars answering for the swinging, living branches—the dull wooden roof above his head, instead of the wide-spreading blue sky!

No, I cannot bear to think of him like that. I like to picture him to myself in those beech trees—swinging from branch to branch; hiding, peeping, sitting up to crack the beech-nuts with his sharp pointed teeth; darting gaily here, there, everywhere, and—free, free, free!—BROWN LINNET.

ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION.

CLASS LIST FOR JUNE.

CLASS I.

Thames Valley, 38; *Greta*, 36; *Oka*, 35; *Gem*, 34; *Cherry Ripe*, 32; *Double-Dummy* and *Green Mantle*, 31; *Pansy*, 30.

CLASS II.

Cobwebs, 29; *Lomax* and *Daphne*, 25; *Maiden Aunt*, 16.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Question 1. *Gem*, *Oka*, and *Thames Valley* obtained full marks. The Treaty of Northampton, and Battles of Halidon Hill and Neville's Cross, should have been mentioned. Balliol was only accepted by the Scotch as king while Edward III. was actively insisting on it.

Question 2. *Thames Valley* obtained full marks. The claim to the throne was the excuse, Philip's interference with Scotland the reason.

Question 3. *Greta* obtained full marks. The French army was more fitted for a magnificent tournament than for war. The English, though in a hostile country, were united, disciplined, and better armed than the French. It was a feudal Army *v.* Infantry.

Question 4. The results were that labour increased and land decreased in value. This caused the rise of free labourers and the substitution of pasturage for arable land. Note the futility of Acts of Parliament with regard to economic effects.

QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. What was the connection between England and the Papacy in the reign of Edward III.?
2. Give the position of parties in 1376, and describe the work of the Good Parliament.
3. How do you interpret the character of Richard II. from his actions?
4. Compare the reigns and depositions of Edward II. and Richard II.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE ATHANASIUS OF THE SOUTH.

QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

29. Give some account of the extension of the Church in South Africa during Bishop Gray's episcopate (1847-1872).

30. What was the teaching of Dr. Colenso? And give an account of his trial and the events leading up to it. (*Juniors may give either the 'teaching' or the 'account.'*)

31. What was the subsequent course of events? Did the Church of England accept the sentence on Colenso? (*Juniors take one.*)

32. A history of Robert Gray, metropolitan of South Africa, dealing with what the above questions omit.

Books recommended:—Perry's and Hore's *Church Histories*; *Life of Bishop Gray*, edited by his son (this can be had very cheaply second-hand); *Under His Banner* (Tucker). Several of Bishop Gray's journals to be had of S.P.G.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, Industrial School, Andover, by Oct. 1st.

PRIZES AWARDED FOR 1896.

FIRST HALF-YEAR.

(*Honeysuckle*), Miss Helen Easton, 3, Montpelier Road, Ealing:—Church's *Oxford Movement* and Gardiner's *French Revolution*.

SECOND HALF-YEAR.

(*Etheldreda*), Mrs. Wallace, St. Luke's Vicarage, Burdett Road, E.:—Maclean's *Introduction to the Creeds*; Gwatkin's *Arian Controversy*; Balzani's *Popes and the Hohenstauffen* (Epoch series).

PRIZE FOR WHOLE YEAR

(Awarded to one who had gained no other prize in 1895 or 1896).

(*Gooseberry*), Miss M. D. Blakelock, Shelfanger Rectory, Diss, Norfolk:—Church's *Oxford Movement* and *History of Universities' Mission to Central Africa*.

BOOK NOTICE.

We are just in time to add a notice of a clever little story by G. M. Robins (Hurst and Blackett)—*The Silence Broken*. The descriptions are vivid and uncommon, and the psychical interest, which is the *raison d'être* of the story, is well managed, and treated from a high-minded and religious point of view.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address CHELSEA CHINA on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

CHINA CUPBOARD PRIZES—

A. *Variety Specimens.* Prize, monthly, 5s.

Search Questions (Who, When, and Where). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1s.

Prose Competition. Monthly Prize, 5s., or 10s., according to merit.

RULES for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case. (6) There are no entrance fees. (7) Prizes cannot be taken by the same person twice in a half-year.

B. *English History Competition.* Prize, for six months taken together, £3 3s. Farther prizes only if the editors are satisfied with the keenness of the competition.

RULES.—(1) Answers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (2), (3), (4), (5) and (6) as above, under section A. Be very careful to put 'English History' *outside*.

C. *Church History Society.* Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

RULES.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1s. II. Questions are set each month.

No China Cupboard papers can be returned.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

LAWRENCE CLAVERING.

BY A. E. W. MASON, AUTHOR OF 'THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER.'

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CHAPTER XVIII.

AT PRESTON AND AFTERWARDS.

THE siege of Preston forms no part of this story, and fortunately so for me, since I saw and understood of its brief and fatal enactment no more than was done under my own nose. Why General Wills and his dragoons were allowed to pass the Ribble Bridge and the narrow lane which leads to it without so much impediment as a single shot might cause; why Mr. Forster made no attempt to break out down the Fishergate Street into the marshes beyond the town when General Carpenter closed in upon our rear; by what persuasions the Highlanders were finally induced to lay down their arms—these are questions for historians to dispute and find an answer to, if they can. For my part, I fought at Macintosh's barrier a little below the church, where the first attack was made, with one eye upon Preston's regiment of foot in front and the other upon Mr. Curwen at my side; and what with the enemy and my friend, my hands were full.

The attack was made about eleven of the forenoon. I remember very distinctly the extraordinary hush that fell upon us when our friends from the windows of the houses above us signalled that the troops were approaching. In front stretched the empty street, so still, so bare in the sunlight, and taking

on of a sudden an appalling significance. Half an hour before, messengers had ridden hither and thither with resounding hoofs, patrols tramped upon the footway, citizens peeped timorous from casement and door. We had glanced down it as we looked to our weapons with a matter-of-fact word: 'This way they will come.' Now it seemed to wait in a conscious expectation, the responsible agent of destiny. France, Scotland, England, every country in Europe had a stake to be played for in this street, and it was as though it had been new-swept and garnished for the game. I know that every cobble throughout its length seemed to gleam in the sunlight distinct and separate from its fellows. And then, whilst we stood silent behind the barrier, while from the windows the Highlanders bent forward craning their necks, grasping their muskets, the deadly silence was broken by the ringing tramp of a single horse, and from a passage at the side betwixt two houses in the middle distance, an officer rode out into the open causeway with his drawn sword in his hand. For a moment, every man of us, I think, held his breath. The officer looked up the street to the barrier and again down the street and at the windows to see how our men were posted. Then a shout went up, loud, unanimous, like a single voice; with a single movement every musket was raised to the shoulder, and in a second the air whistled with bullets and flashed in a hundred tiny flames. But it seemed the officer bore a charmed life. No bullet struck him then, and cantering back within the shelter of the passage, he presently led out and ranged his men. The men were Preston's regiment; the officer, their Lieutenant-colonel, the Lord Forrester, and with their appearance the battle was begun in earnest. I have hinted that I had some difficulty in restraining Mr. Curwen's ardour, and Lord Forrester gives me an instance pat to the point. For during that moment's silence, when the colonel stood alone in the street, Mr. Curwen climbs unsteadily to the top of the barrier, and with his white hair blowing from his shoulders, his dreamy eyes ablaze with I know not what fancies of antique chivalry, calls upon the colonel to settle then and there with him in single combat the succession to the Crown. Or, rather begins to call, I should say, for the moment at which he began to speak was precisely that moment at which I saw the muskets go up to the shoulders, and leaping after him I pulled him unceremoniously down.

And here we found the value of our cannon. For we had two

pieces at our barricade, and though they failed at first, it was owing to a sailor who professing skill and experience was entrusted with the management of them, and who aiming at Preston's regiment in the street, with great ingenuity brought down a chimney from the tops of the houses. The truth is the man was full with ale, but having got rid of him, we fared better, and firing securely from behind the barrier, did so much execution as made our adversaries draw off.

That night we remained at the barrier firing platoons whenever a light appeared in those houses which we knew to be occupied by our opponents, and getting such sleep as we could to fit us for the morrow.

The next morning, however, we heard that General Carpenter by forced marches had come upon our rear so that the town was invested about, and there was no way for us except by the gates of death. And at the same time many rumours of a capitulation were spread abroad which drove the Highlandmen into a frenzy. All the morning then we remained in the greatest uncertainty, but about three of the afternoon Colonel Cotton rode up the street with a dragoon and a drum beating a chamade before him, and then we knew that these rumours were indeed the truth. He alighted at the Mitre, whither we presently saw Lord Kenmure, Mr. Forster, and Lord Widdrington making haste to join him; and in a little came a messenger to us seeking Lord Derwentwater. He was at the moment digging in a trench to deepen it, with his waistcoat off; and slipping on his clothes:

'Curse the fellow!' he cried, and so turned to me, 'Lawrence! never trust a Tory! If you outlive this misfortune never speak to one! They are damned rogues in disguise. Here's Lord Widdrington, good tender man that cannot travel without his soup in a bottle! Curse the fellow! All yesterday, while you and I, and the rest of my good friends here, were pleading the cause with the only music our enemies will dance to, what was my Lord Widdrington doing, but sitting in an alehouse, licking his bottle of soup? The gout he blames! Well, well, the gout is a very opportune complaint;' and so striking his hands together to remove the mud from them, off he goes to the Mitre.

It was some little while before he returned to me, during which I bethought me not so much of the pass into which I had fallen, as the means by which I might extricate myself.

For extricate myself I must. There was Mr. Herbert in the first place. Here was the end of our insurrection, and I thrown back upon my first plan of delivering myself to the authorities ; and in the second, I must needs get Mr. Curwen to some spot in which he could lie safely, until such time as the matter had blown over ; and further—more to these two duties was yet added a third and new obligation. Yet, I think it was this last which enheartened me to confront the other two, for there was something very sweet in the mere notion of it, which leavened all my distress.

In about two hours came Lord Derwentwater back, and drawing me aside :

‘It is not a capitulation,’ he said, ‘but a mere surrender. Forster is given till seven of the morning to reconcile his troops to it. Meanwhile, I go with Colonel Cotton as a hostage.’ He pulled out his purse as he spoke, and rummaging in his pockets, added to it such coins as he had loose about him.

‘We will divide them,’ said he. ‘Nay, they will be of more service to you than to me. I was quartered with an apothecary—you know the house—a man very discreet and loyal. Doubtless he will do for you what he can if you add my recommendation to your request. It may be that you can escape, since you are hampered with no companions and are little known.’

‘Nay,’ I replied, ‘I have Mr. Curwen to safeguard, if by any means I can. He gave me shelter and every kindness when I was at my wits’ ends. Besides——’ And then I came to a stop and felt myself flushing hot, but hoped the grime of the gunpowder would hide my confusion.

‘Well?’ he asked shrewdly—‘Besides?’

‘Besides,’ I stammered, ‘I promised his daughter.’

‘Ah!’ said he, ‘I told you it would be Dorothy Curwen ;’ and with that he shook me by the hand. But at the touch I realized of a sudden all the love and friendliness which he had shown to me from my first coming into Cumberland. I had a picture before my eyes of the house on Lord’s Island—my Lord and his Lady in the cosy parlour ; the children in their cots above. I looked into his face ; it was bravely smiling. The chill November evening was crowding upon us as we stood there in the street ; the lights began to shine in the windows ; close to us a soldier was cursing Mr. Forster ; beyond the barrier, down the street, one of Wills’ dragoons was roaring out a song ; and before the Mitre door under the lamp Colonel Cotton was

sitting on his horse. I could say nothing to Lord Derwentwater, but what would point his misfortunes, and so—

‘My lord,’ I cried simply, ‘God send that you and I may meet again!’

‘God send no answer to that wish, Lawrence,’ he replied solemnly.

He walked lightly to the Mitre door, as lightly as a man to his wedding. He mounted his horse; his face shone clear for a moment beneath the lamp, and that was the last glimpse I had of it. He rode down the street with Colonel Cotton; I made my way in all haste to the apothecary with whom he had lodged.

I had some talk with the apothecary, of which the purport will appear hereafter, and returned for Mr. Curwen, whom I found immediately, and my servant Ashlock, whom I did not find until late in the evening. For he had been employed in carrying gunpowder from barrier to barrier, so that I knew of no fixed spot where I could lay my hands on him. However, as I say, I found him at the last, and when General Wills marched into Preston Market-place at seven o'clock of the Monday morning, Mr. Lawrence Clavering, with a blue apron about his waist, was taking down the shutters from the apothecary's shop, while Mr. Curwen, much broken by fatigue and disappointment, lay abed in an attic of the house, with Ashlock to tend on him.

All that day, which was Monday the 14th of November, I lived in a jumping anxiety. For the shop from morn to night was beset with people seeking remedies for the wounded. These people, however, for the most part, belonged to General Wills' force; and luckily the citizens of the town had so much to distract them in the spectacle of the troops and of the prisoners—now ranged in the market-place, now marched off and locked up in the church—and in their own joy at escaping from the siege with so little damage, that they forgot those trivial ailments which bring them to the apothecary's. So the new journeyman, pounding drugs in a corner as far from the window as he could creep, escaped notice for that day, and lay down to sleep beneath the counter with a mind a thought easier than his aching arm.

In something less than a minute, it seemed to me, I felt a tug at my coat. I started up with a cry, and looking to see the red coat of a soldier, beheld the homely brown of my friend the

apothecary. His hat was on his head, the door of the shop stood open, and the full daylight poured into it.

'Thomas,' he said, with a whimsical glance through his spectacles, 'I cannot do with an idle apprentice. I must cancel your indentures.'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Willy nilly I must keep you for to-day, since I have a little journey to take and I cannot leave the shop untended. But to-morrow, Thomas, you must go.' With that he grew more particular, and informed me that General Carpenter intended to lead his troops to Wigan no later than this very morning, since they could not be housed in Preston, and were, moreover, in sore need of rest from the rapidity of their march.

'General Wills,' he continued, 'is left to guard the prisoners, and that doubtless he can do—but he cannot watch the streets as well.'

Thereupon he gave me some directions as to what answers I should give to his customers, and went off upon his errand. And as a result of this errand, on the Wednesday evening the apothecary took a walk. He walked down the Fishergate Street, and every now and again, when a watchman or an officer going his rounds approached, he knocked twice upon the pavement with a heavy cane he carried, and maybe loitered for a little until the officer had passed. There were three men following him, whereof one I can affirm kept his hand beneath his great-coat tightly clasped about the butt of a loaded pistol; and whenever that double knock sounded, the three men dived into the first alley that presented. The apothecary's walk led across the marsh to the river's bank. The marsh itself might be deemed an unlikely spot for a comfortable citizen to take the air in when the night mist was smoking up from it to a November moon. But the rest of his peregrination was more extraordinary still. For he chose that point of the bank at which the river shallows and makes a ford, and without hesitation waded across. On the opposite side he waited for the three who followed to come up with him; which they did with a little delay, since two of them were old and the footing not the steadiest in the world. Half a mile along the bank the apothecary went forward and whistled. A boat slipped out from a clump of alders and the fugitives stepped on board. There was a hurried whisper of thanks from the boat, a bluff pooh-poohing of them from the bank, and the boatman pushed

off. We kept down the stream for some two hours, and disembarking again, after once more re-crossing the river, struck slantwise over the fields, and so towards morning came to a fisherman's cottage set amongst the sand-hills by the sea. It was here that my apothecary was wont to come upon his holidays and spend the time fishing; and he could have hit upon no refuge better suited to my purpose.

My first thought, however, when the boatman admitted us into his cottage, was for Mr. Curwen. It was now some hours since he had waded through the ford, and what with his wet limbs and the weary tramp across the fields, I was afraid lest he might fall into some dangerous fever. I was the more inclined to credit this fear from a perception that he was more troubled and downcast than I had seen him even after our submission and defeat. Accordingly, I asked the boatman to lend him some woollen stockings and other dry garments, which the man very readily did, and set before us thereafter a meal.

Mr. Curwen, however, eat little or nothing, but sat shaking his head, as though the world had crumbled about his ears. I made an effort therefore to rally him into the recovery of his good spirits, though with the heaviest heart. 'All was not lost,' I said, 'for here were we with whole skins, in a secure retreat, while, on the other hand, the Earl of Mar might be winning who knows what victories in Scotland.'

'It is not of the King,' he replied regretfully, 'nor of myself that I was thinking. It was of my daughter. I fear me, Mr. Clavering, I have given too much thought to a cause in which I was of the smallest use, and too little to Dorothy, with whom my duty lay.'

He spoke in a breaking voice and with a gleam of tears in his lack-lustre eyes.

'Mr. Curwen,' said I, changing my note on the instant, 'on the Sunday afternoon at the barricade I bethought me with all humility of the path which I must take through this tangle of our misfortunes; I saw very clearly that there were three duties enjoined on me. The first was, to help you to security, if by any means I could. Nay,' I said, as he raised a hand in deprecation, 'it was a promise I made to your daughter, and, believe me, it is one of the few comforts left to me in what remains of life that I see some prospect of carrying that promise to a successful issue. The second duty was, to bring your daughter Dorothy,' and it was my voice now which broke upon the

word, 'safely to you. That I have promised to myself, but I hold it no less sacred than the first.'

He reached out a hand to me across the table.

'And the third?' he asked timidly.

'It is the payment of a debt,' I replied—'a debt incurred by me to be repaid by me, and I put it last, not because it is of less incumbency than the other two, but because it ends my life, and with my life such poor service as I can do my friends.'

'It ends your life!' he exclaimed.

'So I do hope,' I replied, and since I meant the words, I can but trust there was no boastfulness in the expression, 'for it is my life alone that can now set the tally straight. God knows, my trouble lies not in the payment, but in the means of payment. For there are matters which I do not know, and it may be that I shall waste my life.'

This I said, thinking of my ignorance as to where Mr. Herbert lay imprisoned. I had a plan in my head, it is true, which offered me some chance of accomplishing this duty, but it only offered me a chance. Mrs. Herbert had promised me that she would remain in the lodging at Keswick, and during the interval since I had last set eyes on her, she might well have received news of her husband's whereabouts. But would she keep the promise—she had every reason in the world to distrust me—would she keep the promise I had so urgently besought of her?

'Mr. Clavering,' said my friend, 'I told you just now I was afeared I had thought too much of the King and too little of my Dorothy, but these words of yours put even that better thought to the blush. You have been at my elbow all the last days protecting me; you have brought about my escape; you are planning how to save my daughter; and all this while you have seen—you, young in the sap of your strength—you have seen the limits of your life near to you, as that barrier by the church was near to us at Preston. And not a word of it have you spoken, while we have bemoaned ourselves and made no secret of our misery. Not a word have you spoken, not a hint has your face betrayed.'

'Mr. Curwen, I beg of you,' I replied quickly, for the praise jarred on me, as well it might. 'A man does not speak what it shames him even to think of. But to my plan.'

I drew from my pocket a sheet of paper and a pencil, with

which I had provided myself before I quitted the apothecary's shop.

'Your sloop the *Swallow* should be lying now off the mouth of the Esk by Ravenglass.'

Mr. Curwen started at my abrupt remark. Was it merely that, amidst the turmoil and hurry of the last weeks, he had clean forgotten his design to set me over into France? Or was it that he had countermanded his order since that night when I had fled from Applegarth?

'It should be cruising thereabouts to pick me up,' I said, feeling my heart drumming against my breast. I did not dare to put the question in its naked directness. 'It should have reached Ravenglass by now.' Mr. Curwen sat staring at me. 'The ship—the ship I mean! Oh, answer me!' I cried. 'Answer me!'

'Yes!' he said slowly. 'The *Swallow* should be now at Ravenglass. That is true.' He seemed to be assuring himself of the fact and speculating on its import.

'You sent no message to prevent it sailing, after I left you?'

'None!' said he.

I drew a breath of relief.

'But we are now at the fifteenth of November. How long did you bid the captain wait?'

Mr. Curwen seemed of a sudden to grasp my design, though, as he showed me in a moment, he had got no more than an inkling of it.

'Until you hailed him,' he replied, rising from his chair in some excitement. 'He was to wait for you. That was the top and bottom of his orders. There was no time fixed for your coming.'

'Then,' said I, in an excitement not a whit less than his, 'the *Swallow* will be waiting now up the coast?'

In the little room we could hear the surf booming upon the sand. I flung open the window. The sound swelled of a sudden, as though the music of a spinet should magically deepen to an organ-harmony.

'Your *Swallow*,' I exclaimed, 'lifts and falls upon the very waves which we hear breaking on the sands.'

Mr. Curwen stepped over to my side. The sand-hills stretched before us, white under the moon, and with a whisper from the grasses which crowned them. I found a cheering comfort in their very desolation. Beyond the sand-

hills, the sea leaped and called, tossing to and fro a hundred jewelled arms. I felt my heart leaping with the waves, answering their call, and the fresh brine went stinging through my veins.

'Northwards,' I cried, reaching out an arm, 'round the point there, up the coast, beyond Morecambe Bay the *Swallow* waits for us. It is no great distance, Mr. Curwen. God save Lord Bolingbroke, who betrayed the Catalans!' I heard my voice ring with an exultation I had not known for many a day. I strained my eyes northwards along the sea. It seemed to my heated fancies, that the barrier of the shores fell back. My vision leaped over cape and bay, and where the Esk poured into the sea by Muncaster Fell I seemed to see the *Swallow*, its black mast tapering across the moon; I seemed to hear the grinding of its cable as it strained against the anchor.

Then very quickly Mr. Curwen spoke at my side.

'There is my daughter. In this great hope of ours, are we not forgetting her?'

'Nay,' I replied, 'it is of your daughter I am thinking. You trust your captain, you say? You trust your captain will be waiting now? If so, he will be waiting a fortnight's time; he waits until I come.' I drew Mr. Curwen back to the table.

'Look you, Mr. Curwen, I marched with Mr. Forster from the outset of the rising. We crossed from the Cheviots into England on the 1st of November; we proclaimed King James in Preston Market-square upon the 10th. Nine days enclosed our march, and we marched in force. There were other necessities beyond that of speed to order our advance. There was food to be requisitioned, towns to be chosen for a camp wherein our troops could quarter. At Penrith, at Appleby, we drew up for battle. All this meant delay. Some of us rode, no doubt, but our pace was the pace of those who walked. And, mark, nine days enclosed our march. A man alone and free to choose his path would shear two days from that nine, maybe three. I cannot choose my path, there will be hindrances. I must travel for the chief part by night. But I have not so far to go. Grant me nine days, then! It is the sixteenth—nay, the seventeenth. On the twenty-sixth I should be knocking at the door of Applegarth.'

'Nay,' said he, 'you will be captured. You have risked enough for us, more than enough. Mr. Clayering, I cannot permit that you should go.'

'Yet,' said I, with a smile, 'you will find that easier than to prevent me. You told me of a safe route between Applegarth and Ravenglass,' I continued. 'How long will it take a woman to traverse it?'

'I called it safe,' he answered doubtfully, making dots upon the paper with the point of his pencil, 'because it stretched along the watersheds. But that was in September. Now it may be there will be snow.'

The winter indeed had fallen early that year. Yes, the snow might be deep on the hills. I had a picture before my eyes of Dorothy struggling through it.

'Then we will add another day,' I answered, and strove to make the answer light. 'Given that other day, how long shall we take from Applegarth to Ravenglass?'

'Three days,' said he, 'or thereabouts.'

'Nine days and three, twelve together. Your daughter, Mr. Curwen, shall be on board the *Swallow* by the twenty-ninth. Meanwhile I think you can lie safely here with Ashlock. From Ravenglass the sloop shall sail directly here, and, taking you up, make straight for France. So sketch me here the way from Applegarth!'

Mr. Curwen drew a rough outline on the paper while I bent over him.

'You will mount to the top of Gillerthwaite,' he said, 'then bear to the right betwixt Great Gable and the pillar. Descend the grass into Mosedale. Here is Wastdale Church; strike westwards thence to the great gap between Scafell and the Screes. This is Burnmoor—five miles of it, and there is no water; after you pass Burnmoor tarn until you have come down to Eskdale. Cross Eskdale towards the sea. The long ridge here is Muncaster Fell. Keep along the slope of it, and God send you see the *Swallow*!' He gave me the paper. I folded it carefully and thrust it into my pocket. Then I took up my hat and held out my hand to him. He took it, and still clasping it came to the door with me, and out into the open.

'Mr. Clavering,' he said, 'when you first came to Applegarth I told you that I had lost a son. To-night I seem to have found another, and it would be a great joy to me if, when the *Swallow* puts in here, I could see that second son upon its deck.'

I stood for a moment looking at him, his words so tempted me! The difficulties of the adventure which lay before me

became trivial in my eyes as the crossing of a muddy road. My fancy, bridging all between, jumped to the moment when the *Swallow* should loose its sails with Dorothy on board. I saw myself in imagination standing by her side, watching the Cumberland Hills lessen and dwindle, the while we streamed down the coast towards the sandbanks here.

‘Then you shall see me,’ I longed to cry. But the thought of another woman weeping by a lonely lamp in Keswick crept into my heart, and thereafter the thought of a man lying somewhere kennelled in a prison.

CHAPTER XIX.

APPLEGARTH AGAIN.

I TRAVELLED along the beach until I reached the southern cape of Morecambe Bay, and only now and again swerved inland when I espied ahead of me the smoke and houses of a village. This I did more for safety’s sake than for any comfort or celerity in the act of walking. Indeed, the sand, which, being loose and dry, slipped and yielded with every step I took, did, I think, double the labour and tedium of my journey. But on the other hand, the country by the sea-coast was flat, so that I could distinguish the figures of people and the direction of their walk at a long distance—a doubtful advantage, you may say, and one that cut both ways. And so it would have been but for the grassy sand-hills which embossed the wide stretch of shore. It was an easy thing to drop into the grass at the first sight of a stranger and crawl down into the hollows betwixt the hillocks; and had such an one pursued me, he would have had the most unprofitable game of hide-and-seek that ever a man engaged in. I had other reasons besides for keeping near the sea. For since I travelled chiefly by night and in the late and early quarters of the day, I had need of a resting-place when the day was full. Now so long as I kept to the coast I had ever one ready to my hand amongst these lonely and desolate sand-hills, where I was easily able to scoop out a bed, and so lie snug from the wind. For another thing, I had thus the noise of the sea continually in my ears. I did not know in truth what great store I set on that, until a little short of Lancaster I turned my back on it. The sea sang to me by day and by night, lulling me like a cradle-song when I lay cushioned among the sand-

hills, inspiring as the drums of an army when I walked through the night. It was not merely that it told me of the *Swallow* swinging upon its tides, and of the great hopes I drew therefrom, but it spoke too with voices of its own, and whether the voices whispered or turbulently laughed, it was always the same perplexing mystery they hinted of. They seemed to signify a message they could not articulate, and it came upon me sometimes, as I sat tired by the shore, that I would fain sit there and listen until I had plucked out the kernel of its meaning. I used to fancy that once a man could penetrate to that and hold it surely, there would be little more he needed to know, but he would carry it with him, as a magic crystal wherein he could see strangely illuminated and made plain, the eternal mysteries which girded him about.

From Morecambe Bay I turned inland towards the borders of Yorkshire, and passing to the east of Kirby Lonsdale, that I might avoid the line of Forster's march, curved round again towards Grasmere. Here I began to redouble my precautions, seeing that I was come into a country where my face and recent history might be known. For since I had left the coast I had voyaged in no great fear of detection, taking a lift in a carrier's cart when one chanced to pass my way, and now and again hiring a horse for a stage. The apothecary at Preston, in addition to his other benefactions, had provided me with an inconspicuous suit of clothes, and as I had money in my pockets wherewith to pay my way, I was able to press on unremarked, or at least counted no more than a merchant's clerk travelling upon his master's business.

From Grasmere, I mounted by the old path across Cold Barrow Fell, which had first led me to Blackladies, and keeping along the ridge crept down into Keswick late upon the seventh day. There was no light in Mrs. Herbert's lodging as I slipped down the street, and for a second I was seized with a recurrence of my fear that she had left the town. It was only for a second, however. For that conviction which I had first tasted when I rode down Gillerthwaite in the early morning, had been growing stronger and stronger within me, more especially of late. I was possessed by some instinctive foreknowledge that the occasion for which I looked would come; that somehow, somewhere I should be enabled to bring forward my testimony to the clearing of Mr. Herbert from the imputation of disloyalty. It was a thought that more and more I repeated to myself, and each

time with a stouter confidence. It may be that these more immediate tasks to which I had set my hand—I mean the rescue of Mr. Curwen and his daughter from the consequence of participation in the rebellion—hindered me from looking very closely into the difficulties of the third and last. It may be, too, that this conviction was in some queer way the particular message which the sea had for me—that I had received the message unconsciously while pondering what it might be. I do not know; I only know that when I repeated it to myself, it sounded like nothing so much as the booming of waves upon a beach.

I slept that night under a familiar boulder on the hillside above Applegarth, and in the early morning I came down to the house, and without much ceremony roused the household. Mary Tyson poked her head out of a window.

‘Miss Dorothy?’ I cried.

‘She is asleep.’

‘Wake her up and let me in!’

So I was in time. Mary Tyson came down and opened the door; and in a little, as I waited in the hall, I heard Dorothy’s footsteps on the stairs.

‘You have escaped!’ she cried; ‘and my father—you bring bad news of him?’

‘No; I thank God for it, I bring good news.’

And the blood came into her cheeks with a rush.

I told her briefly how we had escaped from Preston. She listened to the story with shining eyes.

‘And all this you have done for—for us?’ she said, with a singular note of pride in her voice.

‘It is little,’ I replied, ‘even if what’s left to do crowns it successfully. But if in that we go astray, why, it is less than nothing.’ Thereupon I told her of the plan which I had formed with regard to the *Swallow*, and of the journey which she and I must take. She listened to me now, however, with an occupied air, and interrupted me before I had come to a close.

‘It is you who have done this?’ she repeated in the same tone which she had used before.

‘I did but keep my promise. It was made to you,’ I answered simply.

‘I am your debtor for all my life.’

‘No,’ I cried. ‘It is the other way about.’

‘I do not feel the debt,’ she said very softly, and then raising

a face all rosy: 'Ah, but I let you stand here!' she exclaimed. 'You shall tell me more of your plan while we breakfast, for I am not sure that I gave a careful ear to it;' and taking me by the arm she led me towards the dining-room. 'You have come from Preston in all this haste. My poor child!' She spoke in a quite natural tone of pity, and I doubt not but what my appearance gave a reasonable complexion to her pity. It was the motherliness, however, which tickled me.

'What is it you laugh at?' she asked suddenly, her voice changing at once to an imperious dignity.

'I was thinking,' said I, 'that your head, Miss Curwen, only reaches to my chin.'

'If God made me a dwarf,' said she, with a freezing stateliness, 'it is very courteous of you to reproach me with it—the most delicate courtesy, upon my word.'

She was in truth ever very sensitive as to her height, and anxious to appear taller than she was; for which anxiety there was no reason whatever, since she was just of the right stature, and an inch more or less would have been the spoiling of her; which opinion I most unfortunately expressed to her, and so made matters worse. For said she—

'Your condescension, Mr. Clavering, is very amiable and consoling;' and with that she left me alone in the room, until such a time as breakfast should be ready. I went out, however, in search of Mary Tyson, and finding her, explained my design, and asked her to put together in a bundle the least quantity of clothes which would suffice for Dorothy until she reached France. Mary fell in with the plan immediately, and began to regret her age and bulk that would hinder her from keeping pace with us. But I cut short her discourse, and bidding her hasten on the breakfast, made shift with a basin of water and a towel to hurriedly repair the disarray of my toilet.

For now every instant of delay began to drag upon my spirits. Once upon the hillside, it would be strange, I thought, if we did not contrive to come undetected to Ravenglass. We had to cross two valleys, it is true, but they were both rugged and bleak, with but few dwellings scattered about them, and those only of the poorer sort, inhabited by men cut off from the world by the barrier of the hills, who from very ignorance could not, if they would, meddle in their neighbours' affairs. The one danger of the journey that I foresaw lay, as I have said, in the great fall of snow.

But here within the walls of the house it was altogether different. Danger seemed impending about me. Every moment I looked to hear the beat of hoofs upon the road, and a knocking on the door. It was, I assured myself, the most unlikely thing that on this one day the officers should come for Dorothy Curwen, but the assurance brought me little comfort. I tasted in anticipation all the remorse which I should feel if the girl should be taken at the very moment of deliverance.

I was the more glad, therefore, when, on coming into the garden, I found Dorothy already dressed for the journey, in a furred waistcoat and a hood quilted and lined with a rose-coloured taffety.

‘That is wise,’ said I, ‘for I fear me, Miss Curwen, we shall have it cold before we get to our journey’s end.’

She said never a word, but stood looking at me, and if glances could make one cold, I should have been shivering then.

‘But let me be quick,’ I continued. ‘Is it known that you are at Applegarth? Have you ridden far abroad?’ And in my anxiety I went over to the window and gazed down the road. Neither did she answer my questions, but, standing by the fireplace, in an even, deliberate voice she began to read me a lecture upon my manners.

‘Miss Curwen!’ I cried; ‘do you understand? Every moment you stay here, every word you speak, imperils your liberty.’

She waited patiently until I had done, and continued her lecture at the point where I had interrupted her, as though I had not so much as spoken at all.

‘This is the purest wilfulness!’ I interrupted again, being indeed at my wits’ end to know how I should stop her. I think that I showed too much anxiety, with my bobbings at the window, and exclamations, and that, seeing my alarm, she prolonged her speech out of sheer perversity to punish me the more. At last, however, she came to an end, and we set ourselves to the breakfast in silence. However, I was too hot with indignation to keep that silence wisely.

‘The most ill-timed talk that ever I heard,’ I muttered.

She laid her knife and fork on the instant, and quietly recommenced. I rose from the table in a rage, and by a lucky chance hit upon the one argument that would close her lips.

‘You forget,’ said I, ‘that your father’s safety depends on your escape. If you and I are taken here, how shall he get

free?' And in a very few minutes after that I took up the bundle Mary Tyson had made ready, and we crossed the threshold of Applegarth and made our way up Gillerthwaite.

It was still early in the morning, but I pushed on with perhaps greater urgency than suited my companion, since I was anxious that we should lie that night in Eskdale. Dorothy, indeed, walked more slowly than was usual with her, and there seemed to me to be an uncertainty in her gait, at which I was the more surprised, since the wind blew from the east, and we, who were moving eastwards, were completely sheltered from it by the cliffs of Great Gable, towering at the head of the valley. The steeper the ascent became, the greater grew the uncertainty of movement, so that I began to feel anxious lest some sickness should have laid hold upon her. I thought it best, however, to say nothing of my suspicion, but contented myself with glancing at her stealthily now and again. There was no hint of sickness discoverable upon her face, only she pursed her lips something sullenly, as though she was persisting in what she knew to be wrong; and once I thought that her eyes caught one of my troubled glances, and she coloured like one ashamed. At last, just as we had topped the summit of the pass, and were beginning to descend the broad, grassy cliffs between that mountain and the Pillar, she spoke, and it was the first time she had opened her lips since we had left Applegarth.

'It is an apology you need, I suppose?' said she, with a singular aggressiveness, and my anxiety increased. For since I could not see that I had given her any occasion to take that tone, I was inclined to set it down to some bodily suffering.

'An apology?' I asked, with an effort at a careless laugh. 'And what makes you fancy I need that?'

'It is so,' she insisted, 'else you would not be glowering at me in this ill-humour.'

'Nay,' I answered seriously, 'I am in no ill-humour.'

'You are,' she interrupted almost viciously. 'You are in the worst ill-humour in the world. Well, I do apologize. I should not have kept you waiting at Applegarth.'

And I do not think that I ever heard an apology tendered with a worse grace.

'And now that I have begged your pardon,' she continued, 'I will carry my own bundle, thank you;' and she held out her hand for it.

'No, indeed, and that you will not do,' said I, hotly, 'if you beg pardon from now to Doomsday.'

'It is perfectly plain,' said she, 'that you mean to pick a quarrel with me.'

Now, that I took to be the most unjust statement that she could make. And—

'Who began it?' I asked. 'Who began the quarrel?'

'It is a question,' she replied, with the utmost contempt, 'that children ask in a nursery;' and very haughtily she marched in front of me down the hillside.

We had not gone more than a few yards before I stopped, only half stifling the cry which rose to my lips. I plumped down on the grass and fumbled in my pockets. Dorothy paused in her walk, turned, and came back to me.

'What is it?' she cried, and, I must suppose, noting my face, her tone changed in an instant. 'Lawrence, what is it? What is the paper?'

The paper was that on which Mr. Curwen had sketched the line of our journey. We were come to the curve in our descent into Mosedale from which that line was visible, as plainly marked on the face of the country as on the paper which I held in my hand. On the ridge of the horizon I could see the long back of Muncaster Fell, but it was not that which troubled me. We could keep on the western flank of Muncaster Fell. It was that gap between Scafell and the Screes which leads on to Burnmoor! I looked east and west. This gap that I see, I said to myself, is not the gap which Mr. Curwen meant; there will be another—there will be another! But all the time I knew most surely that this was the gap, and that over it stretched our path. Slantwise across Wastdale, and bearing to the right, Mr. Curwen had said. Well, Wastdale lay at my feet, its fields marked off by their stone walls, like the squares on a chess-board. Yes, that indeed was our way. Why, I could see Burnmoor tarn, of which he had made particular mention, and—and it lay like a pool of ink upon a sheet of white paper. There was the trouble! The wind had blown from the south-east this many a day, and with the wind, the snow; so that while in Gillerthwaite, in Ennerdale, in Newlands, through which I had come to Applegarth, I had seen the snow only upon the hilltops, and had not been troubled with it at all; there on Burnmoor it was massed from end to end. And Burnmoor was five miles across. I looked at Dorothy. Could she

traverse it—she that was ailing? Five miles of snow, and the wind sweeping across those five miles like a wave! For there was no doubt but we should have the wind. If I looked upwards towards Scafell, I could see, as it were, the puff of a cannon's smoke rising up into the air. That was the wind whirling the snow. If I looked downwards into Wastdale, I could see the yew-trees by the church tossing their boughs wildly this way and that. I could hear it rushing and seething in Mosedale bottom. I looked at Dorothy, and my anxiety grew to alarm.

‘What is it troubles you?’ she said again.

Well, somehow or another this line had to be traversed. I should serve no end by increasing her suffering with an anticipation of the evils before us.

‘Nothing,’ I answered, thrusting the paper back into my pocket. ‘I was wondering whether or no I had mistaken our road.’ And I rose to my feet.

I could perceive from her face that she knew I was concealing some obstacle from her. She turned abruptly from me, and led the way without a word. I followed, noticing, with an ever-increasing dismay, how more and more she wavered as the descent grew steeper. And then all at once I caught sight of something which set me laughing—loudly, extravagantly, as a man will at the sudden coming of a great relief. Dorothy stopped and regarded me, not so much in perplexity, as in the haughtiest displeasure.

‘Good luck!’ I cried; ‘nay, don’t stare at me. I cannot but laugh. For I believed it was the beginning of a fever troubled you, and now I know it to be a pair of heels.’

She flushed very red and turned herself to face me, so that I could no longer see more than the tips of her toes.

‘I know, too, the cause of your anger against me. It was a mere consciousness that you should not be wearing them.’

‘Oh, what a wiseacre!’ says Dorothy, confiding her opinion to the rocks about her. ‘What a wonderful perceptive wiseacre! how Miss Curwen is honoured with his acquaintance!’ All this in a tone of quiet sarcasm, which would have been more effectual had she not stamped her foot upon the ground. For on stamping, the heel slipped upon a loose stone, and had I not been near enough to catch her, the next instant she would have been lying full-length on the ground.

She gave something of a cry as I caught her, and sitting

down, panted for a little. We both contemplated the heels. Then I drew out the paper again from my pocket.

'It was this I was considering;' and I handed it to her. 'Mr. Curwen sketched it for me, and it is the way we have to go.'

I pointed out the gap and the snow upon Burnmoor. She followed the direction of my gaze with a shiver, and again, but this timewith equal melancholy, we fell to contemplating the heels.

'I put them on,' she explained, with a touch of penitence, 'before you said that about my father.'

'But you could have changed them afterwards,' I rejoined foolishly; and for my pains saw the penitence harden into exasperation.

'Besides, I cannot walk at all without heels,' says she, briskly making a catch at her assurance.

'You cannot walk with them, I know, that's a sure thing,' I persisted.

She turned to me very quietly—

'In spite of this great knowledge of yours, Mr. Clavering, of which, during the last minute, I have heard so much,' she began deliberately, 'there is one lesson you have yet to learn and practise. I have remarked the deficiency not only on this but on many occasions. You lack that instinct of tact and discretion which would inform you of the precise moment when you have said enough——'

How much longer she would have continued in this strain I do not know. For I sprang to my feet.

'If it is to be another lecture,' I cried, 'I accept the conclusion before it is reached. I can guess at it. Heels are your only wear, and the taller the better. Sailors should be enjoined by law to wear them, and they alone preserve the rope-dancer from a sure and inevitable death.'

'A wiseacre first,' says she, ticking off my qualities upon her fingers, 'and now a humorist! Well there! a salad bowl of all the estimable virtues estimably jumbled. And meanwhile,' she asked innocently, 'are we not wasting time?'

I well-nigh gasped at her audacity; for who was to blame, if not she with the heels? However, this time I was sufficiently wise to keep silence, leaving it to experience to reprove her, as it most surely would. In which conviction I was right, for more than once she tripped on the grass as we descended; halfway down she reluctantly allowed me to assist her with a hand, and as we two moved along the side of Mosedale Beck at the

entrance into Wastdale, she wrenched her ankle. The pain of the wrench luckily was not severe, and lasted no great while. She was in truth more startled than hurt, for we were treading the narrowest steep path, and at the side the rocks fell clear for about twenty feet to the torrent.

Thereupon she gave in and allowed me to go forward to a farmhouse lying at no great distance in Wastdale, and procure for her foot-gear of a more suitable kind. And comical enough it looked when she put it on, but I dared not laugh or so much as give hint of a smile, since I saw that her eyes were on the alert to catch me; for the worthy housewife, hearing a story that I made up about a young girl who was travelling in a great haste across Ennerdale to visit a father who lay sick beyond there, which story was altogether a lie, though every word of it was truth, made me a present of a pair of her own boots and would take no money for them.

These Dorothy put on. I slipped those she had been wearing into the pockets of my great-coat, and making a hurried meal off some provisions which Mary Tyson had added to the bundle, we again set out.

I was now still more inclined to push forward at our topmost speed, for it was well past midday, and the tokens of foul weather which I had noted in the morning had become yet more distinct. The clearness had gone from the day, the clouds, woolly and grey, sulked upon the mountain-tops and crept down the sides; the wind had suddenly fallen; there was a certain heaviness in the air, as of the expectation of a storm. We went forward into the valley. When we were halfway to the church, a puff of wind, keen and shrewd, blew for an instant in our faces, and then another and another. But that last breath did not die like the rest; it blew continuously, and gathered violence as it blew.

The yew-trees in the churchyard resumed their tossing; we were so near that I could hear the creaking of their boughs. I looked anxiously towards the gap through which we were to pass to Eskdale. It was still clear of the mist, but where a shrub grew, or a tree reached out a branch on the slope beneath the gap, I saw the wind evident as a beating rain; and even as I looked, the gap filled—filled in a second—not with these slow, licking mists, but with a column of tempest that drove exultant, triumphing, and now and again in the midst of it I perceived a whirling gleam of white like foam of the sea.

I looked forwards to the church, backwards to the house. The church was the nearer. I took Dorothy by the elbow.

'Run!' I cried.

'I cannot,' she replied, lagging behind.

I pressed her forward.

'You must!'

'These shoes——' she began.

'Devil take the shoes!' cried I; and thereupon, with a perversity which even I would not have attributed to her, she slipped a foot out of a shoe, and stepped deliberately into a puddle.

'There,' says she, defiant but shivering, 'I told you they were too wide.'

'You did it of a set purpose,' said I. I looked towards the gap: it was no longer visible. The storm was tearing across the valley. I picked up Miss Dorothy Curwen in my arms, and ran with her towards the church. I got to the stone wall of the churchyard; a little wicket gave admittance, but the wicket was latched.

'Let me down!' says Dorothy.

'No!' says I, and I pushed against the wicket with my knee. It yielded; a few flakes of snow beat upon my face; I ran through the opening.

The churchyard, like the church, was the tiniest in the world; the walls about it reached breast high, and within the walls the yews were planted close in a square: so that standing within this square, it seemed to me that the storm had lulled. I carried Dorothy to that side of the church which was sheltered from the wind. I tried the door of the church, but it was locked. I set Dorothy down under the wall, slipped off my great-coat, and wrapped it warm about her.

'Look!' said I, shortly.

Just past the angle of the church the snow swirled forwards—down in the valley here it was rather sleet than snow—lashing the fields through which I had run.

'Where are you going?' said Dorothy, as perhaps with some ostentation I buttoned my coat across my breast.

'To pick up your shoe,' said I; and I walked out through the wicket.

'I never met a man of so wicked a perversity,' said she from behind me.

(To be continued.)

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

ANY one attempting, in an amateurish way, to acquire a little knowledge of fungi, meets with a great many difficulties, among the earliest being the technical terms employed in most books on the subject. It is very little use to try and evade these by using an elementary or 'popular' work, for though the language is simple, it is also indefinite, and in trying to name a specimen, it is hard to feel any certainty from such slight descriptions whether or not any of them apply to the plant one has found. Some of the commonest and most striking species may be successfully named in this way; but for those with less strongly marked features, it will be found better to employ a more scientific work, trusting to the help of the glossary. This, too, has a bad habit of failing to give the very word that is wanted, while what seems a much more simple one is carefully explained; but still, it is a help. Such adjectives as 'flocculoso-squamose' and 'sub-squamuloso-rimose' do not convey much intelligence to the mind of a beginner, and it takes some time to become so familiar with these and similar expressions as to have a clear idea of their meaning. A little knowledge of Greek and Latin will, of course, lessen the difficulty; but without that knowledge it is slow work. The same thing may be said as regards the scientific names of the fungi, which are easily remembered when the derivation can be understood, but so long as they appear meaningless are apt to be forgotten.

Another thing that makes fungi harder to identify than flowering-plants is their extreme variability; the same species will differ so much in shape, size, and colour, according to the season or the place in which it grows, that an inexperienced person would find it hard to believe that the differences were only due to such circumstances. Then, too, the same individual goes through the most varied stages, and these are also very misleading, as colour, texture, and form alter considerably in the

course of development. Young but fully grown specimens should be selected, as far as possible, for comparison with descriptions and coloured plates; and not only so, but they must be examined while perfectly fresh, as fungi are, generally speaking, very perishable, and, when once gathered, soon lose their true characters.

Perhaps it is partly owing to these difficulties that the subject is not more popular, for comparatively few people take an interest in fungi, and very few make them a real study. Books on fungology are scarce, and it is hard for the learner to find one that is neither too elementary nor too scientific. Dr. M. C. Cooke's last book, 'British Edible Fungi,' gives very clear descriptions in simple language, and the coloured plates are extremely good, so that it is useful as far as it goes; the absence of any but edible species is a drawback, when one's aim is to identify whatever one has found, rather than to learn which kinds are good for food.

The book that I have myself found most valuable is the Rev. M. J. Berkeley's 'Outlines of British Fungology,' which gives a description of all that 'can be readily made out with nothing more than a common lens.' One meets here with the difficulty of the technical terms, and it is also rather puzzling at first to know where to look, among such a number of descriptions, for the work is a very complete one. The first of these difficulties grows less with practice, and the second must be met by giving a little attention to the system of classification.

Another reason for the little favour in which this branch of the vegetable kingdom is held lies in the supposed unattractiveness of its members. People say they are not pretty, added to which there is the wholesome dread of the poisonous kinds. Everything that is not a 'mushroom' is popularly supposed to be poisonous, for the favourite system of classification is the very simple division into two kinds—'mushrooms' and 'toadstools,' or eatable and poisonous, the first class comprehending the two or three species that are commonly accepted as good for food, while all others are included in the second. Dr. Cooke takes a very different view of the matter, for he says, 'The lowest estimate we can give of the number of species of gill-bearing fungi, of the mushroom type, which have been found in the British Islands, is eleven hundred, and yet of these there are comparatively few which are known to be positively dangerous.' It is true that those which are known are, for the most part,

very virulent, yet the number cannot be demonstrated to reach one hundred.' The same authority gives, at the end of the book above alluded to, a list of the fungi of all descriptions, gill-bearing and otherwise, which he considers 'available for domestic purposes;' and this list comprises about two hundred species. Some of them are eaten only in other countries, and some are not much recommended; but presumably any of the two hundred may be safely tried. About one hundred and thirty of these are of the mushroom type, so that, allowing for a hundred poisonous species, we have still left a third class, numbering about eight hundred and seventy individuals, which are neither edible nor absolutely injurious.

A good example of the care that is required in making experiments on unknown kinds is the following little account by Mr. Worthington Smith, of his own experience of *Agaricus fertilis*, or the poisonous forest mushroom: "Without doubt this is a furiously poisonous plant, for I once cooked a very small piece of a specimen for luncheon, and was very nearly poisoned to death thereby. I did not eat a twentieth part of the specimen gathered—I am sure not so much as a quarter of an ounce—and the taste was by no means disagreeable. But mark the result. (It must be borne in mind, too, that though I fell so dangerously ill I never till the last moment suspected the fungus. Such a confirmed toadstool-eater was I that I laid my symptoms to anything but the true cause.) About a quarter of an hour after luncheon I left home, and was immediately overtaken by a strange nervous, gloomy, low-spirited feeling quite new to me. Soon a severe headache added its charm to my feelings, and then swimming of the brain commenced, and I had great difficulty to keep upon my legs at all. More dead than alive, I soon returned home, and was horrified to find two others (whom I had invited to partake of my repast) in exactly the same condition as myself. At this moment, and not before, I thought of *Agaricus fertilis*. These two others had suffered precisely as I had done, and we all three were apparently dying fast. After a few days, with medical assistance, they got well; but I was very ill for the next four or five days, and it was not till a fortnight had elapsed that I had completely recovered."

With regard to the question of attractiveness, any one who has noticed fungi much must admit that they have a special beauty of their own. They are, as a rule, more subdued in colour than flowers, though here and there one meets with

brilliant shades of orange, scarlet, crimson, and yellow ; but the softer tones of mauve, brown, brownish red, and cream are peculiarly delicate, and different from anything else. My own experience is that they are, generally speaking, less bright than they are represented to be in coloured plates, but certainly not less beautiful. To appreciate them properly, it is quite necessary to see fresh-gathered specimens, for their colouring is evanescent in the extreme, and in a few hours, or even less, the delicate hues may vanish.

A good example of a brightly coloured fungus is the rich scarlet *Hygrophorus conicus*, which appears on lawns and in fields in the autumn, and when gathered so quickly turns black. Then there is the little orange-scarlet *Peziza coccinea*, growing close to the ground in winter, apparently without a stem. Several others of the genus *Hygrophorus* are also very bright in their moist, shining state ; and one of the commonest of the Agarics, the Bundled Stump Mushroom (*Agaricus fascicularis*), when seen to advantage, with its sulphur-coloured gills and golden brown cap, is certainly a beautiful object.

Most of the species of this interesting family of plants are of autumn growth, though some make their appearance in the spring, as, for instance, the St. George's Mushroom. September and October are the best months for the fungus-hunter, but when the early frosts begin many of the more tender kinds are destroyed. It is a little hard for Londoners to find good hunting grounds within easy reach of the metropolis. Certain species come up by the road-side, in gardens, and in bits of waste ground, but the variety of these is very limited. Richmond Park is an excellent place for them, but it loses much of its value from the prevailing idea that such growths should be destroyed on all possible occasions. The park is so much frequented, that, though the fungi make great efforts, they have very little chance of arriving at maturity without having their tops kicked off, or at least being roughly poked with an umbrella. In Kew Gardens they are very plentiful in the right season. The objection here is the strict rule which forbids the taking into the gardens of any basket in which to carry away specimens in good condition. This, however, can be overcome by application to head-quarters, when the student will receive a ticket entitling him to admission before public hours to gather specimens without fear of being molested by jealous officials. On a fine clear autumn morning, after a very heavy dew or a

slight frost, just sufficient to make the air feel crisp, a fungus hunt in Kew Gardens is most enjoyable. The absence of visitors makes the gardens for the time as secluded as if they were private grounds, while the fungi, all wet with the dew, show their brightest colours. They are wonderfully plentiful, too, and one may easily gather a large basketful in about an hour.

Then, to the beginner, comes the difficulty of naming them. One of the first things necessary for this work is to understand something about the different parts of the fungi, and the names by which they are alluded to in books. In the common mushroom, which may be taken as representing the largest group of fungi—the Agarics—the chief parts are the *pileus*, the *gills*, the *stem*, the *mycelium*, and the *spores*. The *pileus* is the upper part, or cap, underneath which are the thin plates called *gills*; the *stem* needs no explanation, and the fibrous part at the base, which answers to the root in other plants, is called the *mycelium*. The *spores*, or seeds, are produced on the gills, and appear only like the finest dust.

When very young the mushroom is almost globular in form, the *pileus* and gills being completely covered with an outer skin, which, as the plant develops, splits away from the stem, leaving traces of itself, however, in a little ragged frill, or collar, known as the *ring*. In many fungi this ring is absent altogether, and in some it quickly falls away, as in the mushroom in question.

With regard to the classification, the *Agaricini*, or gill-bearing fungi, are divided into genera or sub-genera. The first genus, called *Agaricus*, is divided into five series, according to the colour of the spores: these series are the *Leucospori*, or white-spored Agarics; the *Hyporhodii*, with pink spores; the *Dermini*, with brown; the *Pratellæ*, or purple-spored (to which belongs the common mushroom); and lastly, the *Coprinarii*, which have black spores. This test is a very convenient one as regards the first genus, *Agaricus*, but it is not applied in the same way to the succeeding genera. The best means of finding out the colour of the spores is to cut off the stem close to the gills, and lay the top of the mushroom on a piece of glass, or white paper, for a few hours, when the spores will be deposited in finest dust on the smooth surface.

Besides this division into series, the genus *Agaricus* is also divided into thirty-four sub-genera.

The second genus, following the final, or black-spored series

of the Agarics, is *Coprinus*, and in this genus all the species have black spores. Two of these are very well known, and are also good for eating—*Corpinus comatus* and *Coprinus atramentarius*—one of their most distinctive features being the way in which they ‘deliquesce,’ or melt away into a kind of inky fluid. The first is said to be quite equal to the mushroom in flavour, and more digestible. Both kinds are better gathered quite young, while the gills are still white or pale lilac, but in their more inky condition they will make good ketchup.

Another very well-known edible fungus is the little fairy-ring champignon (*Marasmius oreodes*), which is so common everywhere, and so easily recognised.

The genus *Lactarius*, comprising the milky mushrooms, may readily be identified by the characteristic alluded to in the name, and several species of these are considered very good for the table, especially *Lactarius deliciosus*, or the Orange Milk Mushroom.

If we pass on from this great order of *Agaricini*, the next order—*Polyporei*—is distinguished from the last by having tubes or pores, instead of gills, and contains several familiar kinds. The first genus here, and the one that approaches most closely to the *Agaricini*, is *Boletus*, which has the same umbrella-like form, and might at first sight be taken for one of the mushroom order; a glance at the under side of the cap, however, shows, instead of the gill-plates, the nearly even surface formed by the openings of the tubes or pores.

Of the *Polyporei* themselves, most of which grow on trees, and not on the ground like *Boleti*, one of the most common is *Polyporus versicolor*, seen everywhere on stumps and felled wood, with its variously coloured and zoned velvety pileus. More conspicuous, if not quite as common, is *Polyporus squamosus*, which frequently grows on ash trees.

At the end of this order comes the Vegetable Beef-steak, *Fistulina hepatica*, which may generally be found in Richmond Park, growing on oak-trees. In England the oak is its most common birthplace, but in Italy it also affects the chestnut.

Another interesting order is that which contains the puff-balls. The largest of these, *Lycoperdon giganteum*, is said to be delicious eating, but for this purpose requires to be cut while still immature, and before it loses its pure white colour. The fleshy interior, at first perfectly white, by degrees turns of a sulphury yellow, and then olive. Neither this nor any

her puff-ball is fit for food after the flesh has changed colour.

Although many of those enumerated are distinctive enough and easy of recognition, there are many more, equally common, but approaching so closely to one another that it is a most difficult matter for an uninitiated person to find out with any certainty what they are; and where there are no striking characteristics to act as a guide one often feels perfectly hopeless. Over and over again I have brought home a fungus, kept it a few hours, and tried in vain to find some description that agreed in all respects with the specimen before me, and have finally been obliged to give it up and throw away the trophy unnamed. This may at first seem waste of time, but I do not think it is so really, as by constantly examining the same species one's eye becomes familiar with its general character, and one learns to recognise it readily, though without a name. Even to know them by sight in this way is better than nothing, and may lead in time to a more definite knowledge.

Without special facilities for finding new kinds, it takes a long while to make the acquaintance of all the commonest species; but in spite of the many difficulties and drawbacks, there is an immense amount of interest and enjoyment to be derived from the amateur study of Mushrooms and Toadstools.

K. S. FENN.

PLUTARCH'S HEROES.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAKING OF HEROES.

OF Romulus we cannot say more, though we are conscious that, except in some rough sense of having performed valorous deeds, he hardly in our brief narrative comes before the reader as a 'hero.' If the lineaments of the ideal man are but faintly seen in his character, it is the fault, to some extent, of the part which he was called upon to enact, and to which we, in condensing, have been compelled to give prominence. War and the founding of empires are works demanding stout hearts and rude hands; but Romulus, as he is described to us by Plutarch, was by no means devoid of natural affections. Indeed, as a private individual, he is much to be preferred to Theseus, though, as a hero, he is perhaps inferior to him, since his actions were less voluntary. This, at least, is Plutarch's judgment, which, under the circumstances, some of us may think pedantic—but *passons*.

One moral to be drawn from these opening *Lives* is the failure of unlimited monarchy; and yet, in the infancy of states, the maintenance of order would seem to depend on the unquestioned authority of a single heroic person, and the awe inspired by his great and almost god-like qualities. To ensure, however, a succession of such beings is impossible, especially if the hereditary principle be admitted, for sons, according to the Homeric paradox, are generally worse than their fathers. Sooner or later we arrive at a state of things like that recorded in the Life of Lycurgus—one, that is, in which kings are kings so far as titles and dignities are concerned, but otherwise differ in no respect from the mass, while the genius for government, the capacity to lead, resides in another.

As has been already pointed out, Plutarch was so firm a believer in history repeating itself that he made it the basis whereon his work is constructed. Accordingly, there is no need

to apologise for adducing a parallel which has the merit of being tolerably exact. All have heard of Les Rois Fainéants, or Do-Nothing Kings, of Old France. Most, if not all, of these sovereigns were orphans, during whose minority the realm was administered by an ambitious subject bearing the, to us, quaint title of *Maire du Palais*. Now, this, as we learn from Plutarch, was the condition of affairs at Sparta in the days of Lycurgus, save only that Lycurgus himself is said to have been free from the taint of personal ambition.

The origin of the malady is traced to a certain King Eurytion, who, it is alleged, was the first to relax the severely monarchical character of the kingship. Like Theseus, he turned stump-processor, and endeavoured to please the multitude. The effect of this relaxation was that the multitude gained boldness, and later kings found themselves in this dilemma: either they were hated for coercing the people, or sank lower and lower through attempts to conciliate them or their own feebleness. The land was filled with lawlessness and disorder, and at length the royal father of Lycurgus, in seeking to separate some skirmishers, was struck by one of them with a cleaver. In this manner he died, leaving the throne to his elder son Polydectes. Polydectes did not long survive, and his successor, as yet unborn, was his son Charilaus. Charilaus was a true *fainéant*, and Lycurgus, who might have been king, deserved to be king, and for eight months actually was king, for righteousness' sake preferred the rôle of an *Ebroïn* or a *Pépin d'Héristal*.

In this capacity all his reforms were wrought, but before he could accomplish much, he succumbed, though only for a time, to the envy and distrust which, closely and perseveringly as their own shadows, dog the steps of all who would set the world to rights. Although he had given such striking proofs to the contrary, he was accused of opposing his young ward with an eye to his own aggrandisement; so, to remove all causes of suspicion, he voluntarily went into exile until his nephew had grown up, married, and been granted an heir. This period of travel—*wanderjähre*, as they may well be called—he employed in studying the constitutions of other lands, especially Crete and Ionia. He is stated also to have visited Egypt. That was the Egyptian story, and Plutarch is content to receive it, finding as he does evidence of its truth in sundry regulations believed to have been borrowed from that country. As to any more extended peregrinations ascribed to Lycurgus, his biographer bids us

beware, none but a certain Aristocrates being voucher for them.

The main object, or at least, chief interest, of these tours was political; but, if Plutarch may be trusted, the Spartan exile, whose countrymen were in general no great admirers of literature, rendered a lasting service to the Muses by re-discovering Homer, and piecing together the scattered portions of his epics. But we must be careful not to belie Lycurgus. He was not enslaved by intellectual dissipation. What attracted him in Homer was, not the frivolous and sometimes unwholesome fable, but the weighty political and educational lessons of which it was the medium.

And now the time was come for him to return. The Spartans, left with only *faintant* kings to guide them, missed his firm lead and sent him repeated messages. Even the kings themselves looked forward joyfully to his coming, for they hoped he would do what they could not, and impose some check on the outrageous many. 'Desperate diseases,' says the proverb, 'crave desperate remedies,' and Lycurgus, seeing that the Spartan state was sick almost unto death, determined on drastic measures of which the patient was not made aware.

His purpose being thus fixed, he first went to Delphi and obtained the sanction of Apollo. His next move was a secret conspiracy among the nobles, which kept ramifying until it was deemed opportune openly to declare themselves. As a demonstration, thirty gentlemen in arms marched at dawn to the market-place, and poor King Charilaus, supposing that a revolution was in progress against *him*, fled for safety into a temple; but, on being reassured, arose, took the oaths, and shared in the proceedings. Charilaus, though the conspirators had no designs on his life or royal dignity, was not wholly at fault in his misgivings. Almost the first thing Lycurgus did was to curtail his privileges by introducing a council of elders. This body, which consisted of twenty-eight members (or thirty, including the kings), was intended as a bulwark against tyranny on the one hand, and mob-law on the other.

In the new constitution the popular assembly was restricted to a very limited *rôle*. It had merely to say 'yea' or 'nay' to the proposals brought forward by the kings and elders. Later, even this power was taken from it, and the manner in which it was done throws a searching light on the methods of ancient statecraft. It seems that Lycurgus did not rely to any great extent

on physical force. He made his appeal to those venerable faiths which overstepped local boundaries, and in which the Greek race found its unity. That a clever man, acting on the principle that the end justifies the means, might discover a way of 'working the oracle,' even by bribing the Pythoness—this apparently did not occur to the simple minds of the commonalty, and therefore the ordinances of Lycurgus were palmed off on the Spartans as divinely inspired. But granting that he derived his laws from Delphi, that the enigmatical *rhetra* was not all or at all a forgery, yet the fact remains that these sacred effusions were sometimes tampered with by unscrupulous politicians, as is shown by the conduct of those monarchs by whom the commons were deprived of their last shred of influence.

The Kings Polydorus and Theopompus, dissatisfied with the arrangement which made the commons the final arbiters of affairs, inserted in the *rhetra* a clause to the effect that if the people chose wrong, then the elders and sovereigns should put them away and dissolve the assembly. This clause they induced the people to accept, on the pretext that it had been enjoined by the god. The whole episode might be cited as an illustration of the eternal incapacity of the mob. Monsieur le Bon, in his 'Psychologie des Foules,' speaking of the 'egalisation du savant et de l'imbécile dans une foule,' declares that the mental quality of the individuals composing a crowd is of no importance whatever. From the moment they become a crowd, the fool and the wise man are alike incapable of observation. Crowds, says this authority, never reason, but accept or reject ideas *en bloc*; and, he adds, they will not endure contradiction or discussion. These remarks, if they explain and justify the discontent of the Spartan kings with the national *ecclesia*, explain also the apparent supineness of the latter in submitting to—practical—extinction.

About the same time another innovation, which accorded so well with Lycurgus' policy that it may fitly be mentioned here, restricted still more the power of the kings. This was the appointment of ephors. The meaning of this term is 'overseers,' and the persons they were supposed especially to watch were the twin-sovereigns. When the wife of Theopompus reproached him for handing down to his children a shorn and minished office, 'A greater,' he replied, 'because destined to last longer.' This was precisely the aim of Lycurgus: a constitution based on the most stable elements of society. A monarchy in the literal sense seemed to depend too much on the personality of

the ruler, while the supremacy of the rude and fickle and ignorant populace was a danger to be avoided at any cost.

Though we have every reason to be economical with regard to space, we cannot resist the temptation of pointing out what is, we believe, a little-known fact, viz. that in mediæval Aragon this constitution of Sparta—quite fortuitously, so far as direct imitation was concerned—was almost exactly reproduced. There was the king, there was the assembly of *ricos-hombres* and *hidalgos*, and, most remarkably, there was, corresponding to the Spartan ephors, the *justizza*. The *justizza*, however, instead of revising the acts of the monarch, reported to him on the conduct of his ministers. He constituted in his own person the Supreme Court of Appeal, and it was for him to say whether the proceedings of the executive at any time were in conformity with the fundamental laws of the realm. The actual functions of the *justizza* are sufficiently indicated by the name given to him by the historian Zurita—Defender of the People.

Having settled the form of government, Lycurgus' next care was to provide for the welfare of that class on which rested all his hopes for the future. This may be described as the middle class, for it consisted of persons of petty fortune, though free from the necessity of severe and degrading toil. It was the central object of Lycurgus' policy to prevent this class from degenerating into a *bourgeoisie*, to imbue it, and for ever, with the sentiments and ideas proper to an aristocracy. The existence in Sparta of a race of slaves—the miserable Helots—was alone calculated to produce and foster such feelings, and the spirit of independence, if threatened at all, was threatened from above in the formation of a higher order of plutocrats and nobles.

When we peruse the account of Lycurgus' reforms, we are tempted to ask whether human nature, in its essentials, is always and universally the same. Is it possible that rich men in any number would consent to give up their superfluous wealth for patriotic reasons, and from a conviction of the moral and social evils resulting from excessive inequality in worldly goods? If spontaneous conduct of this kind be not inconsistent with the facts of human nature, then such a sweeping remedy as a redistribution of property would seem to be possible only in the case of a community whose economic conditions, both internally and externally, were extremely simple. Lycurgus' success, if historical, was due partly to the legerdemain of the Delphic oracle, partly to the magnetism of his own person, and partly

to the terrible impasse into which affairs at Sparta had drifted through existing or impending anarchy. Even as it is, Plutarch is duly impressed with the greatness of the achievement, which he calls *μεγανικώτατον*. It is somewhat difficult to find an equivalent for this term in English, but the idea is that the measure was one which, for its scope and daring, only a young man would be likely to conceive and execute.

So far as land was concerned, the owners appear to have placed it, so to speak, into the 'pool,' and received back their allotted share with, at any rate, resignation. But when it became a question of furniture and personal belongings, this meekness ceased to manifest itself. So firm was the resistance that Lycurgus was obliged to give way, and instead of direct confiscation, he warred against luxury and extravagance by circuitous methods. He abolished gold and silver money, and prescribed that iron only should be used for this purpose. It might be urged as an objection to this course that the relative abundance of iron would in many transactions necessitate the employment of a large quantity of the metal, which would therefore be inconvenient as a medium of exchange. But this was precisely Lycurgus' intention. By substituting iron for gold he thought to do away with temptations to crimes, such as bribery, theft, embezzlement, and the like. As corollaries, the measure entailed the banishment of useless and superfluous handicrafts, and the suspension of nearly all commerce by sea and land. The Spartans were thus taught to despise trade, with the wealth that grows out of it, and to depend for a modest maintenance on the soil.

Another reform attributed to Lycurgus was the institution of the common mess for men. Each member was required to make a monthly contribution in kind, consisting of barley, wine, cheese, and figs, in stated amounts, and to pay a small sum for meat. These 'messes' were, to all intents and purposes, social clubs. Their convivial character is shown by the jesting and 'chaffing' said to have gone on in them, while it is amusing to read that if any one felt he could stand it no longer he was allowed to 'cry off,' when his tormentor desisted. Even 'black-balling' was not unknown, and a single black ball, or, as it happened to be in this case, crushed pellet of bread, excluded. The evident design of these clubs was to promote a feeling of fellowship, an *esprit de corps*.

It was in education, however, that Lycurgus left the deepest

impress of his talent for administration. Such an education as that of Sparta has probably never been known anywhere else in the world, though the style of English public schools in former times makes some approach to it. In applying his methods, Lycurgus took care to assure himself of the excellence of his raw material. In other words, he, like a wise man, recognised the futility of educating one sex only, whilst leaving the other to grow up in utter neglect. Running, and wrestling, and throwing of quoits and javelins—these were some of the exercises prescribed for the girls. The very mention of them suggests what was really the principle of Spartan education—namely, the virtual abolition of all distinctions depending on sex. This principle was carried out with a thoroughness that would dismay even the newest of new women; and, to be candid, the picture which Plutarch gives us of Spartan manners is not altogether pleasing. Everything appears to have been sacrificed to the god of physical perfection; a very good ‘god,’ we admit, and infinitely superior to some of the gods the Greeks worshipped; still, the intellect, the affections, and the soul should not be entirely thrust aside by bone and muscle, and the needs of a great training establishment.

The child was regarded as far too important to be left to be the empiricism of loving parents, who might have been tempted to spare the rod—a weakness seldom yielded to by the State. At seven years of age boys were placed in public schools under the supervision of certain elderly gentlemen, who amused themselves—all for a good object, of course—in provoking disputes and fights between them. In a way all grown-up men were fathers and tutors and governors—Plutarch actually uses these expressions—of the nation’s hope; but they seem also to have appointed a sort of instructor-general, who made this duty his especial province. Moreover, much power was delegated, as regards the boys, to a class of young men known as *eirenes*. These *eirenes* were more than monitors and less than assistant-masters; but if they, according to our way of thinking, were nondescripts, the boys submitted to their tender mercies were indubitably ‘fags.’ Lastly, if a boy had any merit, he usually found among the crowd of spectators a ‘backer.’ A person required some caution in taking upon himself this office, for if his favourite, in the course of fighting, uttered an unmanly note, the authorities chastised, not only the pugilist, but the patron.

The Spartan mode of education contradicts in so many points

modern notions of propriety, that it is necessary at each step to be ready with a fresh apology or disclaimer. The pleasant custom of the Spartan seniors to set schoolboys by the ears is hardly defensible. It may be politic, when such incidents arise spontaneously, to affect ignorance concerning them; but to egg children on, oh, ye Quakers! how *could* they think it right? It is certain, however, that they did, and that this was only one of several methods in use to harden youth—methods which few nowadays would scruple to stigmatise as brutal. Naturally, amidst these stern exercises, book-learning occupied but a subsidiary place. Indeed, it is plainly hinted, that had it not been in some sort a necessity, it would have occupied no place at all.

The wisdom of the ancients knew of a much better way of employing the precious years of boyhood than in teaching it rhetoric and logic, or grammar and geography, as we might say. Poetry was good, and music was good; but, in culinary language, they were merely the dessert of the educational fare; they were not the *pièce de résistance*. What, then, was this wonderful recipe, surpassing alike the systems of contemporary Greece and all the arts of modern pedagogy? It was—teaching the boys to steal, and not only to steal, but to be artful at it. Some of the young Fagins would go into the gardens and orchards, carrying off fruits and vegetables, while others would creep into the men's quarters and 'convey' what they could of the contents of the larder. If they managed well, not a word was said; but if any of them was caught, he was duly flogged and sent supperless to bed—as a blockhead! And the object? it is important to know that. Well, it was to accustom them, as far as might be, to the conditions of actual warfare.

The persons chiefly responsible for indoctrinating youth in dishonest practices were the aforesaid *eirenes*, who also punished their charges. The *eirenes* were further entrusted with the task of sharpening the wits of the lads. This they did by after-dinner catechising, when juvenile Spartans were plied with such questions as 'Who among men is the best?' 'Who is disreputable?' etc. Some *eirenes*, it seems, contracted the habit so badly as to forget that there is a time for all things; and a sorry fellow, having plagued the illustrious Demaratus by asking him 'Who is the best of the Spartans?' was answered, 'He who is most unlike you.'

Education at Sparta did not end with boyhood and youth, but was carried on until an advanced period of life. As has been already shown, citizens were not permitted to live as they

pleased, and at every turn the Spartan was made to feel that he belonged, not to himself, but to his country. So far as literature entered into his studies, it was in the shape of national odes commemorating the 'brave days of old' and sung to suitable airs. As the final result, it may be affirmed that the Spartan was never so much at home as when face to face with the foe, an occasion for which all his previous efforts had trained him.

The description here given of the Spartan phalanx as it went into action is most impressive. Every man was a hero, and yet the most perfect order prevailed, while, without fear or ambition, mildly and cheerfully, they advanced to the sound of music. It is quite in keeping with this serenity that the Spartans did not pursue the enemy further than was necessary to assure themselves of victory, which, until they were demoralised by Lysander and the capture of Athens, was invariably theirs. The secret of the whole was obedience. When somebody said to Theopompus that the welfare of Sparta was due to the kings being able to rule, the monarch replied, 'Say rather because the citizens are capable of obedience.' The world has never ceased to admire the heroes of Thermopylæ, and its admiration has been well bestowed; nevertheless, Plutarch does right to mention the magnanimous conduct of Pædaritus, who, when not included in the Three Hundred, went away rejoicing that his country had three hundred better men than himself. This was paralleled by the remark of the mother of Brasidas, who asked some arrivals from Amphipolis whether her son had died gallantly and in a manner worthy of Sparta. They replied in the affirmative, and extolling the general, declared that Sparta had not his equal. 'Do not say so, my friends,' she answered, 'for truly Brasidas was good and noble, but Sparta has many better men than he.'

Of course there was the dark side, and it happens that in this case the dark side was more than usually sombre. Those poor villeins the Helots, on whose tillage of the soil our heroes depended for a living, were subjected to the terrors of ambushes and assassinations, the work of a Secret Commission. This commission was composed of young Spartans, who prowled about the country surprising and slaying the most promising of the slaves whose physical vigour and elevation of mind might cause them to repine at their lot, and initiate, as once happened, a dangerous insurrection. Plutarch endeavours to whitewash this custom, as dictated in large measure by political necessity;

but even he hesitates to credit Lycurgus with its institution, as being opposed to his merciful and righteous disposition. Seeing, however, that he is represented as taking his own life, in order that the Spartans might be prevented from revising the constitution, it might fairly be argued that he would not be likely to value too highly the lives of unhappy Helots if he thought their existence a menace to the State. Anyhow, it is a question whether in the history of the world the supremacy of a class has ever been maintained by means so detestable and cruel.

To some it may seem that we have devoted too much space to the first three Lives, seeing that they contain so large an amount of what is literally and historically unreal. This very circumstance, however, heightens the importance of the ideal element. The Greeks and Romans loved to trace back their special virtues and distinctive customs, as far as possible, to some one name. Thus Romulus, though he may never actually have lived, is the incarnation of the conquering spirit of Rome; Theseus, of the lofty diplomacy of Athens; and Lycurgus, of the unshaken discipline of Sparta. Every hero embodies an idea, it is that which lifts him above the brute; and Lycurgus, Theseus, and Romulus represent the animating principle which, in their several countries, made so many heroes, nameless and forgotten now, ready to die.

Plutarch, though he has nowhere, we think, expressed himself definitely in this sense, comes very near to doing so in his observations on the work of Lycurgus. After declaring that the happiness of states consists in the freedom, self-sufficingness, and sobriety of the citizens, he goes on to remark, 'This both Plato, and Diogenes, and Zeno, and all who are esteemed for their efforts in discussing these subjects, took as the basis of their constitutions, but they left behind them words and letters only. Lycurgus, on the contrary, brought to light, not letters and words, but a palpable, an inimitable constitution, and exhibited to those who hold that there is no such thing as the philosophic temper, the spectacle of a whole city devoted to wisdom. No wonder, then, that, in point of fame, he surpassed all the statesmen of Greece.'

As we are addressing English readers, it may be of interest to add that More's 'Utopia,' own sister to the speculative writings which Plutarch mentions, is largely built on the account here given of the Lacedæmonian state.

A MERE LOVE TALE.

BY EUPHROSYNE.

CHAPTER I.

'But souls whom some benignant breath
Hath charmed at birth from gloom and care ;
These ask no love, these plight no faith,
For they are happy as they are.'

IT was a pleasant summer evening, and a grey old rector sat in the veranda of his grey old rectory, with two of his daughters, talking pensively.

The melancholy was deepened by the occasional weird cry of an owl from the tall elms which loomed near in the twilight, and the more distant song of the nightingales, with that thrill of anguish in it which has given rise to so many fanciful ideas and legends.

'I cannot have many more years on earth,' the old man was saying. 'Promise me, dear girls, that you will not go away and leave me.'

'Of course we never will, papa dear,' said Cecily, the elder. 'We shall always stay with you, and the others will come back, you know. Ella will have her holidays ; and Kathleen always said that if she could only have two years of hospital training, then she would be quite content to stay at home, and "keep her hand in" by nursing in the parish till——'

There she stopped, in some confusion, and her father concluded—

'Till she has nursed me into my grave. Yes, it's reasonable enough, and I ought not to grumble ; but I have the foolish weakness of liking to see my flock around me. Of course it would be different if you went to homes of your own, dears ; I should like that.'

'Now, that's the unfairness of things,' exclaimed Juliet, the younger. 'If a girl wants to leave her home and *work*, no one

approves ; people say she's wanted at home—her first duty is there, and all that. But if she wants to *marry*' (she spoke the word with ineffable scorn) 'the whole world smiles approval. You would be deserted much more, you inconstant man, if one of us were to go off and be at the beck and call of a husband. But you know well enough that none of us mean to take that foolish step,' she ended calmly.

These four daughters of a widowed father had lived tranquilly the usual 'clergywoman' life until the eldest was thirty-four, and the youngest ten years her junior. Then this latter young person, whose tastes were medical and energy great, gave her father no peace till she was allowed to go into a hospital. Roused by her example, the second sister, Ella, who, together with Juliet, had kept her mind going by an abundance of correspondence classes and societies of various erudite kinds, and nourished a longing for more light and learning and excitement than their tranquil village afforded, announced that she had made up her mind to go to Oxford, and proceeded to enter at Lady Margaret's. Cecily the elder was completely her father's companion, rectoress, and housekeeper, and felt no desire for a flight into wider spheres. And if Juliet did, no one ever suspected or heard of them. She was one of those people who always carry about with them an atmosphere steeped in sunshine, which was partly owing to Nature, but still more to grace, for neither a cold, a headache, nor a disappointment was suffered to bring a cloud over it. She was a most useful member of a household too, being, as she said of herself, 'Jack of all trades, and master of none ;' and when her sisters, who had their special lines, went away, she readily undertook to fill their vacated posts.

'You'll have to take the organ, of course, when Mr. West takes his holidays,' said Ella, the really musical one ; 'and mind you practise up some nice things to play to papa in the evenings. And you must manage to carry on the G.F.S. singing class ; they are getting on so well. And I don't see why you shouldn't sing a little sometimes at the mothers' meetings ; *they* won't be critical, and they do love a sentimental ballad. Oh, and when you go to see old Mrs. Martin, you *must* sing her a hymn. I always do, and she enjoys a good cry the while.'

'She'll enjoy a good laugh when I do,' said Juliet, cheerfully. 'But I'll manage to strum and hum things along somehow, old girl. Never mind if I *do* injure my reputation for life.'

'Now, Juliet,' Kathleen took up her tale, 'you really will have to do some gardening while I am away, for Fenton can *not* be trusted about the flowers, and I don't want to find the place a howling wilderness when I come back. Besides, it will be very good for you, and make you go out more.'

'If you could endow me with "a cast-iron back with a hinge in it" as well as your tools,' answered Juliet, 'I might enjoy the prospect. However, I must make a try, anyhow, and you shall find a regular Eden when you come back.'

And so she went gaily through her humdrum life, and found in books and Nature satisfaction for all her higher needs. If she felt a longing for intellectual conversation, she would take the 'Essays of Elia,' for instance, and have a talk with that charming writer. If she wanted society, she repaired to Miss Austin or Thackeray. If she pined for the theatre, she had recourse to Shakespeare. If she wished to be taken out of herself, she went to the poets for help.

Thus passed the time, until an occurrence refuted Ella's restless assertion that 'nothing ever happened' at Sandford.

It was a hot afternoon in harvest-time, and Juliet was fighting through a choir practice, feeling that the children were singing unwillingly, longing to be out at play, and that she would give anything to be sitting in the garden by the brook, listening to its quiet tune, instead of to the discordant performance that was going on. It did not, however, sound discordant in the ears of a young man who was passing through the churchyard, and paused under the limes to listen. He thought, as people usually do in a village which they don't inhabit, how charming and peaceful everything was—the grey old church, with the sweet old chants issuing from it, the shadows of the great trees lengthening, and the voices from the yellow cornfields echoing cheerfully. It seemed good to live in such a place. He roused himself soon, and went on towards the rectory with purpose in his step, and found himself shortly in the cool, dark study, nervously asking the startled rector's permission to propose to his daughter Juliet.

Frank Crofton was the son of a neighbouring squire, and had lately been presented to a modest living, for which only he had waited, he explained, before speaking to the lady of his hopes. He was rather alarmed by the distress and perplexity on the father's countenance.

Most parents are expected to be rather thankful to have their

daughters taken off their hands, but this unreasonable old man seemed distinctly annoyed.

'Do you think that she has any idea that you—ah—care for her?' he asked at length.

'I should think not,' answered Crofton, colouring. 'I have never said anything of—of—that sort to her.'

'Well, I cannot exactly wish you success, for it would be a hard thing for me to lose my daughter; but I must not put any obstacles in your way. You shall certainly see her, but'—and he smiled contentedly—'I do not think you have much chance. She has always declared herself against matrimony.'

'Ah, but that is only a theory, perhaps,' said the young man; though he felt his heart sink.

Just then a gay voice warbling was heard, as its owner came into the house.

'Juliet,' called her father.

'It's not Juliet,' said Cecily, looking in. 'Oh, how do you do, Mr. Crofton. I think she is in the garden, that is, if the practice is over. Shall I go and fetch her?'

'No, dear, I will go myself.'

Cecily disappeared, and Crofton arose to accompany the rector.

'Oh, I thought you would wait here, Crofton. Had I not better prepare her first?'

'That you certainly shall not,' said Crofton to himself; and aloud, 'Thank you, but I would rather'—and he smiled forlornly—'open the question myself.'

They went out together, and on the bank of the pretty stream that was the great charm of the garden, with its rippling murmur and the bending willows above it, they paused simultaneously, for opposite them stood Juliet, looking as if she were in some happy dream, her eyes fixed on the waters, her ears full of their murmuring sound, so that she was unconscious of the presence on the other side.

'Let me go to her,' said Crofton, breathlessly, and hastened to the bridge, while the rector went back to the house with a sigh.

'He's a worthy fellow,' he reflected, 'but he's not good enough for my little Sunshine, and woe's me if he gets her.'

Meanwhile, Juliet's fate came nearer, and she looked up startled as the young man approached her, and seemed to have some difficulty in realising who he was.

'You seem to have sprung out of the earth,' she said. 'I had

no idea that you were in these parts at all. Aren't your people in town still?"

'Yes,' he said, looking confused. 'I have only come over for a day or two.'

'Poor fellow,' said Juliet to herself, 'he's as shy as ever.—But how did you get to this particular spot?' she went on, laughing. '*I* call it trespassing.'

'In quite a lawful manner, I assure you. I have been with your father, and we came out together, and then he—I mean I—at least——' Here he stopped in despair.

'Well, come and sit down in the shade,' she said, leading the way to a rose-wreathed bower near, and thinking the while: 'Papa has evidently wanted to get rid of him, so I must tackle him till teatime.—By the way,' she went on, 'I haven't congratulated you on your new dignity; we were so glad to hear of it.'

'Thank you,' he said. 'I should have been glad enough to go without it, if it had not made one thing possible, which I have wanted for years.' (Juliet looked at him in surprise at the emotion in his tone.) 'It is this,' he went on, with desperate resolution. 'I can ask for it now—it is your love, Juliet. Stay, listen,' he cried, seizing her hand as she started up with an exclamation—was it of horror? And then, his embarrassment fled, he told his tale: How he had loved her for years, how the hope of winning her had been his beacon through years of dull, uncongenial work, and the thought of her his abiding joy.

Juliet, breathless with surprise at first, managed at last to cry, 'Oh, please stop; don't, don't say any more; you can't really mean it. It can't be true. I never dreamed of such a thing.' She turned her head away, feeling as if she could not bear the look in his eyes. 'You mustn't mean it,' she cried desperately.

'I see I have startled you,' he said. 'It is such a part of my life that I forget it is not so to you. Sit down again, and tell me why I must not mean it.' His voice was so kind and soothing that Juliet grew calmer.

'I don't want you to mean it,' she began, 'because it is utterly impossible.'

'Don't say that,' he broke in, 'or rather, say why it is impossible.'

'Because I am determined to—to live a single life, in the first place.'

'Such resolves have to be given up sometimes,' he said resolutely. 'What more?—or no! tell me that you cannot love me. Nothing but that can put an end to my hopes.'

'I do *not* love you,' she replied at once.

'That is not the same thing; I could not expect it, as you knew nothing of my feelings; but you might come to love me. Do you *like* me?'

'Well, yes,' she admitted, half-smiling, 'but that has nothing to do with it.'

'On the contrary,' he replied contentedly, 'it has everything to do with it in my eyes.'

'This is absurd, Mr. Crofton,' she said in a vexed tone. 'Please understand me. I have no intention of—of marrying, all my life. I have arranged my career otherwise, and—and shall not lightly alter. You must forget all this.'

'You say you will not lightly alter,' he broke in. 'Do you think that *I* can, after loving you—yes, it is true—ever since I first saw you, seven years ago, and living in the hope of winning you all this time. Oh, Juliet,' he cried, seizing her hands, 'don't end it like this! Say that you will try to love me. Give me *some* hope.'

She looked at him sorrowfully. How dreadful it was to see this man, over whose stupidity and plainness she had often laughed, utterly transfigured by his passion and intensity of purpose, and to feel that it was on her account, and that she must give the death-blow to his hopes! But her mind never faltered, though her voice did, as she began:

'I am so very, very sorry; but you will soon leave off caring for me when you know that it is no use, and——'

'You don't know what love is,' he cried, 'to talk of its ceasing so easily. No, I love you, and shall love you till death, ay, and after; and if you will not have me, I shall live lonely and solitary.'

'No doubt every one feels like that at first,' she said soothingly. 'But it won't last long.'

'Do you know anything about it?' he asked, smiling faintly.

'No, but I know what principle and philosophy may do for reasonable people, and you are that, I think.'

'Reasonable I am, and therefore I refuse to give this up. If you said you could never love me, I might despair; but when your only reason is a resolve not to marry—will you not tell me why you have made this resolve?'

'If it will satisfy you, I will. You see there are a great many women in the world who are not fit to stand alone. Marriage is evidently for them, and as there aren't husbands for all—don't laugh at me—I, who feel able to stand alone, and in fact should prefer it, mean to do so. I shall stay with my father as long as he lives, and then shall devote myself to some work that I believe I could do well.'

'Then do you mean that even if you loved me you would remain faithful to this course you have marked out for yourself?'

'Yes,' she said firmly, 'I do mean that. You choose your work in life, I suppose; why should not I choose mine and keep to it?'

'Because your choice seems wholly wilful,' he said rather sternly, 'and you do not care what feelings you trample on, and what happiness you destroy, in keeping to it. It is my belief that our special life-work is sent to us, when we are fit for it, and that we have not the power to choose, though unhappily we can refuse it.'

Juliet seemed rather struck.

'No doubt,' he went on more mildly, 'it is some very good work that you mean to do. But you would have much power and opportunity for doing good as my wife. I would not hinder you, and how you would help me! Will you not think it over and'—he lowered his voice—'ask that you may be shown what to do.'

Juliet was touched. This was a new aspect of the case.

'I will, if you like, but it is no use,' she said.

His face brightened considerably, notwithstanding.

'You mustn't hope; promise me that you will not,' she cried.

'You might as well ask that brook to stop flowing,' he replied. He took her hands and held them for a moment, with a wistful tender look. 'I believe you could love me if you would,' he said gently.

She neither looked nor spoke, and he went away without further parley.

Left to herself, Juliet sat long in a sort of dazed condition, till she suddenly remembered that the trivial round must be gone through as usual, and hurried into the house. That night she lay sleepless, thinking it all over. She tried to consider impartially, but involuntarily arrayed all her forces on the side of refusal.

Was she to give up the plan of her life just because a self

young man wished her to devote herself to him—'soul, body, whole existence?' She felt perfectly sceptical about the lifelong love, hopeless or otherwise, that a man could feel. Were there not countless instances to the contrary, in literature and in life? Besides, she did not love him, and that was quite enough. But his last words *would* haunt her, and she had a lurking feeling that they were true.

'However, I've made up my mind, and I shall go to sleep and not think about it any more.' And so she did, and her first care the next morning was to write a firm rejection to her hapless lover, and then to drown the sting of remorse in household cares of various kinds, and try to forget 'all about it.'

That evening, as she was watering some of Kathleen's pet plants, her father came up and said—

'Well, my child, am I to know nothing?'

'Nothing at all,' she replied gaily, 'except that it is growing too damp for you to be out. Go in, like a good man, and get out the chess-board. I'll come in a twinkling.'

'Have you sent that poor fellow about his business?' he asked.

'Well, I have, and a great deal of trouble it was. I think you might have done it for me. Did you think I was going to leave you?' And she clasped his arm lovingly.

'Did you do it for my sake, my darling? I could part with you if it were for your own happiness,' he said anxiously.

'Oh, don't let's talk about it. I had heaps of reasons for refusing him,' said Juliet, uneasily.

'I am very sorry for him, poor fellow,' said her father, sighing.

'Oh, he'll soon recover. I'm not the sort of person to inspire a "grande passion." Now go in this moment.'

She laughed as she spoke, but she felt a little prick at the heart as she followed him.

CHAPTER II.

'I love not hollow cheek nor faded eye;
Yet, oh my friend, I would not have thee die.
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live.'

It was winter, and Ella was at home for the vacation, her keen eyes marking all the changes since she was last at home.

'Cecily,' she said, 'what has happened to Juliet while I've been away?'

'Why, my dear girl, what *should* have happened? I don't see any difference in her.'

'You don't?' cried Ella. 'Why, she's changed in all sorts of ways. I'm always finding her now sitting doing nothing at all, and she told me just now that she wasn't going to read that novel; she'd given up novels, because they made her too sentimental. And yesterday, when I was reciting at the mothers' entertainment—I *do* recite magnificently, of course—well, Cecily, I saw her in floods of tears—floods, my dear!'

'Well, but the "Knight of Intercession" is very touching.'

'Touching—pooh! Juliet never used to cry over that sort of thing. Mark my words, Cecily, something has happened. What men has she seen lately?'

'Well, Ella, whom do we ever see here? There was Mr. Thornton, who came to preach for the C.A.M.—'

'And the piano-tuner, and the sweep,' continued Ella, contemptuously. 'I mean some one eligible, you dear owl.'

'Well, no one of that kind, except—oh yes—Frank Crofton; he was here some time ago, but it couldn't be him.'

'Hum,' said Ella, reflectively. 'Now then,' she went on, as Juliet came in with a pile of books, "I know you two have been neglecting your social duties frightfully. Don't you owe calls to the whole world? I thought so. I must help to kill them off. Come and fig up, Juliet, and we'll go to Copstone and call on the Barrets and Croftons.'

Juliet coloured involuntarily, and Ella marked the flush.

'Juliet,' she said, as they went rapidly along the fields, 'it has struck me that it was rather cool of Kathleen and me to clear off as we did, and stop you having your fling. I believe you want it, old girl. Aren't you tired of this "sequestered vale"? You aren't quite the festive old thing you used to be. Is anything the matter? Come, you might as well tell me.'

'My dear child, I'm exactly the same; you've remembered me wrong, that's all.'

Ella dropped the subject, but while they were at the Croftons she managed to turn the conversation on Frank and his living, and Juliet's manner and heightened colour convinced her that she was on the scent.

On the way home she began: 'I have modified my view about marriage lately. Our head was talking to us about it one day, and said that really superior cultivated women owed it a duty to the race to marry, when occasion offered, and that

could really have a wider sphere as married women, and our powers would prevent our being choked with home-interests to the exclusion of those of humanity. We have always been sworn against marriage, I know ; but I think we ought to consider this, and not throw away any chance too lightly. It's a well-known fact that great men have always had superior mothers.'

'But do superior mothers always have great sons?' asked Juliet, mockingly. 'At all events, I'm not superior enough to consider the question.'

'Say so, if you like, but I, who have had opportunities of comparing you with other girls, consider you infinitely superior to the general run.'

'I can only suppose you to be blinded by affection,' laughed Juliet.

But Ella's remarks made her see that her state of mind, the constant questioning whether she had done right or not, was altering her to a perceptible degree. 'I must shake myself up and fill my mind with other things,' she decided. So she joined some more societies, prevailed on her father to teach her Greek, and began to study Browning. These pursuits so far did her good that Cicely, who had begun to watch her in some alarm, made up her mind that Ella had been quite mistaken.

So passed the time, till it was summer once more, and the rectory party went one hot day to a large garden party, where they would meet all the world.

'I don't look like a love-sick maiden, anyhow,' reflected Juliet, as she stood before her glass, fastening on a bunch of pansies, as the one touch of colour to her white attire. Her glowing complexion and dark eyes were as brilliant as ever, her lips as red and smiling. 'But I wish I didn't feel as if something were going to happen. I wonder if he is likely to be there? I suppose vicars do take holidays sometimes. If I see him I shall know if I do care at all.'

She was enjoying herself very much, talking to a clever old lady who was very fond of her, when she saw among a group coming towards them a figure which made her heart stand still. She threw herself desperately into the conversation, and was just saying with much emphasis, 'If only I could have some one always with me to discuss Browning with, I should be *perfectly* happy,' when steps came close, and Miss Davis exclaimed—

'Is this really you, Mr. Crofton? Now come and sit down

and talk about yourself. Here is Miss Ashley ; we have been boring each other dreadfully and want a diversion.'

'Speak for yourself, Miss Davis. I would rather hear you talk than any one I know,' said Juliet, while the words flashed into her mind, 'I would rather hear you chide than this man woo.'

'Because she can discuss Browning?' asked Crofton.

She had not looked at him yet, but she must ; it was absurd not to. Oh dear, how grave and old he looked ! Was it her fault ?

'Well, partly,' she replied ; 'but if she discoursed on Martin Tupper I should enjoy it just as much ; she always drops pearls and diamonds.'

'Don't talk any more nonsense, my dear,' said Miss Davis, fondly.

'I don't mean to. I am going to listen to you two gossiping ; there is always an end to sensible conversation when a man appears upon the scene.'

'I shall begin to cry directly, I believe,' she reflected. 'How can I get away ?'

She was meditating on this point, when Miss Davis suddenly exclaimed—

'There are the Bells going. I must say a word to her before she goes ;' and off she went.

The two sat still in awful silence, till Juliet desperately broke it.

'Miss Davis and I were discussing "Rabbi Ben Ezra ;" do you know it ?'

'No,' he replied absently ; 'I don't read Browning.'

'I have only taken to him lately,' she went on nervously, 'but now I feel I must read every word he has written. He seems to solve all the problems of life.'

'Then you don't solve all the problems yourself?' he asked.

Juliet looked up, and met his sad, reproachful eyes. Her lip quivered, and she hastily put up her sunshade as some people came up.

'Oh, here you are, Frank,' said his mother's voice. 'I want you to take Miss Montagu and me to have some tea.—Oh, how do you do, Miss Ashley? Come with us, won't you ?'

'No, thank you,' said Juliet ; 'I haven't earned my tea yet or I've not cast one glance at the tennis. There is my father ;'

I'll go with him ;' and she escaped with thankfulness. 'Oh, papa, I'm so tired and bored. Do let us go home soon.'

He looked at her with surprise ; then seeing Frank Crofton, he understood her, and agreed at once.

As soon as they got home, Juliet shut herself up, and began with a good cry.

'He cared still, I can see, and, oh dear, I care too. I know it now. But I can't give up my life, and all I planned. I don't believe it would be right. And I hate the idea of being married. And he's too good for me, and too—too stupid. Why *should* I love him ? And yet I do. Oh, how I wish I had my mother to ask ! Well, there's one thing : I mustn't see him again ; I'm so object at present, that I believe I should give in if he said one word.'

Cecily thought Juliet very queer for the next few days. She flatly refused to go and call anywhere, would not take a walk till late in the evening, fled at the sound of the doorbell, and altogether behaved like a conspirator, as Cecily told her.

But it was all of no avail. She was sent for one afternoon to see a dying woman in the village, and as she came away she met Frank Crofton. He turned and walked beside her silently for a few paces, and then said—

'I have been hoping to have a few words with you. I can't bear to see you alarmed and distressed when you meet me, and I want to assure you that you shall never suffer persecution from me. I will never say a word to you on *that* subject, if you will only promise me one thing.'

'You are very good,' murmured Juliet. 'I will promise, if I can.'

'I want you to promise to tell me, if you should ever change your mind.'

'Oh,' she said imploringly, 'why won't you give up hoping ? I can't change. It is no use for me to promise that.'

'Then it will not cost you much to promise,' he said, smiling drearily.

'But it is bad for you, don't you see ?' she said eagerly. 'If you would only forget me, and be happy with some one else ; and you can't while you go on hoping.'

'I shall never alter,' he said briefly.

'Nor shall I,' said Juliet. 'It's like Tennyson's ringlet, isn't it ?'

'I cannot jest about it. Do you refuse to give me this

promise—the one thing that can in any way lighten my sorrow?’

‘Oh, do forgive me!’ cried Juliet. ‘I wish I could help being so flippant and horrid. I *will* promise, if you want it so much.’

‘That you will tell me, at once, if you ever change your mind,’ he repeated.

‘Yes, I will, I truly will.’

‘Thank you—much,’ he said fervently; then he clasped her hand for a moment, and they parted.

‘I don’t believe I could have kept up much longer,’ she thought. ‘I never will give in till I feel convinced it would be right; no, not if it kills me—or him! But there, “men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love”!’

CHAPTER III.

‘Duty and love, one broadway, were the best.’

THE next day, when Miss Davis was calling on the girls, she mentioned that she had met Frank Crofton on his way to the station.

‘I told him that he looked like a little boy going back to school,’ she said, laughing; ‘he looked most disconsolate. Well, it’s very nice to see a young man so fond of his home.’

‘Very,’ agreed Juliet, feeling that her face was the colour of beetroot. ‘Miss Davis, dear,’ she continued, ‘I wish you would let me come and read Browning with you sometimes. I should love it so, and you would explain things to me like a whole society, I know.’

‘My dear child, I should like it of all things. Come up whenever you have time, and we’ll enthuse together over the sage.’

‘That *is* nice,’ observed Cecily. ‘You will save me a great deal, Miss Davis, for Juliet *will* try to make me rave over him with her, and I’m not so constituted.’

So Juliet went as often as she could, and her views of life widened and deepened as she read those inspired poems, and her attitude with regard to her decision gradually changed, till there came a day when Miss Davis read in her mellow, expressive tones that mournful poem ‘Bifurcation,’ and then proceeded to discuss it in her usual energetic manner.

‘That woman was little less than a murderer, Juliet, to fling

away a man's love like that, and all for a self-imposed duty, flatering herself, forsooth, "That Heaven repairs what wrong earth's journey did." He might well go wrong, poor fellow !'

'But she thought she was doing right.'

'Oh yes ; young people think, if they do anything unpleasant, it's sure to be right. She never thought about the effect on him.'

'But perhaps the "deafish friend" was her father, and had only her.'

'Why, Juliet, you plead her cause as if you agreed with her. I don't believe *you* would ever treat a man so.'

'You little know me,' cried Juliet.

She walked home feeling so happy that she was quite frightened.

'Browning has solved *this* problem for me. I am *quite* sure now. It would be wrong of me not to give up my schemes, though *he* is much too good ever to go wrong, however unhappy he is.'

That night she told Cecily all, with many tears and self-accusings, and was sentimental enough to satisfy the most romantic. But the next day she was in a different mood.

'How *could* I have given such a promise—how *am* I to tell him?' she moaned. 'It's too horrid. I won't do it. I'll wait till I see him next, anyhow.'

'It *is* hateful for you,' agreed Cecily. 'But think how miserable he must have been all this time. I shall think you a most heartless creature if you don't write this very day.'

'Perhaps you would advise a telegram—"Changed." That would be thrilling, wouldn't it?' jested Juliet. 'Really, I am like Anne Boleyn on the scaffold.'

Just before post-time she screwed her courage to the sticking-place, and wrote—

'DEAR MR. CROFTON,

'In fulfilment of the promise I made you, I write to tell you that I have changed my mind. If, however, you have changed also, I trust to you on your honour to tell me so.

'Yours,

'JULIET ASHLEY.'

All the next day Juliet rushed about, unable to settle to anything. At last, when Cecily mildly told her that she had

just come into the room for the seventeenth time since lunch, she was most penitent.

'I have it!' she said; 'I will pin myself to the floor with the lexicon, and do my Greek translation.'

She had been in this attitude for some minutes, when the door was thrown open, and 'Mr. Crofton' was announced.

Cecily started up, shook hands, and vanished, while Juliet sat still, absolutely paralysed for the moment. But when Crofton knelt down beside her, and said, 'Oh, Juliet, is this true?' she woke, like the Sleeping Beauty, and her look was quite enough for him.

'Do let me get up!' she said, after a time, laughing and confused; and he relieved her of the lexicon.

'What, Greek too!' he exclaimed. 'You seem to know everything!'

'Now that I'm in a more rational position, do tell me if you've come all the way from Ralston to-day?'

'Of course I have. I had to come at once and know more; you told me as little as you could in that letter.'

'It was so hard to write,' she murmured, colouring.

'And now tell me everything. When did you change, and what made you do so, and do you really love me?'

'What an awful array of questions! No, you must answer some practical ones from me first. You have come to stay, haven't you?'

'Alas! no. I have to go back for a service to-morrow morning, and I have only about three hours to be with you, my own. Oh, Juliet, I can scarcely believe it yet; let me hear you say you love me.'

'There's another demand,' she said provokingly. 'How are we to get it all into three hours? Oh, don't go so soon,' she cried, suddenly softening. 'I can't let you go. I love you so—so much.'

'And when did you begin to love me? You were so positive that you would never change, three months ago.'

'Ah, but I had begun then.'

'You had! Then why have you left me in misery all this time?'

'I know you can never forgive me,' said Juliet, sorrowfully, 'but, you see, I had still to decide whether it was right for me to give up my intentions. Of course, it wasn't exactly a vow, but still—'

'You might have told me that. I would have helped you to judge.'

'Oh, I dare say ; a nice, impartial counsellor you would have been,' she mocked.

'And whom did you consult ?' he asked rather jealously.

'Browning,' she cried triumphantly ; 'Browning did it all ! You see, you owe him a good deal ; you will *have* to read and love him now.'

'I'm afraid you don't know what a stupid fellow you are taking,' he said wistfully. 'I know I'm not clever enough for you.'

'You sha'n't say so !' cried Juliet. 'And, anyhow, you are much too good for me ; I believe you will begin to hate me as my wickedness dawns upon you. I know you think I ought to have consulted the Bible instead of Browning ; now, don't you ?'

He smiled assent.

Juliet gazed at him, wondering how she could ever have thought him plain.

'You have the sweetest smile I ever saw,' she cried.

Just then the rector came in, and was followed shortly by Cecily and tea, and all too soon Frank Crofton had to go.

'But I shall come again as soon as I can, my darling,' he said, as they went through the garden together, 'and then we must decide how soon you will come and begin work with me. It is waiting for you, crying for you, and no one but you can do it.'

And in that work, tedious and resultless as it might seem, wrestling with the needs of a long-neglected country parish, Juliet found full satisfaction and scope for all her energies and desires, and her happy spirit and cultured mind kept her husband from ever growing over-parochial and oppressed with care. There was but one flaw in her happiness : she never could bring him to appreciation of Browning, in spite of the effects of 'Bifurcation.'

THE PASTON LETTERS.

'We are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history—hunger and labour, seed-time and harvest, love and death.'—ROMOLA.

It is almost impossible to overrate the historical value of the Paston Letters—the correspondence of a country family during the troublous times of the fifteenth century. Modern historians are indebted to them not only for many details (not to be found elsewhere) of the civil wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, but also for numerous illustrations of the political and social life of those times. But it is not only to the historian or antiquarian that these letters are full of interest. Instilled with those 'elementary feelings of humanity'* which time has no power to alter, they appeal to ordinary readers of the nineteenth century, and their quaint style and phraseology only intensify the charm, and help us to realize the different personalities of the writers.

About twenty miles north of Norwich, and a mile from Bromholm Priory, † lies the little village of Paston—the home, for several centuries, of the Paston family. William Paston seems to have been the first member of the family of any note. From a greatly inferior position he raised himself by learning and diligence, and in 1429 became a Justice of the Common Pleas. ‡ His position had been also strengthened by his marriage with Agnes Berry, an heiress, in 1420; and he enlarged the Paston property by the purchase of Oxnead, Gresham, and other manors. §

In 1440, his eldest son John married Margaret, daughter and heiress of John Mauteby. Agnes Paston thus writes to her

* Matthew Arnold.

† Bromholm Priory was famous for possessing one of the many pieces of the true cross.

‡ William Paston was known as 'the good judge.'

§ William Paston purchased Gresham from Thomas Chaucer, son of the poet.

husband of the arrival of their future daughter-in-law: 'I send you good tidings of the coming, and the bringing home of the gentlewoman that you know of from Redham, this same night, according to appointment. . . . The parson of Stocton told me, if you would buy her a gown, her mother would add to it a goodly fur. The gown needeth for to be had; and of colour it would be a goodly blue, or else a bright sanguine.'

This daughter-in-law, Margaret Paston, perhaps possesses a more vivid personality and charm than any of the other writers. She was a loving and devoted wife, and managed the affairs of her 'right worshipful husband' with the greatest prudence and care during his frequent absences in London. Hers was no easy task, for John Paston had many enemies intent on injuring him, and at one time they succeeded in forcibly ejecting his family from their manor of Gresham.

Margaret's letters * form a large proportion of the Paston correspondence. They are mostly written to her husband, or to her sons, and contain touching glimpses of her affection for them, which even the prim conventionality of the letters of that period cannot altogether restrain.

Writing to her husband, a few years after their marriage, she says: 'I thank you for the letter that you sent me, for by my troth my mother and I were nowise in heart-ease from the time that we knew of your sickness, till we knew truly of your mending. . . . I would you were at home, . . . lieber than a gown, though it were of scarlet. . . . I have no leisure to write half a quarter so much as I could say to you if I might speak with you.'

Margaret Paston does not seem to have found her husband an equally good correspondent. In many of her letters she complains of his negligence in writing to her. 'I think right long till I have some good tidings from you. . . . I pray you heartily, unless you come home, send me word in haste how you do.' Again, a little later: 'I pray you that you be not strange of writing of letters to me. . . . If I might I would have every day one from you.'

William Paston died in August, 1444. His death was the signal for his enemies (who had been somewhat restrained by awe of him during his lifetime) to bring forward rival claims to some of his newly acquired property. For many years the lives of Agnes Paston and her sons were unceasingly harassed

* There are about a hundred of Margaret Paston's letters.

by these quarrels and lawsuits, which were increased by the political strife of the times. Further disputes arose after 1459, when John Paston became executor to Sir John Fastolf; and the contention dragged on, with numerous vicissitudes, for about twenty years.

Agnes Paston seems to have been endowed with plenty of capacity for business, and to have ruled her household with an iron hand. Her shrewd worldly wisdom is shown in her negotiations for her daughter Elizabeth's marriage, and indeed all the match-making of the Paston family seems to have been conducted with a keen eye to business.

Agnes Paston writes to her son, in reference to Stephen Scrope * (then a suitor for Elizabeth): 'It were a folly to forsake [Scrope] unless you know of another as good or better; and I have tested your sister, and I found her never so willing to none as she is to him, if it be so that his land stand clear.' Granted that the 'elementary feelings of humanity' were the same four centuries ago as at the present day, another reason for Agnes's preference for this marriage may be found in her concluding words, 'Sir Harry Inglos is right busy about Scrope for one of his daughters.'

This contemplated marriage did not take place, and three years later we find Margaret Paston writing to her husband: 'My mother prayeth you to remember my sister, and to do your part faithfully . . . to help to get her a good marriage. . . . It was told here that Knivet is for to marry . . . wherefore she would that you should inquire whether it be so or no, and what his property is, and if you think that it be for to do, to let him be spoken with thereof.'

In 1454, John Paston seems to have had a proposal for his sister from Sir William Oldhall, to which his mother returns answer: 'As for me, if you can think that his land standeth clear, inasmuch as I feel your sister well willed thereto, I hold me well content.' A few months later we find Lord Grey writing to John Paston on the same subject: 'I know where [your sister] may be married to a gentleman of three hundred marks property, the which is a great gentleman born, and of good blood; and if you think that I shall labour any further therein, I pray you . . . send me word in haste how that you will be disposed therein.'

* Scrope was a widower, nearly fifty years of age, and disfigured in person. Elizabeth Paston was about twenty.

These many schemes for her disposal at length resulted in Elizabeth's marriage with Robert Poynings, about New Year's Day, 1459. Robert Poynings was a leader in Jack Cade's insurrection in 1450. He was killed at the second battle of St. Albans, in 1461, and several years after his death Elizabeth married Sir George Browne, of Betchworth, Surrey. The hardships of her life in her mother's house must have made her regard her escape from it as entrance into Paradise! * Shortly after her marriage to Robert Poynings she writes to her mother: 'As for my master, my best beloved that you call, and I must needs call him so now, for I find no other cause, and as I trust to Jesu none shall; for he is full kind unto me, and is as busy as he can to make me sure of my jointure' (even Elizabeth is not free from the Paston hankering after shekels!) '. . . I beseech you, good mother, that my master, my best beloved fail not of the hundred marks at the beginning of this term, the which you promised him to his marriage.' Agnes Paston, absorbed as she is in the accumulation and preservation of very tangible gains, can give her son less worldly advice: 'Dispose yourself . . . to have less to do in the world; your father said: "In little business lieth much rest. This world is but a thoroughfare, and full of woe; and when we depart therefrom, right nothing bear with us, but our good deeds and ill. And there knoweth no man how soon God will call him, and therefore it is good for every creature to be ready."' †

Margaret Paston's letters are full of commissions for her husband to execute for her in London or Norwich. At one time she writes for 'some frieze to make our child's gowns; you shall have the cheapest and best choice from Hayes's wife. And that you would buy a yard of broadcloth of black

* Her cousin, Elizabeth Clare, thus writes of her: 'She [*i.e.* Elizabeth Paston] hath since Easter the most part been beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice in one day, and her head broken in two or three places.'

Margaret Paston writes to her husband: 'It seemeth by my mother's language that she would never so fain to be delivered of her as she will now.' Agnes Paston in her matrimonial arrangements for her daughter resembles Lady Langford's grandmother, who told her she was to marry her cousin. 'Very well, Grandmama, but when?' 'I never in my life heard such an impertinent question,' said the grandmother. 'What business is it of yours when you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, whenever you hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married.' (Hare's 'Story of my Life.')

† There is a faint resemblance in Agnes Paston to the Chadband genus who, while preaching spirituality to the outcast, are themselves intent on the consumption of hot buttered toast!

for a hood for me of forty-four pence or four shillings a yard, for there is neither good cloth nor good frieze in this town. As for the child's gowns . . . I will make them.' Again: 'I pray you heartily that you will send me a pot with treacle* in haste; for I have been right evil at ease, and your daughter both, since that you went hence, and one of the tallest young men of this parish lieth sick. . . . I have sent my Uncle Berney the pot [with treacle that you did buy for him.] Margaret also asks for a 'book [*i.e.* ten lbs.] with chardequeyns,† that I may have of in the mornings, for the airs be not wholesome in this town.' Another time she wants 'a piece of black buckram for to line with a gown for me. I could buy me a murrey gown to go in this summer, and line in the collar the satin that you gave me for a hood; and I can get no good buckram in this to line it with.'

Margaret's affection and devotion to her husband are specially noticeable at a time when it was thought most unnecessary in letters to touch on anything not directly connected with the business in hand. According to the custom of the times, her letters are usually inscribed to her 'right worshipful husband,' and her favourite ending seems to be 'The blissful Trinity have you in his keeping.' On one occasion (when there must have been some temporary misunderstanding between them) she writes to John Paston: 'I recommend me to you, beseeching you that you be not displeased with me, though my simpleness caused you for to be displeased with me. By my troth, it is not my will neither to do nor say what should cause you for to be displeased; and if I have done, I am sorry thereof, and will amend it. Wherefore I beseech you to forgive me, and that you bear no heaviness in your heart against me, for your displeasure should be too heavy to me to endure with.' In this same letter she writes of her preparations for Lent: 'As for herrings, I have bought an horse load for 4s. 6d. I can get no eels yet.'

* Treacle, or 'Theriac,' was the name of an antidote to poison. The original Theriaca contained about sixty ingredients, chiefly aromatics, with gums and extracts, including opium and the viper flesh. It was declared to be a remedy for most ills of the flesh, and some of the Roman Emperors had it made on their own premises. At Venice the manufacture was so large that it acquired the name of 'Venice Treacle.' Jeremy Taylor wrote, 'We kill the viper, and make treacle of him.' Langland calls love the 'Triacle of Heaven.' See Morley's *Library of English Literature*, vol. i. p. 21. Margaret Paston at one time receives a present from her eldest son of 'three treacle pots of Genoa, as my apothecary sweareth unto me.'

† Preserve made of quinces.—FURNIVALL.

Great sorrow must have been caused Margaret by the unhappy relations that existed between her husband and his eldest son John.* One cause of the trouble was probably the inadequate allowance made by John Paston, senior. We find his eldest son writing in 1461: 'I suppose you understand that the money that I had of you at London may not endure with me till that the King go into Wales and come again. Wherefore I have sent to London to my Uncle Clement to get a hundred shillings of Christopher Hanson your servant. . . . I beseech you not to be displeased with it, for I could make no other arrangement unless I borrowed it of a strange man.' A year later, he writes again: 'Please it you to understand the great expense that I have daily, travelling with the King . . . remember me that I may have such things as I may do my master service with and pleasure, trusting in God it shall be to your worship and to my avail. In especial I beseech you, that I may be sure where to have money somewhat before Easter.' John Paston was much at home during his father's absence, and Margaret seizes the opportunity of writing a few words in his praise. 'My mother and many other folks maketh much of your son John, the elder, and right glad of his coming home, and liketh right well his demeanour.'

In 1463, being twenty-one years of age, John Paston, the son, was knighted—possibly as a substitute for his father. In spite of the advice of friends and relations, John Paston, senior, would not let him leave home. At length Sir John, wearying of the inactivity of his life, at an age when other young men were winning renown for themselves, determined on secretly leaving Paston. This step excited his father's anger, not only against himself, but also against Margaret, who (most unjustly) was thought to have forwarded her son's project of leaving home. Margaret writes to Sir John: 'I greet you well, and send you God's blessing and mine, letting you know that I have received a letter from you, . . . whereby I conceive that you think you did not well that you departed hence without my knowledge. . . . Your father thought, and thinketh yet, that I was assenting to your departing, and that hath caused me to have great heaviness. I hope he will be your good father hereafter . . . and I charge you upon my blessing that in anything touching your father . . . that you do your duty and diligent labour to the furtherance therein, as you will have my good will, and that shall cause

* John Paston's two elder sons were both named John.

your father to be better father to you. . . . I would you should not spare to write to [your father] again as lowly as you can, . . . and send him such tidings as we in the country where you be in. . . . I would you should send me word how you do, and how you have shift for yourself since you departed hence, by some trusty man, and that your father have no knowledge thereof.'

John Paston's displeasure with his eldest son seems to have continued, for two years later Margaret writes to her husband: 'I understand . . . you will not that your son be taken into your house, nor helped by you, till such time of year as he was put out thereof. . . . For God's sake, sir, have pity on him; remember you it hath been a long season since he had aught of you to help him with, and he hath obeyed him to you and will do at all times . . . and at the reverence of God be you his good father, and have a fatherly heart to him.' *

The entreaties of his wife, and probably even more the difficulties of his position (for John Paston was now in the midst of the troubles connected with Sir John Fastolf's will) must have led eventually to a reconciliation between the father and son, for we find Sir John most active in helping and defending his father by every means within his power.

With regard to money, John Paston seems to have been equally illiberal to his second son (who was also named John); though in other ways he was better treated, and a good position secured for him in the household of the Duke of Norfolk.

In 1464 John Paston, the youngest, writes: 'I beseech you that you will vouchsafe that one of your men may send a note to my Uncle Clement . . . in your name, that they may deliver me the money that I am behind of this quarter since Christmas, and for the next quarter . . . wherefore I beseech you, that I may have this money at Easter, for I have borrowed money that I must pay again after Easter.' The 'Uncle Clement'

* John Paston's reply to his wife reveals his total want of affection for his children. 'As for your son . . . I would he did well; but I understand in him no disposition of policy, neither of governance, as man of the world ought to do, but only liveth . . . as man desolate without any provision. . . . I understand nothing of what disposition he purposeth to be, but only I can think he would dwell again in your house and mine, and there eat and drink and sleep. . . . As for your son, you know well he never stood you nor me in profit, ease, or help, to value of one groat. . . . Wherefore give him no favour till you feel what he is and will be.' Margaret Paston, in her pleadings for her son, well illustrates the beautiful Jewish proverb: 'God Almighty could not be everywhere, so He made mothers.'

mentioned in the letter himself writes later on to the exceedingly thrifty parent: 'Brother, I pray you send more money for my nephew, John, for he must else come home again; for the King goeth into Scotland, and he is neither horsed nor harnessed, for his great horse is likely to die.'

In May, 1466, John Paston died, being little more than forty years old. Doubtless the many legal difficulties which had beset him ever since his father's death when he succeeded to the Paston property, must have harassed and undermined his constitution.

He was buried, with great magnificence, in Bromholm Abbey. Preserved among the Paston papers is a most curious list of 'expenses paid . . . at Norwich the day the corpse was there and before.' There are innumerable 'rewards' to various ecclesiastics (from the Prior of Bromholm, downwards), and a long list of the enormous provision made for hospitality to the mourners. Among many curious items of expenses occurs the following: 'To the glazier for taking out of two panes of the windows of the church for to let out the reek of the torches at the dirge, and sodering new of the same, 20*d*.'

Sir John Paston now succeeded his father not only in the possession of Paston, but in the troublesome lawsuit connected with Sir John Fastolf's will. Sir John Paston seems to have inherited his father's penuriousness, for his brother and namesake (who managed his affairs in Norfolk) often had to appeal to him for money for the commonest necessities. There is a subtle irony in the way in which he writes to Sir John after the surrender of Caister: * 'As for John Chapman and his four fellows . . . I pray you give them thanks, for by my troth they have as well deserved it as any men that ever bare life; but as for money, you need not to give them without you will, for they be pleased with their wages.'

We must now return to the love-affairs (perhaps match-making is a more appropriate term) of the Pastons. 'History repeats itself;' and similar negotiations to those used on behalf of Elizabeth Paston, were now employed for her niece Margery, the elder daughter of Margaret and John Paston. In her husband's lifetime, Margaret had written: 'I was at my

* Caister was the 'bone of contention.' Sir John Fastolf left it to John Paston for the purpose of founding a college there, but the will was disputed by the Duke of Norfolk. After many vicissitudes, and the loss of Caister for several years, Sir John Paston was reinstated there in 1476.

mother's, and while I was there, there came in one Wroth . . . and he saw your daughter, and praised her to my mother, and said that she was a goodly young woman; and my mother prayed him for to get for her a good marriage if he knew any; and he said he knew one should be of three hundred marks a year, the which is Sir John Clay's son . . . and he is of age of eighteen years old.'

Four or five years later, John Strange writes to Sir John Paston: 'Pleaseth you to understand the cause of my writing is for a marriage for my Mistress Margery, your sister. For my nephew, John Strange, would make her sure of £40 jointure, and two hundred marks be there of inheritance; and if you and your friends will agree thereto, I trust to God that shall take a conclusion to the pleasure of God, and worship to both parties.'

But these cold calculations were for once frustrated. While her relations were deciding as to the most profitable way of disposing of her hand, Margery herself (utterly regardless of the Paston prudence) had given her heart away to their faithful steward, Richard Calle. Amid the furious opposition of her family she married him towards the end of the year 1469. Some kind of reconciliation took place (for Sir John could ill afford to lose Calle's indispensable assistance), but Margery never seems to have been fully forgiven.*

* Margaret Paston left nothing in her will to her daughter Margery, or to Richard Calle.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCCXXXI.

1784-1795.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE Peace of Versailles may be taken as a closing era of the eighteenth century, and the lull before the time of change and novelty that was already secretly preparing.

It found George III. on a throne beneath which parties surged high, but gradually gaining on the respect and confidence of his people; Louis XVI. and his beautiful Queen upon the thin crust of a volcano ready to explode; Joseph II. of Germany and Austria, endeavouring to bring in philanthropic changes, for which his subjects were not ready; Frederick II. of Prussia dying and leaving a nephew as heir, dull, and content to believe his uncle's system invincible; Catherine II. of Russia, philosophic and irreligious, but with wonderful powers and abilities; Spain and Portugal in a dull apathy; and Italy in much the same state, devoted to false ideas of art and beauty, and therewith full of tolerated dissipation, the effect of her slavery to foreign nations.

The Church likewise seemed asleep; or, if she be likened to the moon, 'the faithful witness in heaven,' it was in the waning state, though already there were tokens of renewed life. 1784 was the year of the death of Dr. Samuel Johnson, a staunch Churchman and a religious man, whose powerful and trenchant sayings had done much to strengthen English good sense and rectitude, and when reported by his devoted admirer and reporter James Boswell, they held their ground and became absolute proverbs.

Born in 1759, it was in this year 1784 that William Wilberforce stood for the county of York. He had already acquired a strong distaste for the prevailing vice of gambling, and the next year he became entirely devoted to religion, and by his

example, joined to his charming manners and great eloquence, produced a most happy effect. He, together with Samuel Clarkson, took up a determined opposition to the Slave-trade, and persevered through many years of bitter and self-interested resistance.

Wesleyanism had not yet broken loose from the Church, and the spirit it had evoked was working in many a parish, especially under John Newton and Robert Cecil. There were many good and faithful people who were striving to do their duty, and regular catechising in church, daily services in town churches, and steady reading of Psalms and Lessons kept up much sound private devotion, though not demonstrative.

The American Churchmen were resolved to be no longer without a bishop. Dr. Seabury was commissioned to seek consecration from the Scottish bishops, who were not bound by allegiance to the English Crown. Bishop Skinner gladly received him, and on the 14th of November, 1784, he was consecrated to the see of Connecticut by the Bishops of Aberdeen, Ross, and Moray. A Convention of the clergy was held at Philadelphia, and the English Liturgy adopted with some unfortunate omissions and some additions, and a petition was sent to the archbishops for the consecration of three more bishops. Consent was given by Parliament and the Crown, and two clergy came to London, the third being too poor to bear the expense of the voyage. Dr. White and Dr. Provoorst had an audience of the King, and were consecrated by the two archbishops and three bishops at Lambeth on the 4th of February, 1787. Though at first much depressed, and suspected of leanings to England, the American Church has gone on gaining ground, and it has now a bishop for every state, and a large proportion of members in each city.

The Confederation also was fixed. The Congress of representatives from every state of the thirteen was really powerless to raise supplies, or to enforce obedience. Washington called it a shadow without a substance, and though English law was supposed to prevail and did so in criminal matters, there was no public authority, and the community was dreadfully jealous of the army, remembering how the successful troops had dominated in England. Half-pay was promised to the officers, then denied, and Washington barely prevented a mutiny, and obtained for them five years' full pay after their discharge. It was plain that the states would never deserve

the title of United unless there was some central power to act both within and without.

Finally, after a Convention at Annapolis, and another at Philadelphia, the Constitution was adopted, leaving to each state its internal organisation for executive government, but electing from them representatives to form Congress, in the Lower House, and two senators from each state for the Upper House. Over these there is the President, chosen by electors appointed for the purpose from each state, and holding office for four years. Taxes, appointments—military, naval, and political—foreign policy, and all questions affecting alike the entire body, were in the hands of the President and his ministry.

Washington was naturally the first President, though he had stood aside in the actual forming of the Constitution. He was an upright, dignified man, one of those sure to do well and conscientiously whatever came to his hand, and also to see what needed to be done. His journey to New York was a triumphal progress, though he chose to enter the city on foot ; but banners streamed from the houses, flowers were scattered, and there was intense enthusiasm. The capital and seat of Government and Congress was wisely placed on neutral ground, distant from any place of public resort, and was named appropriately after him.

There, in the White House, he held levees, attired in a black velvet coat and white satin waistcoat, with silver buckles at his knees, his hair powdered, and gathered into a bag, and he went about with a coach and six, liveried servants, and outriders. In fact, for almost a century, Virginian and Maryland families lived in much state and prosperity amongst their numerous family of negro slaves.

England was debating over the articles of the peace. And the Duke of Portland did not show himself capable of being more than as it was said, 'A block to hang Whigs upon.' There was likewise contention over the allowance to be granted to the Prince of Wales on coming of age. Double the amount of what his grandfather and father had received was proposed, and the Duke of Portland and Fox had promised to support the claim ; but the Prince released them from the engagement on finding that it could not be carried out, and he obtained £50,000 a year, with the payment of his debts for £30,000.

Fox brought a measure into Parliament vesting the Government of India in seven commissioners, who were not to be

removed by the Crown except on an address from one of the Houses of Parliament. The objections were that so much patronage would thus be thrown into the hands of the ministry as to render it independent of the Crown ; and, on the other hand, that it was a violation of the terms of the charter of the Company. Wilberforce was strongly against it ; so was Pitt ; but Burke delivered one of his finest orations in favour of it, being convinced that a change in the mode of dealing with India was most desirable. It was carried through the House of Commons, but thrown out by the Lords, most of whom were aware of the King's strong dislike to it. When the news of their decision arrived, he exclaimed, 'Thank God, it is all over ! The House has thrown out the Bill, so there is an end of Mr. Fox.'

The coalition ministry was in fact overthrown, and at twenty-four years of age, William Pitt became Prime Minister, a post which he held for seventeen years, until his untimely death. The appointment was popular, especially in the City, with all save the vehement Foxites, mostly members of Brooks's Club.

A great banquet was given at the Hall of the Grocers' Company. Wilkes made a speech in welcome, and many of the shops were illuminated as Pitt drove back accompanied by his brother, Lord Chatham, and his brother-in-law, Lord Mahon, the eldest son of the Earl of Stanhope. The populace proceeded to take out the horses and drag the coach themselves, and the report of this influenced the disappointed politicians at Brooks's so much that a rush, apparently organised before, was made upon the carriage by ruffians armed with sticks and broken poles of sedan-chairs, the doors were torn open, and blows aimed at the gentlemen within, who had some difficulty in escaping and taking refuge in White's Club.

It was a strange time, for Fox led great majorities on the Whig side, Burke was with him, and the only really able speaker who was with Pitt was Wilberforce, never a party man. Lord Temple had deserted the ministry, but the House of Lords and the King supported Pitt. Indeed the King said to him, 'If you resign, I must resign too.' The King was very much out of spirits, and took long rides without speaking a word, but his attendants marvelled to see how he recovered his cheerfulness, and never allowed any sign of vexation to trouble his temper with his wife and daughters, or even his attendants, though his eldest son was causing him more vexation than ever. Between

December, 1783, and March, 1784, the Opposition actually triumphed by sixteen majorities, and the saying was 'Billy's painted galley must soon go down before Charles's black collier.' It must have done so in the present state of things, when ministries depend on the votes in the House of Commons; but the will of the King was still paramount, and he could withstand even a petition from the House of Commons.

The Earl of Effingham moved, in the Upper House, that certain of the late resolutions of the Commons had infringed the constitution. The result was a vote in his favour of 100 against 53, and petitions in multitudes came up, showing that the main body of the country held with the King and Pitt.

'What is to be done,' said Pitt, 'if the Commons refuse the supplies?'

'They will not dare,' said Lord Mahon. Nor did they. The supplies were voted, and the King dissolved Parliament so as to ascertain the will of the country. It was one of the most noted and desperately fought elections of the old times, when such lasted many days, and the most shameless means of securing votes were employed.

Wilberforce was invited to stand for Yorkshire. His money, indeed, flowed freely, but he gained by his eloquence. A spectator said of his address to the huge mass of freeholders, 'I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount on the table, but as I listened, the shrimp grew and grew till it became a whale.'

The India Bill, with its supposed injustice to the Company's interests, was the great rallying cry. A caricature represented Fox as 'a Political Samson,' carrying off the East India House on his back. Another was called 'The triumphant entry of Carlo Khan into Delhi,' where in the robes of the Mogul Emperor, he rode on an elephant, driven by Lord North, and with Burke proclaiming him as successor to Tamerlane and Aurungzebe.

The Whig ladies canvassed Westminster for Fox most vehemently, especially the beautiful Georgiana Cavendish, *née* Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, whose loveliness has been immortalised by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was to her that an Irish mechanic said, 'I could light my pipe at your eyes;' and she actually purchased the vote of a butcher by a kiss! But all blandishments and lampoons were in vain, and though Fox himself gained his election, yet in most other places there were rejected candidates known as 'Fox's martyrs.' It is true that

his was in many respects the cause of liberty, and that many abuses needed to be rectified, but his disgraceful morals and coarse invective, together with those of the Prince of Wales, all acted against his popularity, especially in contrast with the religious life of the King, and the purity and disinterestedness of Pitt, who, though not a devout and earnest man like Wilberforce, was eminently free from vice and dissipation. He was, in fact, just as anxious as Fox to amend the abuses that had grown up; and on this ground, Wilkes, a much wiser man than of old, was returned for Middlesex as his supporter.

It was ten days before his twenty-fifth birthday that William Pitt found, on the assembling of the Commons on the 18th of May, 1785, that he was their undoubted leader, and well was it for the country that such a hand was at the helm during the storms that were beginning to work to their outbreak on the Continent.

The failure of Fox added to the animosity of the Prince of Wales against his father, who, he said, had hated him ever since he was seven years old. He was dreadfully in debt, and declared that it was impossible to be otherwise with the income that was allowed to him. It was held out to him that his debts would be paid and his income increased if he would marry; but this he declared he would never do, the truth being that he was desperately in love with Mrs. Fitzherbert, a very lovely widow. Her maiden name was Mary Anne Smythe, and she was the daughter of a Roman Catholic Squire, Walter Smythe. She had been twice a widow before she was twenty-five years old, and was twenty-eight, the Prince twenty-two, when his passion began. She would not listen to him, but he resorted to the strangest means to obtain her consent. One day, a surgeon, accompanied by Lords Onslow and Southampton, suddenly appeared in her room, and implored her to come with them, for the Prince had stabbed himself, and her presence alone could save his life. She was in great perplexity, and insisted on going first to her friend, the Duchess of Devonshire, who at once came with her to Carlton House, where the Prince resided. He was in bed, with a display of blood on the sheet, and brandy and water by his side. He conjured her to become his wife, declaring that nothing should induce him to live without her, and that they would be married by the laws of God, if not of man. He put a ring on her finger, and made all present sign a declaration of his purpose, but no sooner had she left him than

she hurried away abroad, out of his reach, leaving the declaration behind at Devonshire House.

For eighteen months she remained on the Continent, beset with letters from him, conjuring her to return, and at last she did so, he making every solicitation to her to marry him, while Fox and his other friends strenuously dissuaded him, since not only did the Royal Marriage Act declare a wedding in the royal family invalid without the sovereign's consent, but the lady being Roman Catholic, the Act of Settlement would exclude her husband from the throne. However, ten days after her return, George, Prince of Wales, and Mary Anne Fitzherbert were married in her house in Park Lane on the 21st of December, 1785, by a clergyman of the Church of England, her brother John Smythe and her uncle being present. Later, Mrs. Fitzherbert generously destroyed the signatures of the witnesses, as they had made themselves liable to prosecution; but the certificate, with her own autograph and that of the Prince, is preserved.

Fox, no doubt with a view to the succession, absolutely denied the marriage in Parliament, calling the story a miserable calumny. It seems that the Prince had actually denied the wedding to him, but on the other hand, to his unfortunate bride herself, he declared that he had never given authority to Fox to deny it. He never seems to have had the slightest regard, or even perception of truth, and he was notoriously an unfaithful husband, though Mrs. Fitzherbert was the only woman he ever really loved. His father and mother always treated her with great respect, the King showed her as much affection as if she had been his own daughter, and the Queen, besides personal kindness, procured for her an annuity of £6000 a year. She outlived George, and though he had long deserted her, she wrote a letter to him in his last illness which he kissed and put under his pillow. When he died, there was a locket round his neck, which he had desired to have buried with him. The Duke of Wellington, his executor, could not refrain from opening it for a moment, and saw that it contained a miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert. She lived to be eighty-one, and died at Brighton on the 29th of March, 1837, having seen his reign finished, and nearly also that of his successor.

It was while all these family complications were distressing him that George III. first received an American envoy, as from an independent state. The person chosen was John Adams,

called the Colossus of Congress, as having been one of the foremost in the establishment of the new Government.

It was on the 1st of June, 1785, that Adams was conducted to St. James's Palace by the Marquis of Caermarthen, and after waiting among an assembly of ambassadors, bishops, and ministers of state, was conducted to the King's apartment, where he was left alone with the King and Lord Caermarthen. He made three bows—one at the door, one halfway up the room, and one near the sovereign. When this was duly returned, he made a very suitable speech, wishing health and prosperity to the royal family, and hoping to restore goodwill and friendliness between people of one language, religion and blood. His voice, he relates, trembled, and the King spoke more steadily as he said, after some civilities, 'I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very free with you. I was the last to consent to the separation, but the separation having been made and having become inevitable, I have always said, and I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power.'

He then changed the conversation, and asked the American his views of the French nation, which some of his countrymen much admired in spite of the accounts given by Benjamin Franklin and Governor Morris of the corrupt state of manners in high life at Paris. 'There is an opinion,' he said, 'among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France.'

'I must avow to your Majesty,' said Adams, 'I have no attachment but to my own country.'

'An honest man will never have any other,' declared King George.

Adams was so much gratified that he pronounced the King to be the most accomplished courtier in his dominions, with the affability of Charles II. and the domestic virtues of Charles I.

It was not long after that a mad woman named Margaret Nicholson tried to stab the King with a knife as he left St. James's Palace. The blade was so thin that it was turned by his waistcoat. 'Do not hurt the poor creature,' was his cry, 'she has not hurt me.' She was a servant, daughter to a barber, and being evidently quite insane, was sent to Bedlam.

It was in 1785 that Warren Hastings' Government ended and he came home, having sent his wife before him on account of her health. The reception of both was gratifying. Mrs. Hastings was received at Court, her diamonds were admired, and her unpowdered hair wondered at. Hastings, then fifty-two years of age, was welcomed, and presents of an ivory inlaid bed and various jewels were graciously received. He was busy about the repurchase of his ancestral home at Daylesford, the dream of his life.

But a storm was brewing. Francis actually hated him with bitter malignity; Fox was bent on collecting information for justifying his India Bill; and Burke's generous Irish spirit was fired with indignation at the idea of oppression and speculation. Monstrous reports went about among the Whigs as to Hastings' proceedings, their object and the wealth he was supposed to have attained and his bribery of the Court, and it was resolved to impeach and prosecute him for his conduct in the Rohilla war and towards the Begums.

In April, 1786, a paper containing the charges against Hastings was drawn up by Burke and laid on the table of the House of Commons. Warren Hastings was asked for his defence, and he drew up and read aloud a long and elaborate statement in the tone of an injured man. It was prosy and it was dull, and nobody attended to it.

In June, Burke brought forward a motion on the injustice of the war which had overthrown Rohilcund, and which Dundas had very properly censured; but as Government had three times named Hastings Governor-General since that time, it was felt that it would be preposterous to condemn his conduct of it, and only sixty-seven members desired to do so, against a hundred and nineteen.

But the attack was not over. On the 13th of June, Fox brought forward the charge of unjustly obtaining an exorbitant fine from Cheyte Singh, Rajah of Benares. Every one expected that this too would be quashed, especially when Pitt rose to speak, justifying the imposing of a fine on the Rajah for his contumacy, but, and here came the surprise, calling it oppressive and tyrannical. Votes went with the ministry, and 119 decided for the impeachment of Hastings against 71.

It was not, however, till the next Session that the business was actually taken in hand, and it was on the 13th of February, 1788, that the Court opened in Westminster Hall, in full state

and splendour, the peers and judges in their robes, the Commoners in Court dresses, the ladies, a brilliant company, in their gallery. While France was seething to the outbreak against national oppression, all that was noblest in England was gathered to try the abstract right of a cause in which one of her servants had for her sake stretched his power too far.

There he stood, an old broken man, infirm and indisposed, in a poppy-coloured suit of clothes. He knelt at the bar, but the Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, bade him rise, and made a speech designed to encourage him.

Then the articles of accusation were read, at great length, and afterwards Edmund Burke made one of his most celebrated orations. It occupied no less than four sittings, going through the history of the Company in India, and giving a most vivid picture of Eastern life, as it appeared to him, and, as a climax, an indignant and pathetic description of the injuries and oppressions suffered by these innocent natives. He worked all up with the fluency of his Irish tongue and vehemence from the very bottom of his honest heart.

Sobs and tears broke out all round, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in hysterics. Every one was wrought into a state of enthusiasm on which Fox's cooler speech fell flat. There were twenty charges, each of which was to be examined separately. Sheridan spoke in the cause of the Begums, and produced much excitement; but after this there was an adjournment, the cause languished, and finally, in 1795, after seven years' prosecution and 148 sittings of the Court, Warren Hastings was acquitted on sixteen of the twenty charges.

He settled down at Daylesford to a quiet country gentleman's life, and died there in 1818. The trial, though abortive, had the one good effect of establishing a strong sense of public opinion on the uprightness of men dealing with subject races.

THE COUNTRY PARSON'S SISTER.

IX.—NEIGHBOURS AND ABSENT FRIENDS.

WHO is there among us that does not groan when the door-bell rings just as we were going out on our parish rounds? And it is a poor consolation to feel sure that our neighbour also inwardly sighs when she is told that we are at home. Yet, very likely, by the time the day is over, both she and we have a certain sense of freshness and interest as we picture to ourselves people and events that lie without the bounds of the parish and the family. If we could bring ourselves to look on our neighbours' company as a recreation rather than a duty, I think we should more readily find pleasure in it. I confess that, in my own case, nothing prevents me from enjoying it, except either the feeling that I ought to be spending my time otherwise, or else the sense that they find me intolerably dull.

Parsons' sisters *are* dull people, as a rule, just as missionaries are, and for much the same reasons. They have not time to be up in all that goes on in the world; the parish is of absorbing interest, and their thoughts are continually running back to it. But missionaries are not to be blamed for being dull; and parsons' sisters are. They ought to take interest in the life of the diocese and county and country. The best do so, and with the happiest effect on their parish work. And they ought not to think of themselves as dull, for that is a sure way to make themselves so.

Nor ought they to let themselves think their neighbours dull. They are neighbours, and interesting as such. And if they are not such as we should have chosen for ourselves, that may be so much the more profitable to us, as the disposition of Providence is likely to be wiser than our own. Any foolish creature can gather to himself a congenial world in a great town, because there is so much choice. The people who do not care for him

simply drop off, and he drops others : and so by degrees he forms a circle exactly to his taste. Is that good for him ? I trow not. Far better is it for us to have to make the best of certain given friends, to put up with them and be put up with, till by degrees we come to love and honour each other by dint of being obliged to find out each other's good qualities. I do not mean that there is no privation in this. Good friends are the greatest of riches ; and one of the chief compensations of town life is the opportunity of getting to know such : but, to most people, and especially to single women, this opportunity brings also more subtle temptations than any other form of 'the world.' And a privation cheerfully accepted and unceasingly felt is a sure and deep gain.

Besides, it must be our own fault if, in all the neighbourhood, there is no one whom we should have picked out anywhere as a friend to be sought out. We ought to be content to have within reach one or two of those. And probably every one who has seriously tried to be friendly to attractive and unattractive people alike, has been repaid by being put to shame before some apparently foolish creature, who turns out to be living the life of a hero.

There is only one sure way of being in charity with ourselves and our neighbours, and that is by remembering that, whoever may dislike or despise us, yet our Lord can see something in us to love, not only with pity, but with the love that a mother has for her own child.

There is no virtue in liking the poor better than the rich. Quite the contrary : it is often mere pride and sloth that makes us shrink from the society of our likes ; and we thereby lose excellent discipline. Any one to whom this is not obvious should read Mozley's sermon 'On our Duty to our Equals ;' * so I will say no more about it.

After all, too, we are past the days of pillions and franked letters, and need not lose touch with our absent friends. If they are real friends, our letters will interest them just for that reason, however little there may be to chronicle ; and if we can have them to stay with us, then our village friends will be theirs. We ought not to drop them from mere absorption in our work and feeling that it cannot interest them. Just the people whose own life is least like ours are most likely to find refreshment in ours. There are country parsonages of which the very thought

* 'University Sermons,' T. B. Mozley.

is a rest and blessing to people whose lives are concerned in the whirl of society or of business or politics.

What they look for in us is not an imitation of their own ways, but rather a relief from them. They, perhaps, are obliged to follow the fashions exactly, whether they like them or not ; but there is no such necessity for us, and our friends do not expect it of us, though they may be very useful in giving us good advice about our clothes, so that we may look nice and not odd. They may groan at our early hours, and be thankful when they leave us to get home to their own luxuries ; while yet, if we have succeeded in combining refinement and wholesomeness with our simplicity, they really enjoy it at the time, and afterwards their remembrance of it is as a breath of fresh air. Our friends may talk slang ; but they would be rather shocked to hear us talking it. They may have got into cynical *fin de siècle* ways of speaking, and perhaps of thinking ; but they would be very sorry if we caught it from them. It is a positive holiday to them to feel that they are not required to discuss with us so-and-so's doings and misdoings, and that if they did, they would have all the wit to themselves.

We are amused and interested by that in which their life differs from us. And surely the difference of a country parsonage ought to interest them. Our position is high and strong ; we need not go outside it for effect. We have a right to whatever is ideally best and most beautiful ; and it would be unworthy to give it up. If our ways and standards do not please everybody, we may be quite sure that they never will, and 'The Miller and his Ass' was written for our comfort.

Meantime, we are doing more harm than we know, if we come down to lower standards ; and we can do nothing but good by sticking to our own, so long as we make allowance for other people's worse points, and are always ready to learn and follow them in their excellences. The poorest earth is worth something, for it is what it professes to be ; but salt that has lost its savour is worse than useless. And a parson's sister had better throw up her post unless she is prepared to accept its high responsibilities—if she is going to play salt among the poor and treacle among the rich.

HOLIDAYS.

In a beautiful sixteenth-century Litany there is a petition with a strangely modern ring: 'From excesse in spekinge, in fedinge, and werkinge, preserve my frayltie.' Did the 'excesse of werkinge' in those stirring days bring on the supineness of the eighteenth century? And are we now preparing a reaction of some kind for the twentieth?

At any rate, it would be no surprise to us now to find our great leaders praying that prayer every morning; for we know our danger. There is no subject nowadays on which people are more ready to give advice, and there is a large literature, and really almost a science of holiday-making. So I should say nothing about it except for completeness' sake, and because it is never safe to leave important points to be taken for granted. My remarks shall be short, then.

First, a holiday must be *recreation*. That is to say, the whole of our life, work and play, ought to come under one conception, if our life is to be made sense of. Many people unify theirs by making leisure the ruling idea. They work as a means to better and happier leisure, and half the pleasure of their work lies in this relation. With parsons and their sisters this is impossible. They can only turn it the other way round, giving themselves such holiday as may recreate their weary minds and bodies for new work.

Recreation must be pleasant, or it will not recreate our minds, and healthy, or it will not refresh our bodies.* How to make it so is a question for each worker's common sense—and would that every one would apply his common sense to answer it! If you are healthy but rusty, go and racket about in London; if simply worn out, go where you can lie on the grass—or at least in bed—as long as you please, however lazy and poor-spirited your friends may think you; if you are too much tied down indoors and want exercise, find a companion and walk; sketch, if that is your chief inlet for joy; or play with children; or shut yourself up in a church or in a study. What many of us, I believe, need beyond all is simply to be alone—not for any particular purpose, but just to feel ourselves free and not responsible to any human being for what we do in that space of time.

* One of the best chapters in Faber's 'Growth of Holiness' is that on 'A Well-Managed Recreation.'

Whatever it is that we feel we need, it is worth a serious effort to obtain it. It is difficult. Our friends make demands on us : one wants just these few days, another just a little piece of every day ; and there are others who ask nothing, but who need recreation more than we do, and so we make ours fall in with theirs. And in the end we come back to our work, thankful indeed to be at it again, but tired and disappointed in the use we have made of our precious leisure. There is such a thing as culpable good nature. It is our duty to take a real holiday if we can without setting aside any superior duty ; and we are pretty sure not to rate high enough our duty towards ourselves. It is not often that anybody, even in the most favourable circumstances, succeeds in securing a perfectly ideal holiday. We may be content with a good deal short of that ; but our holiday ought, at least, to be a positive gain to ourselves.

Just now we are all too full of theories about what a holiday should be, and try to fit our friends' holidays into them as well as our own. Let us hope that this doctrinaire stage will soon be over, and that we each may be allowed to take our pleasure as we please. Meantime, we ought to do what we can towards it ; and in particular, to see that the parson shall please himself as to his kind of holiday.

I take it for granted that there is a yearly holiday. I have known a parson's sister, indeed, who was grieved at the thought that there could be any holiday but the service of God in her calling ; and she took no holiday for years. But it was a mistake, and her health suffered. There really ought to be a weekly holiday : one afternoon, at least, when the parson's sister should do nothing for the parish, but occupy herself in any other way that she pleased.

Of all recreation, there can be none like a Retreat. I do not say of a one day's Retreat, usually called—*lucus à non lucendo*—a Quiet Day. That may, indeed, be invaluable as a time of spiritual exercises ; but, as a rule, there is so much to be got into—or got out of—that one day, that it is difficult not to tire one's self. In a Retreat of at least four days, on the other hand, there is a sense of leisure. It is, indeed, all too short ; yet the mere consciousness of having three whole days in which nobody can get at us, and of which it is our duty to make the most for our own good, is in itself an unspeakable repose, and sets us free to receive all the good that awaits us from Heaven. Nobody

may even speak to us ; every one is minding her own concerns, and gives us credit for minding ours, so that we can do exactly what suits us without criticism. We have not even to think about the routine of those days, for it is all planned out for us. We are taken out of the hands of others, the care of our lives is taken out of our own hands : and thus we are, for those blessed days, left altogether in the hands of God.

To every country parson's sister who has never been to a Retreat, my last counsel shall be—try it. There are people, I know, who cannot stand the silence, who are oppressed by the sight of their fellow-Retreatants, or who really cannot profitably use so long a time of prayer and thought. But if you can use it, you may be sure that you need it. Our grandmothers, whose every Sunday was a really quiet day, did not need much else. We do. It can do you no harm to try it, and it may bring you more good than you have ever dared to hope for.

PATRICIA.

BY MARY CARMICHAEL.

CHAPTER IX.

PATRICIA was being initiated into the mysteries of an amateur tennis tournament, and, so far, privately thought the entertainment quite the dullest she had ever attended. Her hostess, on this occasion, was a pompous lady, whose ideas on most subjects were of a rigid and extraordinarily old-fashioned type. Patricia, who was nothing, if not unconventional (though she could be as stiffly starched as Mrs. Russel herself, if necessary), regarded this lady with undisguised horror. On their last and only meeting, the two had engaged in a lively passage of arms, from which Patricia had emerged triumphant, leaving her antagonist inspired with feelings which cannot fitly be described in words! Indeed, Mrs. Russel was quite unable to do so, and it was only by a shake of her ponderous head-dress and a heavy sigh that she conveyed her opinion of Miss Tremayne to any one who might be curious on the subject.

Such being the case, Patricia did not feel tempted to accept the invitation, declaring that it was too hot, and that it made her giddy to watch tennis, etc. But Aileen, who was to play a prominent part in the affair, overruled all her objections, and finally wrung a promise from her unwilling victim. Indeed, Patricia knew that she would be just as wretched at home by herself, the real cause of her irritability being chronic. However, she consoled herself by persuading Mrs. Desmond to remain at home, and let them go alone, feeling sure that their defenceless position would shock Mrs. Russel's sense of the proprieties! She furthermore donned her freshest, smartest frock, which, she felt happily certain, would make every other dress in the place look like the year before last. These two little arrangements completed, she quite looked forward to the hitherto dreadful function.

As Patricia surveyed the exceedingly attractive young person

reflected in her looking-glass that afternoon, she congratulated herself afresh on the possession of a long purse and a good eye for colour. She did not play tennis, so had no fears on that score, and condoled with Aileen for being obliged to fly about in such weather.

'I shall be furious if you don't win, Baby,' she remarked as they drove off in state, 'and never forgive you for bringing me in contact with that terror of a woman.'

'I am only really afraid of Miss Maxwell,' said Aileen, confidentially. 'She is so much bigger than I am, and simply smashes down the balls.'

'Stupid great thing!' said Patricia, crossly. 'If she beats you, I shall make a point of being introduced to her.'

'For goodness' sake, don't,' laughed Aileen. She knew that Patricia's temper could take a form nothing less than diabolical. With her sweetest smile, her most winning manner, she contrived to make every one in her neighbourhood so uncomfortable as to render it imperative for them to find they were wanted elsewhere. Aileen often laughingly declared that she knew no one who could empty a room so quickly as her cousin if the humour took her.

'Do you suppose that Mrs. Russel will still find it necessary to match her costume with her complexion?' was Patricia's next remark. 'I thought that reddish purple gown she wore a perfect miracle. But a little contrast would be a variety.'

Aileen laughed, though she thought the remark unkind.

'I should not think so—but do be nice to her, Patsy, though I know she is a trial. She really means to be kind.'

'Nice! My dear child, when did you ever know me anything else but urbane in the extreme?'

Aileen groaned in spirit.

'Why,' she exclaimed, as they turned in at the gate, 'what a crowd of people! I thought it was quite a small affair!'

Patricia smiled gleefully, and slowly led the way across the lawn, languidly surveying the groups of people, as though too thoroughly well bored to even remember whether she knew them or not, and quite conscious of the many eyes that followed her gown.

Aileen, beside her, tried to counteract the effect by a running fire of bright little nods all round, till at last they reached their hostess, surrounded by several dowagers of the same unmistakable stamp.

'I knew it,' whispered Patricia, as her eye caught the obnoxious garment. 'She is an insult to nature.'

'How do you do, Miss Tremayne? How do you do, Aileen? How is it that your mamma is not with you?' spoke Mrs. Russel, in slow, ponderous tones, rising with some difficulty from the low chair she had imprudently chosen.

Before Aileen could answer, Patricia spoke with an ingratiating smile.

'I am sorry to say she is really far from well.'

'Indeed. That is very unfortunate. Nothing of any consequence, I presume?'

'Well!' said Patricia, with the same artless smile and an engaging little blush—'we are not quite sure, but we are afraid of scarlet fever!'

At this startling remark Mrs. Russel hastily drew back, her face becoming even redder than usual; but before she could recover sufficiently to make any comment, Aileen hastily spoke—

'Patricia always imagines the worst,' she said, smiling, and glancing at that young lady, who had passed on and was now examining the flower-beds with an air of languid interest. 'Mother is as well as usual, except for a little headache; but you know how the hot weather tries her, Mrs. Russel, so she thought it better to send her love and excuses by us, and stay quietly at home.'

Mrs. Russel snorted with mingled wrath and perplexity, but Aileen waited for nothing more, and hastily joined Patricia.

'Patsy, you are really too bad,' she whispered, in fits of laughter. 'What possessed you to tell such an awful story?'

'I didn't tell a fib,' said Patricia, indignantly. 'I merely said we were afraid of scarlet fever, and so we are—at least, I have no desire to suffer from it. Besides, it will keep her from any further conversation with us this afternoon, and that's the great point. She will forbid the girls to speak to us, I am convinced. Look—she is talking to Daisy now. Instead of slanging me like this, you ought to be thanking me humbly.'

'But supposing she tells every one else?' expostulated Aileen.

'She won't do that. Much too frightened of her party not being a success, for she can't exactly warn us off the premises. Don't worry, Baby, it's all right. Now, where shall I sit?'

Aileen established her refractory cousin in a comfortable chair

with a good view of the courts, and then hurried away to play, Patricia refusing most decidedly to be introduced to any single individual. So there she sat in all her finery, a conspicuous figure, and watched the play with deep interest.

'Well played !' she said warmly, as Aileen came back flushed with victory. 'I've had a most peaceful time till that idiotic young Adair spied me out. He really is the most appalling specimen I ever came across. He has gone for some ices. You will like one after your exertions.'

'Yes,' said Aileen. 'What a pity it is that you are so cross this afternoon. He is not any worse than heaps of other people, and I've seen you talking to him often before.'

Patricia sighed.

'I am in a villainous temper, I am afraid, but that woman gets on my nerves. If only Nancy were here, I should enjoy myself.'

'Or Dick,' said Aileen, simply. 'I can't think why he must have a stupid scientific meeting in town—on this particular afternoon.'

'Neither can I,' Patricia said shortly. 'Here come the ices, Baby.'

'This is really an act of Christian charity,' said Aileen, pleasantly, to the harmless lad whom Patricia had snubbed into a state of imbecility. 'I was just longing for an ice.'

Patricia gladly left the conversation to Aileen, and leaning back in her chair scanned the rows of people afresh. She could not help fancying that Dick would put in an appearance somehow.

'Who is that remarkably fine young woman, Aileen?' she said in dulcet tones—'the one in the exceedingly short skirt, I mean.'

The hapless Adair blushed furiously—stammering that the young lady was his sister.

'Ah, indeed! She looks—athletic,' said Patricia, sweetly, with an expression which caused the unhappy youth to wish to Heaven Mabel would dress like other people and not make such a fright of herself!

'She is captain of the cricket club,' broke in Aileen, hastily. 'Do you know, Mr. Adair, I heard a man who played in the 'Varsity match say that he never saw a lady keep the wicket so well as Mabel!'

But Patricia was again listlessly scanning the scene, and

never noticed Aileen's kindly little effort to smooth the poor boy's feelings. Suddenly she sat up and sent a brilliant smile across the courts, and Aileen, looking up to see the cause of the blessed change, beheld Dick walking calmly towards them.

'If ever any one was glad to see you, I am that one. Take me out of this before I am smothered,' said Patricia in energetic undertones, after greeting him warmly.

Aileen was at this moment called off to play again, so Sir Richard Graham suggested that Miss Tremayne might like to see the gardens.

'Thanks so much. It is rather fatiguing work watching the play so closely ;' and in two minutes they were turning their backs on the most exciting set of the afternoon.

'I am sorry you are not enjoying yourself,' said Dick, gravely, as they strolled across the lawn.

Patricia looked up at him from under her long and particularly curly lashes.

'How did the meeting go off?' she inquired demurely. 'Did you have a special train back? It would certainly have been a thousand pities to miss this.'

He coloured slightly at her tone of raillery, but the idea of making a false excuse never presenting itself to this singularly constituted young man, he simply said—

'I changed my mind, and did not go after all.'

'Oh, Sir Richard,' laughed Patricia, 'what a sad deterioration! The idea of forsaking your beloved Professor. I'm beginning to think you are a little bit of a fraud.'

Her mischievous, upturned face apparently had an alarming effect upon Dick. He stopped short as the words came rushing to his lips, but with an effort he pulled himself together and—made no remark whatever, Patricia knowing the meaning of this little proceeding as well as if he had indeed put his thoughts into words.

'There now! You are vexed with me. But I've been in an abominable temper all the afternoon, and made myself generally obnoxious ;' and she dropped her eyes as she spoke, looking sweetly penitent.

'No, indeed,' he said eagerly, 'but—I—you know I am not much good at this sort of thing,' he finished lamely, not at all sure of what he meant to say, or what he had said.

'Of course,' she said with another upward glance, 'I know exactly what you mean. We are friends, are we not, and can

say what we like to each other? But I was rude, and you as usual are forgiving.'

'You—you are very kind,' said Dick, unsteadily.

What on earth was the matter, thought Patricia, uneasily. He was evidently on the brink of the proposal, and though she had full confidence in her own powers of keeping him in hand, she knew that if he once reached a certain point, speak he would. She contemplated a rose bush, wishing that 'men were not so weird.'

Dick meanwhile gazed upon her in a passion of admiration and love—thinking how sweet and pure and happy she was with her innocent, confiding speeches and candid eyes.

Patricia turned to him with a little blush.

'It's very nice here, isn't it?' she said half shyly; 'but I think perhaps we had better go and watch the tennis again, don't you?'

'Certainly,' he said, but in such unwilling tones that she nearly laughed aloud at the ludicrous contrast.

'You must have a button-hole before we go,' and she turned to pick the rosebud and hide her smile at the same time. And then she put it in his button-hole, as a matter of course, Dick turning from hot to cold, as the little operation was deftly performed.

'There!' she remarked with a final pat, 'it really looks very nice, doesn't it?'

'Very,' said he, his voice eloquent with unbounded admiration, but curiously enough not even glancing at her handiwork.

CHAPTER X.

The contents of the post bag at Felstead next morning seemed unusually interesting, for the breakfast cooled on the table, and every one was immersed in their letters. Patricia half in, half out of the window, was deep in a long letter from Malta, while Aileen was trying in vain to decipher a document for her father, who had returned the day before. It was no easy task, especially as the colonel kept walking about the room, talking incessantly, and heaping anathemas on the head of the unfortunate scribe. Aileen's attention too would wander to Patricia, though she would have the letter presently.

Mrs. Desmond looked up suddenly from her pile of letters.

'Henry,' she exclaimed, 'who do you think is in town now?'

'Have not a notion,' retorted her husband. 'I wish, Mary, you would try your hand at this precious epistle; Baby is no good at all.'

'That's all very well,' laughed Aileen, 'considering you take it out of my hands every minute, and never cease talking.'

'But listen, Henry! Evelina is up now for two days on her way to Southampton. She is going out on the 9th instead of the 29th, so unless we go up to-day, we shall not see her. She wants us all to go up by an early train, and stop the night in Bruton Street.'

'What fun!' ejaculated Aileen. 'Of course we'll go?'

'What makes her change her plans like this?' fussed Colonel Desmond. 'London in this weather! Ridiculous nonsense! Instead of coming here as she had arranged. I don't believe there is a train till the afternoon, and what's to become of Patricia?'

'Patricia can take care of herself,' said the last-named person, decidedly. 'How absurd you are, Uncle Henry! Of course there are heaps of trains, and one day in London can't hurt you;' and she laughed in his face.

'Impertinent monkey!'—pinching her cheek. 'Is that the way to speak to me?'

'Certainly!' said his niece, calmly.

Mrs. Desmond looked worried.

'Eveline does not explain anything,' she said. 'This is just a few hurried lines, before she left home, and she says she will tell me everything when we meet. I hope nothing has happened to Charlie?'

('Eveline' was Mrs. Desmond's youngest sister, who had married in India. She had come home to leave her eldest child in England, and was just going out to rejoin her husband.)

'Oh no,' said Patricia, hastily. 'If anything serious had happened, Mrs. Hoare would surely have said so.'

Aileen, who had been poring over a railway-guide, now looked up.

'Here we are—11.40; how will that do, mother? It's an express.'

'Nicely, darling, thank you. Just fetch me a telegraph form; I must wire, you see.'

Patricia quietly put the form and a pencil beside her aunt,

who was, she saw, in a state of nervous excitement, and kept remarking that she was sure something had happened.

'Nonsense, nonsense, Mary!' said the colonel, soothingly. 'Eat some breakfast, for if we are to catch that train, there is no time to be lost.'

And by way of showing his own unshaken composure, Colonel Desmond tugged furiously at the bell, and promptly gave half a dozen contradictory orders to the unfortunate man who answered it.

'I do not like leaving you, dear,' and Mrs. Desmond turned to Patricia, 'but there is nothing else to be done. It would be so dull for you to come with us.'

'I shall be all right, so please do not worry about me,' said Patricia, affectionately. 'I've finished now, so I'll run up and tell Travers that you and Baby are going away for the night.'

Patricia watched the carriage drive away, amid parting injunctions from every one not to feel lonely, and then, strolling down to the river, pulled out her letter again. She laughed several times as she read it, for Terence wrote a most amusing letter. Tales of gay doings at Malta, and a racy description of some people he had met of the most pronounced Anglo-Saxon type, were interlarded by questions as to Aileen, and requests for a minute description of everything she said and did. He was evidently in high spirits. Patricia's letter, telling him of the state of affairs between Sir Richard and Aileen, had been a 'god-send,' to use his own expression, and already he was contemplating the earliest possible moment that he might get a few days' leave. To do him justice, he never for a moment realised the true state of affairs, for Patricia was careful to keep in the background the state of Sir Richard's feelings with regard to herself. Terence was under the impression that it was merely a little flirtation enjoyable to both parties, and no harm meant, which state of things he thoroughly understood, and he ceased to connect Patricia's 'whims' with himself or Aileen. The knowledge that Aileen was not altogether indifferent to him was sufficient, to his sanguine mind, to make all other obstacles melt away. 'I know they would never force her to marry against her will,' he wrote; 'and when they know that she cares for me (which seems incredible) they will be kind to me for her sake. Do you think I might come for a few days at Christmas? The money is really the bother. Of course

cannot leave the Navy on nothing a year, and what would be the good of being married if we never saw each other. But something is sure to turn up, and I do not care a straw about anything, so long as I know she cares a little. Money is a detail !'

Patricia smiled half sadly as she folded up the letter. It was just like him to be so careless, never in his life had he looked on things seriously ; but that made him all the dearer in her eyes, for she loved to take care of people.

After her solitary luncheon, she went down to the Vicarage, only to find Nancy out for the day. There was no one else she cared sufficiently about to take the trouble of calling upon, and she had not the energy to row or ride, so she idled away the long afternoon, reading and writing, and half hoping Dick Graham would put in an appearance. That young gentleman, however, was staying away purposely, for he knew Colonel Desmond had returned, and he furthermore intended calling to make his unpleasant communication that same evening. Dick had exercised no little self-restraint those last few weeks, but honour forbade him to plead his cause with Patricia before informing her uncle. So now he was making his way along the green lanes, feeling rather uncomfortable at the thought of what was before him.

The soft, damp air floated in on Patricia, as she sat at the piano singing softly to herself. At last she was tired, and rising listlessly, leaned out of the open window. The soft grey light and the damp air were to her more beautiful than the most glowing sunshine, for they reminded her of the spring evenings at Ballinaghee.

'I'll go to the wood,' she said aloud, 'it will smell mossy and delicious after this rain ;' and in another five minutes she was climbing the hill behind the house, enveloped in the scarlet cloak.

A few minutes afterwards Sir Richard rang the bell, and desired to see Colonel Desmond. He planned in his own mind, that he would just catch him before dinner, and then he could come over early next morning to see Patricia. He smiled as he rode along, wondering how she would look, and what she would say, for Patricia's favours had been too marked to allow much fear of a refusal. It never entered his unsophisticated mind, that she might be only amusing herself.

The news that the colonel was off again, was not welcome,

and his consternation was great, on learning that Mrs. Desmond and Aileen had accompanied him.

'Is Miss Tremayne at home?' he inquired, feeling that he must see her for a minute or two, when she had been alone all day.

'Miss Tremayne has just gone up towards the wood, Sir Richard,' the butler told him, after making inquiries.

'Oh! thanks, Hawkins, I'll go up for a minute or two, and leave a message for the colonel;' and with a light heart he strode up the hill and plunged into the wood. He knew Patricia's favourite haunt; so turning down a broad grassy path, with the trees arching overhead, he hurried along. The light was very dim here, but he soon caught sight of the scarlet cloak, and in another minute was beside her.

Patricia, walking slowly along, had not heard his steps on the moss, but as he spoke, turned quickly round, with a glad little cry of welcome.

'Sir Richard, how glad I am to see you!' giving him both hands. 'I've been quite alone all day.'

She was genuinely glad to see him, for solitude never impressed her favourably; so she smiled on him sweetly, and for once really meant it.

'I have only just heard that you were left to your own devices all day,' said Dick, holding her hands tightly, and looking hungrily into her face.

She had drawn the scarlet hood over her head, and the bright colour stood out vividly from the misty greys and greens that surrounded her.

Dick Graham, looking at the flushed cheeks, glad eyes, and smiling mouth, felt all his resolution slip away from him, and utterly forgot everything and every one but the girl before him.

'Are you really so glad to see me?' he said gently, gazing into her eyes with a look in his own that made her feel nervous.

She flushed scarlet, and pulled away her hands.

'Glad!' she said, 'of course I am glad, and so would you be if you had not seen a soul all day. But it's beginning to rain; let us go in, or we shall both be hoarse to-morrow.' And she turned away as she spoke, feeling desperate.

But the vivid blush and hasty change of manner fanned the spark into a flame.

'No!' he cried, catching her hands again, 'not yet. Not till I

tell you what you already know—that I love you, heart and soul !’

The passion in his voice, the light in his eyes, cut Patricia like a whip.

She turned round.

‘Oh, do not say that ; it isn’t true ; you surely cannot mean it !’ she cried, her voice breaking.

‘Why, darling ! What is the matter ? Have I offended you—hurt you ?’ And he put an arm round her, trying to draw her closer.

She pushed him away with shaking hands.

‘It can never be—never ; don’t you see how impossible it is ?’

A light broke on his face.

‘Oh, you are thinking about that absurd idea of Aileen !’ he said in a relieved voice. ‘Put it out of your head altogether ; it was never more than an idea.’ But as she still remained silent with averted head, he broke out passionately, ‘Patricia, speak to me, only a little word, to say you care a little, that you will be my wife.’

Patricia faced him, white as her dress, dismay and unavailing regret tearing at her heart.

‘Sir Richard ! you cannot understand. You say you love me, but—I——’ She stopped, unable to put it into words. The knowledge of what he must be suffering struck her dumb.

He let her go, and stood mutely looking at her. His voice shook as he spoke.

‘What do you mean ? You are not going to tell me that I have been a fool, that you do not care ; you cannot mean that ?’

Patricia could not look at him. She stared at the ground and spoke hurriedly.

‘It is my fault. I do not love you—I can never love you ; but I tried to make you believe I did !’

‘May I ask why ?’

‘Yes !’ Again she stopped, but the knowledge that the truth of the matter would probably kill his respect for her, and so make it easier for him, nerved her to go on. She leaned against a tree, wishing her heart would not beat so loudly :

‘I came down here prepared to act as I did ; they always said you never looked at any girl, and it pleased my pride, and now—I am sorry.’

‘Oh !’ said Dick, curtly, ‘indeed.’ Bitter anger filled his heart, and the sense of having lost what was most precious on

earth, gave him pain he had never dreamt of before. 'I must congratulate you on the success of your plans.'

By this time Patricia was beyond speaking, all her energies being employed in keeping herself from bursting into tears. She lifted her eyes and looked at him. Dick could not see those pathetic grey eyes and feel unmoved.

He sprang towards her impetuously, all his pent-up love and longing in his voice.

'I do not believe a word of it. You are saying all these beastly things about yourself for some purpose of your own. Never will you be anything to me, but the truest, bravest woman in the world. You are mine, no one can love you as I do, and some day you will give me what I want.' And without another look he turned off and crashed away through the trees.

How Patricia got back to the house she never knew, but at last she was in her room, with locked door, and then the retribution began. Hoarse sobs shook her from head to foot, but no relieving tears came to ease her. It was the knowledge of what she had done, of the sorrow unspeakable that she had brought into his life, that was suffocating her, for she knew now that it was a case of 'once, and once only,' with him.

'Oh!' she cried, 'can people be so miserable and live? But I am too wicked to die! Shall I ever forget his face, his voice, and when he would *not* believe it? How could I? and it is all to no purpose! I might have trusted auntie and Aileen herself. No, it was all my own interference, all my craving for admiration, all my own wicked fault! If only I could die and be out of it all!' and so on, till the very violence of her emotion reduced her to silence.

There was a knock at the door, and Bridget's voice, 'It's close upon dinner-time, Miss Patricia.'

She got up and opened the door.

Bridget hastily lit the candles.

'It's very late it is, for you to be out, an' in all that rain too,' she remarked.

Patricia made no answer whatever, which unusual behaviour had the effect of scaring Bridget into silence.

'Whatever is it now?' muttered the good soul, as she watched Patricia go languidly downstairs. 'There's no tellin' what she'll be afther next. Tired herself out thrampin' round in the wet, I suppose. I wish we was home and out av this!'

Patricia forced herself to swallow some dinner, mindful of the

observant Hawkins, and made a speedy exit to the cool, dark drawing-room. But she could not rest. The unusual stillness of the place oppressed her, the very air was leaden, and everything seemed endowed with life, for she heard hearts beating all round her. An unreasoning terror possessed her, and with a stifled cry she sprang out of the window, and ran down the carriage drive, as though pursued by demons. 'If only the church is open!' she gasped as she ran. Somehow it seemed natural for the church to be dark and quiet, and something seemed to hurry her along, telling her she would find relief there. She turned in at the gate and hurried up to the porch, but the heavy door was locked, for it was nearly nine o'clock. With an impatient stamp she tried the vestry door, only to meet with the same disappointment.

'I must get in!' she cried despairingly; and turning round she pushed open the little gate of the Vicarage garden and hurried up the pathway.

Nancy was sitting by the open window waiting for her husband. The room was lit up behind her, but the blinds were not drawn.

'Patricia!' she exclaimed. 'My dear! What are you doing? Is anything the matter? Do you want the vicar?' For a glance at the white face and wild, miserable eyes told her that this was no friendly visit.

Patricia leaned against the window to get her breath, the light full upon her face.

'I want the keys of the church,' she said, as soon as she could speak. 'Can I have them for a little while?'

'My dear child, what is the matter? Is any one ill? Do come in; you are exhausted.'

'Please,' said Patricia, 'the keys, and let me go. There is nothing the matter; I only want to say my prayers,' with a pitiful attempt at a smile.

Without a word Nancy fetched the keys from the hall.

'Here they are, dear;' and stooping down she kissed the white face. 'Shall I give you a light?'

Patricia looked her gratitude, but shook her head and fled back up the garden path.

Nancy's feelings of dismay were indescribable. That terrible trouble had fallen on Patricia was obvious. She longed to go and tell her husband all about it, but loyalty to Patricia kept her back. She was uneasy, too, at the thought of the girl in the

dark church alone, in her present state of nervous excitement. So she watched at the window, her mind made up to go after her if she did not reappear in half an hour.

But just as she was preparing to set out, to her great relief Patricia walked quietly down the garden path, and slipped the keys into her hands again, with a murmured word of thanks.

CHAPTER XI.

NEXT evening, Patricia, sitting out behind the house, watched a groom in the Graham livery ride up with a note, and then without waiting for an answer ride away again. She guessed the nature of the communication, wondering whether Sir Richard had enlightened Mrs. Desmond as to the events of the day before, but feeling too utterly apathetic to care in the least as to whether he had or not. Indeed, she almost hoped it was so, as she would then have an excellent excuse for leaving Felstead at once. This was the one idea she was capable of at present, namely, the speediest way of leaving the place, which always seemed to afford her such boundless possibilities of pain, and delight.

The Desmonds had all been too full of Eveline Hoare and her affairs to notice Patricia's unusual silence, for though she tried with all her might to appear the same as usual, she felt herself that her efforts were a failure. She listened to Aileen's chatter in a numb sort of fashion, wondering what it was all about, and pleaded that ever-useful 'headache,' when Aileen remarked on her quiet manner. This was enough to satisfy her cousin's tender heart, and she had but just left Patricia, surrounded with many cushions, and strict injunctions 'to go to sleep at once.' But sleep and Patricia had parted company some weeks since, so, though relieved at the silence and solitude, her brain was busy devising reasons for a speedy departure. She could think of nothing collectedly, for her usual quick wit deserted her, just when she wanted it most. So, with a weary sigh, she gave it up, wishing with all her heart that she had never set foot in her uncle's house. Meanwhile, great was the consternation with which Mrs. Desmond perused Dick's note, which was as follows:—

'DEAR MRS. DESMOND,

'I find I have made a mistake, and am afraid I have been more than presumptuous. Will you excuse me, if I find

I cannot come over to see you, before going abroad? There is naturally much to arrange, as it is quite indefinite when I return.

'Always yours affectionately,

'DICK.'

The letter fluttered to the ground as Mrs. Desmond sank into a chair almost breathless with surprise and dismay. What could have happened? Was it possible that he had proposed and that Patricia refused him? She could not believe it, and yet the letter spoke plainly enough. And then to rush away like this, leaving no address! Her brain refused to take it all in; but before she had much time for reflection, she was roused by the distant banging of doors, which grew gradually louder as Colonel Desmond advanced on the morning room. This was his usual mode of procedure when disturbed, which was fortunate, as it gave the household time to disperse. On this occasion, however, Mrs. Desmond waited, and the next minute her husband stalked in, evidently in a furious temper, and slamming the door, tossed a note to his wife, demanding if she could make anything of this 'tomfoolery.'

Mrs. Desmond silently read the second note, which was somewhat longer than her own. In carefully chosen language, Sir Richard Graham stated that a marriage between himself and Miss Aileen Desmond was out of the question now or at any time. One of the reasons for this decision, he explained, was the absolute and very evident indifference with which the lady regarded him, but also he had but lately discovered an obstacle on his own part which rendered the arrangement impossible, and so on.

'What is the meaning of this, I'd like to know? The young fool! What confounded rubbish has he in his head? How can he know anything about the state of Baby's feelings, and what's all this about obstacles?' And the colonel raved up and down the room.

Mrs. Desmond looked at him helplessly.

'I cannot make it out,' she said. 'I have heard from him also. Of course he is in love with Patricia. I saw that long ago, and quite hoped she returned it; but it's evident I have made a mistake. He must have spoken to her yesterday.'

Colonel Desmond stared at his wife.

'In love with Patricia! in love with Patricia! And you let

him come here, knowing it! You hoped she returned it!—that my niece would degrade herself by listening to a dishonourable scoundrel!’

With an effort he gulped down his anger, and turning sharply away, stared out of the window. By this time Mrs. Desmond was in tears.

‘Oh, Henry, what is the use of being so angry about it? I am so distressed about the whole affair. Who would have thought that he would propose so suddenly, or she refuse him!’

‘Proposed to Patricia! Has he? Upon my word, I like his confounded impertinence. Of course she refused him. Is it likely that a girl with any sense of honour could do anything else? Of course she refused him, and I only hope she told him at the same time that she thought him a dishonourable cad!’

Mrs. Desmond felt strongly inclined to tell her husband the truth of the matter, but refrained, knowing that it would do more harm than good. He would not believe it of Patricia in the first place, and even if he did, he would not mitigate one jot of his wrath with Dick. She knew very well that the prime cause of his anger was disappointment at the frustration of his beloved plan. Patricia’s part in the matter was only a detail.

‘He shall never set foot in my house again, that I swear! I’ll cut him dead, the next time I clap eyes on him,’ shouted the colonel, working himself into another fury. ‘And as for you, Mary, I can’t make you out at all. You say, you saw what was going on. Why in the name of all that’s good, didn’t you let me know? I would soon have put a stop to such philandering.’

‘You are too absolutely absurd and silly, Henry,’ said Mrs. Desmond, sitting up and speaking with unwonted decision. ‘You are so full of your own ideas of this stupid arrangement that you can think of nothing else. It is not Aileen I am worrying about, but I cannot understand Patricia;’ and without waiting for any further remark from her husband, she swept from the room.

Patricia was still sitting listlessly in the evening sunshine, as Mrs. Desmond approached and drew up a chair beside her niece.

‘What do you make of this, Patricia?’ she said gently, after a few moments’ desultory conversation, giving Dick’s note into the girl’s hands. Mrs. Desmond knew by experience, that if she wished any light thrown on the subject by Patricia, she must keep her righteous wrath well in the background.

Patricia took the note, read it through, and handed it back to her aunt without any remark.

This was more than Mrs. Desmond bargained for. She expected at least a change of colour, but the girl was as unmoved as the chair she sat upon.

'Have you nothing to say?' inquired Mrs. Desmond after a pause. 'What is the meaning of this extraordinary note, you must know?'

'Know, why should I know? He says he has made a mistake, which is quite true, though not in the sense he implies, and that he is going away, which I think a decidedly foolish proceeding,' answered Patricia, indifferently.

'Patricia, you surely cannot realise what it all means, or else you are absolutely heartless. Did he propose to you, and have you refused him?' said Mrs. Desmond, fairly at her wits' end.

'I really do not see that you have any right whatever, Aunt Mary, to ask me such a question; but as you seem so perturbed, I may as well tell you that both those interesting events took place yesterday evening.' Her cool manner and calm voice exasperated Mrs. Desmond beyond words.

'I cannot believe it!' she cried. 'You deliberately encouraged him; you know you did. That *you* should have acted so is incredible, and simply and solely to gratify your own vanity! I am bitterly disappointed in you. Have you nothing to say for yourself?' For the girl lay back on her cushions, a careless smile on her lips, as though astonished and somewhat amused at her aunt's vehemence.

'No!' she said quietly. 'Nothing, and I think, under the circumstances, it would be better if I left Felstead at once, don't you? I can get the evening mail to-morrow, and go straight home.'

Mrs. Desmond looked at her in despair, for the first time noticing how exceedingly ill she looked.

With an exclamation of pity, she rose, and stooping over the girl kissed her fondly, pushing back the thick hair from her hot forehead.

'My dear child,' she said, 'I feel sure there is some horrible mistake somewhere; forgive me for judging you so harshly. Tell me all about it, darling; perhaps a little explanation will put matters straight.'

The tender voice and caressing touch were too much for

Patricia's self-control. She felt an obstinate lump in her throat, caught her breath with a little sob, and fled into the house, before Mrs. Desmond could stop her.

Half an hour later Bridget brought Mrs. Desmond a little pencilled note.

'Don't ask me to explain anything,' it ran, 'I have, as you say, behaved disgracefully. It was not Sir Richard's fault, in the very least. Please let me go home. Bridget will take care of me, for I cannot stay here. Thank you over and over again for all your sweetness and kindness to me, and try and forgive

'Your miserable

'PATRICIA.

'P.S.—Please explain things to Uncle Henry and Aileen.'

Mrs. Desmond read the little note, a suspicious dimness in her eyes. Patricia might be abominable in some ways, but she was certainly very lovable.

As she finished the note, she looked up at Bridget, who stood waiting her answer.

'Miss Patricia is not at all well, I am afraid, Bridget,' she said. 'She seems to want to go to her old home very much. She wants to go to-morrow, she says. It's a sudden parting, but we must make up our minds to it, I suppose.'

'Indade, an' that's the thruth, mam,' said Bridget, eagerly. 'She's not been hersilf this month an' more. 'Twas all that rampagin' and tearin' about in London as has done it, an' it's just pinin' for a breath av Wicklow air she is, mam. Shure, it breaks me heart entoirely to see the white face av her, and them headaches she do have. Sorra a wink of slape did she have last night, wid that nasty pain in her head. It's a rale comfort to think she is goin' home for a bit, an' she'll be as well as iver she was in a couple of weeks. Av course 'twill be the lonely home comin' for her, it's mesilf as knows that!'

'Yes, indeed,' sighed Mrs. Desmond. 'I don't like to hear of these headaches, Bridget. She never mentioned anything of the sort to me. I don't half like her going so far away by herself, but I know you will look after her, and I shall insist upon her seeing a doctor, if she gets no better.'

Bridget nodded assent.

'She'll feel it crule hard at first, poor lamb, for she'll miss the masther at ivery sthep. But make your mind asy, mam. I'll

coax her to see the docthor afther a few days, an' drop you a bit av a note tellin' you what he says ;' and with a radiant face Bridget left the room.

Poor Mrs. Desmond felt thoroughly bewildered. She must break the news of Patricia's departure, and she must write to Dick. Of these two things she was certain, but everything else appeared unreal. She did not know whether she was angry with Patricia or sorry for her, and now Bridget's disclosures added the finishing touch to her perplexity.

'Oh!' she sighed wearily, 'fond though I am of her, I wish she had stopped with Lady Betty.'

Colonel Desmond at first scouted the idea of Patricia going to Ireland. What on earth would she do with herself all alone in that lonely place! What did she want to go away for? It was not to be thought of for a moment.

Mrs. Desmond listened quietly, and then gently insinuated that Patricia was far from well, and that a change of air was essential. The colonel gave in at once, for ill health was the one thing of all others that he had a horror of.

'She never used to be ill,' he grumbled. 'I suppose all this rascality has upset her—small wonder if it has!'

Aileen was in despair, and insisted on laying the whole blame on Dick for being 'in such a stupid hurry.' Nothing would induce her to hear a word against her cousin.

To Patricia the hours seemed unending, but at last the final good-byes were said, and next minute she was whirled away from Felstead and all its miserable associations.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS' ROOM.

CHILDREN'S SINGING-GAMES.

MIRANDA has an ingenious suggestion as to the derivation of 'Here we come Lupin, Lupin,' or 'Lubin,' or 'Looby Light.' 'We used to say,' she writes—

"Here we dance Lupin, Lupin,
Here we dance Lupin Light."

We always thought that it meant dancing round an imaginary lupin bush, but since I was grown up I have heard it suggested that "lupin" meant leaping, jumping, as we sprang from one foot to the other while dancing in a ring. This seems likely. It is the same as the Scottish word which occurs in "Old Mortality"—"By the help of God I have loupit the wall;" Ps. xviii. 19—in the Revised Version now standing—"By my God I have leaped over a wall;" in the Vulgate, "In Deo meo transgrediar muram."

* * * * *

Another suggestion comes from Miranda. 'As to "buff," may I say to Miss Wintle that buffoon comes from the Spanish *bufa*, "scoffing;" Italian, *buffare*, "to joke"? "Buff" is, I believe, the same as "buffer." That word in Middle English meant "stutterer," thence a "foolish fellow," finally a "fellow." There is a song, the refrain of which is—

"Wrap me up in my old stable jacket
And say, a poor buffer lies low."

So "buff" is "buffer," a foolish fellow. Buff, the colour, comes from buffalo, the skin of which is a pale yellow.

* * * * *

Miranda also sends some games, but as they are mainly variants on some that have appeared before, I do not use them.

* * * * *

'The Gemini,' in addition to a number of singing-games, gives us counting-out rhymes.

One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage-door ;
Eating plums off a plate,
Five, six, seven, eight.

II.

As I went up the briary hill,
I met my father wi' good will ;
He had jewels, he had rings,
He had a number of fine things.
He had a cat wi' nine tails,
He had a number o' fine nails.
Eepum, peepum, Paradise,
Out of England, into France.
Up Jock, down Tam ;
Blow the bellows, auld man.
White fish, black troot,
Eerie owrie, ye're oot.

III.

As I gaed up an apple tree,
All the apples fell on me.
Mak a puddin', mak a pie,
. . . Stand ye out-bye.

* * * * *

This is the rhyme for 'Hunt the Slipper'—

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
And have it done by half-past two.
Half-past two is on the door.
Then have it done by half-past four.
Half-past four is on the gate.
Then have it done by half-past eight.

* * * * *

E. F. Simpson sends a counting-out rhyme with a number of games.

Eena, deena, dina, dus,
Cateena, wheena, whinna, whus.
Spit, spot, spat, spun,
Twiddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one.
O U T spells out,
You are not to be he.

* * * * *

A contributor, whose name does not appear on her manuscript, sends a French singing and action game, which I give as a curiosity, though it hardly comes within the scope of our papers. Each verse begins—

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
On y chant, et on y chant ;

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
On y chant, et tout en rond.

The verses go on then—

Les beaux messieurs font comme ça,
Et puis encore, font comme ça.

And again—

Les belles dames font comme ça.

And so on to the blanchisseuses and various other avocations, accompanying the words by action, just as the English games do. This smacks somewhat of Kindergarten, but no doubt is older than Froebel.

* * * * *

S. A. Doody sends a version of 'Ring-a-ring-o'-roses,' which dates, no doubt, from war-days.

Up and down Sebastopol,
In and out the ocean,
Every time a gun goes off,
Down falls a Rooshian.

* * * * *

'There is a very good game,' writes this contributor, 'which at our school went by the name of "Welsh Trades." I mention it, because I am curious to know why it has that name, which does not seem in the least appropriate. We formed in two lines with a boundary in the middle. One side secretly settled on the name of some object, and coming up to the boundary gave the first and last letters. The other side might ask questions about it. When they had guessed it they shouted it out, and ran after the others, catching as many as they could.'

* * * * *

Helen Levett sends a good long paper, but, unfortunately, like a good many fellow-sufferers, she has been anticipated in nearly every instance. However, for her industry she takes a prize this month, the only one allotted, as our contributions are bits and scraps, the very finishing-up of the singing-games. I do not think we have had this before. The lines are sung by children and mother alternately.

A.—Please, mother, may we go out?

The moon is shining yonder.

B.—Yes, children, you may go out, etc.

Children come in.

B.—Children, children, come in. Where have you been?

A.—We've been to see grandmother.

B.—What did she give you?

A.—A piece of bread as big as my head,
And a piece of cheese as big as my knees.

B.—Where's my share?

A.—In the cupboard, if the cat hasn't eaten it.

B.—Where's the cat?

A.—She's in the wood.

B.—Where's the wood?

A.—The fire burnt it.

B.—Where's the fire?

A.—The water quenched it.

B.—Where's the water?

A.—The ox drank it.

B.—Where's the ox?

A.—The butcher killed it.

B.—Where's the butcher?

A.—In the churchyard, eating nuts, and you can eat the shells.

It will be noticed that a good many of the games are very unfilial.

* * * * *

These seem to be mere jingles.

Grandmother, Grandmother Gray,
May I go out to play?
I won't fall in the water,
Grandmother, Grandmother Gray.

II.

See the windmill how she goes
While the wind so briskly blows,
Always turning freely round,
Never idle is she found.

This is a moral application of the windmill, which would commend itself to Robert Louis Stevenson.

III.

List to the bells' silver peals !
Bim-bom, beautiful bells.
Rhyming and chiming the melody swells ;
Bim-bom, beautiful bells.

* * * * *

This is a rhyme for see-saw.

See-saw, jakeety daw,
Father and mother are dead.
Your sister behind the pantry door,
Eating barley bread.

* * * * *

And now that is the last of the singing-games.

KATHARINE (TYNAN) HINKSON.

FROM MY ATTIC WINDOW.

Concerning
Bacon and
Marriage.

A FLITCH of bacon is not a very romantic gift, but doubtless it is one to give joy to a good housewife's soul. To speak the truth, I have not a very exact idea of how much a flitch is, but I believe it must be enough to satisfy the cravings of any ordinary couple for bacon for a considerable time. And there is no doubt that early in the fifteenth century it was a thing to be greatly desired, or it would not have been offered as a prize to the estimable couple who could prove that their married life was free from dissension. This quaint custom, instituted then, and fallen into decay, has been revived and still is practised at Dunmow in Essex, where every year there are a considerable number of claimants who appear before a jury of twelve white-clad maidens and twelve young men, whose duty it is to decide between them. I have no doubt the hearing of the different claims, and the details of domestic life therein revealed are most profitable to the young people, either as a warning or an encouragement. This year seven couples put in a claim, but they were weeded down to two—a couple who had been married fifty-one years, and another who had a year and two months of wedded bliss to look back upon. The elder couple had an advocate, and they needed it, for it transpired that the husband wrote poetry (*sic*), and it was difficult to convince the judge that under these circumstances fifty-one years of conjugal bliss was possible. Specimens addressed to his wife, whose maiden name was Norman, were produced, and ran as follows:—

'Oh, lovely Mary Norman,
My love for you's a warm un.

However, they obtained the flitch, and the judge and jury took relaxation after their arduous task by a jaunt in a motor car through the village, which remained in holiday attire for the rest of the day.

It is a quaint old ceremony dating from the early years of the

fifteenth century, but by whom instituted and for what reason I do not know. In these days there must be more good-tempered couples than of old, for from 1445 to 1753 the prize was only awarded five times, and in these days somebody gets it every year. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth was the means of resuscitating the old tradition by one of his novels, and since 1855 it has been faithfully observed. Vienna, St. Meleine in Brittany, and Whichnor in Staffordshire, have similar customs, I am told. The originators meant well, no one has any doubt, and if there were no medium between a cat-and-dog existence and a life of undisturbed agreement, one would have no difficulty in deciding which kind of married life to choose. But—tell it not in Gath—my ambitions do not lie in the direction of the Dunmow flitch. It is a private opinion of mine, which I generously make public, that a certain amount of difference of opinion and a friendly battle every now and then relieve the monotony of the dead level of amiable pleasantries which is only possible to understrung temperaments. But these sentiments are strictly improper, and ought to remain in the privacy of one's own meditations on things in general and married life in particular.

Sad Facts. Facts are difficult things to deal with. We may shut our eyes to them, walk over them, ignore them, and forget them, but they are there. And there are some of us who cannot do any of these. The hideous, ugly things stare us in the face and burn in on our hearts and memories. And looking over the reports of the Royal Commission on Liquor Laws, I find that every witness agreed that drunkenness among women is increasing with every month. Which means that more homes are being made miserable, more children growing up with the seeds of a hideous disease already planted in them. Then Lady Henry Somerset in her evidence said that in the last twelve months 3200 applications for places had been received at the Duxhurst Inebriate Home, which they could not entertain for want of room. This was over and above those whom they did receive. The sun is setting and shining into my quiet gable window ; outside the rooks are cawing as they fly off to their safe homes in the tops of the old trees. And yet I am forced to remember that there are 3200 homes—I should be safe in saying 300,000—where poor miserable souls are trying to get away from the sin and grief they have made for themselves, and where husbands and mothers and children live in daily fear. Then I find a later witness before the same

Commission saying that all ladies who drink keep it secret ; in 90 per cent. of the cases they get it from grocers. Men drink openly, women of the upper and middle classes who are dipsomaniacs, all develop a genius for secrecy. And I add that to the sum total of the drinkers who can be reckoned up. And, lastly, I find, in a corner of the same paper a practical commentary on it all. The daughter of a gentleman in high life on a visit to a watering-place wandered into the street drunk, was surrounded by a crowd, arrested, and sentenced to a month's hard labour. She confided her real name to the chaplain, and so her father learned of her whereabouts. Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it !

**Women's
Paradises.**

Even on this earth there would seem to be paradises for women, of course far away from Europe, or even America. Middle Thibet is one. Mr. Notovitch, the traveller, has been there and says so, and Mrs. Bishop, when she came back brought the same report. In that land the women of the Ladakh tribe are far in advance, in physical graces as well as in intelligence, of their semi-civilised sisters of other tribes and nations. While, as a rule, they are below medium height, their figures are of exquisite symmetry and grace. The rareness of the mountain air gives them an exceedingly clear complexion, of which they are very proud. They have eloquent mouths, with excellent teeth, and their faces are continually wreathed in smiles. In short, they are sunny, amiable, and extremely neat. Though, on account of the altitude, the climate is very rigorous, they spend a great deal of the time bathing. In their costumes they show a charming inclination for the picturesquely bizarre. They will often combine filmy laces and many-hued fabrics with handsome though sombre-coloured furs, in the most bewildering fashion. One would think that with such an example the men would be the personification of gallantry, and rich in physical favours, but the very opposite is the case. Never was there a tribe of men whom Nature has treated more shabbily than the Ladakhs. She has evidently used up all her nice material on the women, and what odds and ends there were left have been utilised for making the most absurd caricatures of men. They are thin, stunted, often hunchbacked, and have very small heads, badly set on sloping shoulders. And they are totally subservient to the rule of the other sex. The women dictate the laws through the priests, their own nominees, by the way. They

decide any questions that arise from disputes regarding taxes or other tributary measures enforced by law. All this self-assertiveness on the part of womankind among the Ladakhs reaches its culminative point in plurality of husbands. The men have little or no voice in the matter of courtship. The young woman makes inquiries about the standing of the family of which her prospective husband is a member. If satisfactory, she signifies to the mother of her choice that she wishes him for a 'jink-tuk' (lover); consent is always readily obtained, and the marriage feast prepared. And so on until she has as many husbands as she wants. The Ladakhs live a sort of Arcadian life. Stealing, murder, or other crimes are totally unknown, and this happy state of affairs must be attributed to the benign influence of woman, whose power here is supreme. This will be a spot to think of if the next Women's Suffrage Bill fails to pass, or if one's husband fails to appreciate one's efforts in the way of dinners.

A Nurse in
need is a
Friend indeed. It is generally the details which no one thinks of mentioning which make or spoil comfort and happiness. One goes to stay in the middle of the most magnificent scenery in Europe. The snow-capped mountains are sublime, but it is all spoilt by a shoe that pinches. Intrepid travellers venture into unknown lands and return and tell the public of the perils they have undergone, but the little thing that was harder to bear than all the great dangers—the lack of a wash or a button at a critical moment—never is mentioned. It is so with the settlers in our distant colonies. Every one knows that the winters on the north coast of Canada are severe, that the colonists often have to dig their way out in the morning through a dozen feet of snow, that the lack of neighbours makes the life dull, but few of us think the hardest part of it all, especially for nervous women, is the dread of illness with no doctor or nurse near. Quite recently a doctor who had come back from that big new land was telling me how tremendous a boon the Victorian order of nurses which Lady Aberdeen is starting will be to all classes in the country. The order is similar to our own Queen's nurses, and it is proposed, when the scheme is fully carried out, to have one or two fully and specially trained nurses living in the most convenient centre of every district. She, or them, would then be able to attend the homes for a distance of twenty or thirty miles round. Richer and poorer—those terms are only comparative among

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colonists—would alike be glad of her services. The unspoken fear of approaching the gate that swings both ways, unto life or death, without competent aid, a fear that makes many brave spirits despondent, would be lightened. The strong man on a lonely station would be free of the dread of being untended when by an accident he was made helpless. This is a Jubilee scheme which will make a difference in the homes of the rich and poor.

**Human
Islands.**

How few schemes, or associations, or societies, or movements, there are that do make a difference in the lives of the average home-making, home-keeping woman. Every week seems to produce some really magnificent, new society for doing something for somebody. 'This is really a fine idea,' one says to one's self; 'this ought to make some impression, some difference to everybody, the conception is so world-wide and would brighten and widen the lives of men and women together everywhere.' But the weeks go by and the world does not seem very much changed. I walk past the rows of houses in the town and look in at the windows and wonder. I think of all the men and women who are nearly all chiefly occupied and chiefly interested in what goes on within those four walls. And societies come and societies go, but the women inside go on for ever, ordering dinners, breaking their hearts, and mending stockings. We all in the end are islands, each cut off from the others by deep seas which no societies ever really bridge, no associations wipe away. And the only means of really joining is when two hands charged with magnetic sympathy meet and clasp each other across that channel. Still, I do not disparage the societies. There is no doubt that each association of human beings for doing anything good does some work in its own particular circle. And perhaps those who try to do the good benefit most of all.

ANNIE GROSER HURD.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p. 360.)

FIRST SHELF.

JEAN INGELOW.

Miss Jean Ingelow, whose death was lately announced, was little known personally beyond her own circle of devoted friends. Her poems were the delight of a generation no longer young. Some of them represented the thoughts, fears, hopes, and aspirations of good and thoughtful women of her time so sympathetically that it is inevitable that they should speak with less force to those of a newer day. 'Honours,' 'Brothers and a Sermon,' are specimens of this kind of writing. 'The Letter L,' and other graceful and tender poems, belong to the period of Adelaide Procter, and express less powerfully in a less melancholy fashion, the same kind of sentiment, as 'Legends and Lyrics.' But some few of Miss Ingelow's poems, notably 'High Tide on the Lincolnshire Coast,' are on another level altogether, full of beauty and pathos. 'The Songs of Seven,' 'Divided,' and 'Supper at the Mill,' have lovely, if somewhat fanciful, descriptions of natural things. The epithets are sometimes far-fetched, but are extremely pretty and suggestive.

Her novels are much less well known than her poems. They are rambling and ill constructed, but they create a quite living world of places and people, not a widely popular world, as it is partly unconventional, wholly intellectual, and expresses its deep religious earnestness in a way that occasionally might strike people as 'goody.' This is a curious mixture of qualities—but the books have been very dear to their congenial friends.

Valentine, the scapegrace hero of 'Off the Skelligs' and 'Fated to Be Free,' is quite an original character; and St. George has had many lovers, even if his enemies might call him a prig. In all the books there are descriptions which only a poet could write, because they are of effects that only a poet could see. The old deserted garden—though a quite impossible place—in 'Fated to Be Free,' and the moonlight on the blossoms at Valentine's death-bed, and a sunrise described in 'Sarah de Berenger,' are among these. 'Don John' we think a much less successful story than the others.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

THE BICYCLE: ITS EFFECT ON THE LIVES OF YOUNG LADIES LIVING AT HOME.

Chelsea China is crushed! Her little words of wisdom, doubtless the same as those uttered by her fore-mothers and fore-aunts, when croquet, tennis, or even water-proof cloaks came into fashion, are all turned against

her! She is a fox that has *not yet* acquired a tail, and so, of course, she feels pangs of envy at the sight of whisking, spinning brushes! She had been told that the bicycle is ruining the book trade, that no one will even have time to read the 'Monthly Packet,' *much* less to contribute to the 'China Cupboard,' and that the day of the novel is over! Behold, her correspondents insist on the amount of time they save by their machines. She wondered whether little parish works would not suffer? Oh no, the bicycle carries people about so much more quickly. Indeed, yesterday she saw with her own eyes a Bible-class teacher flying round to collect her scattered flock! She thought of all the little 'occupations,' 'interests,' 'resources' of other days, the *little* readings and drawings and paintings and sewings—the big ones will take care of themselves; the futile and 'nice' little doings which helped, she supposes, to develop the tiny sprigs of spiritual and intellectual growth, which combined sometimes into a fair and gracious whole. Are they all gone into Limbo, after the albums and hand-screens of an earlier day? No! After all it is only a case of 'more power to her elbow.' Something more has been given, and life has to be worked on a larger scale. Even if she wanted to find fault with the bicycle, she might just as well cry over spilt milk. She thinks, if we had had bicycles *then*, when we lived in old *Stick-in-the-Mud*, we should never have been dull, never have been driven to dye all our ribbons in Judson's dye for the sake of an occupation, nor to spend six hours in going six miles in a donkey-cart. Shouldn't we? In Chelsea China's youth 'sheets of bluebells' were just as blue as they are now, and primroses were even more plentiful, but they were mostly reached by mud and ruts and stones and stiles, over which no bicycle, unless it was actually winged, could get! But perhaps under the County Councils mud has gone into limbo also!

Seriously, all that could be said in modification of the good of bicycles, applies to the great question of athletics and 'out-of-doorishness' altogether. The type so produced is so good, and so congenial to English notions, that one has sometimes to remind one's self that it is not complete, that intellectual and spiritual effort and attainment must not lag behind physical. We do not wish for dull, though beautiful, barbarians. In the case of most men the necessity of professional work affords a counteracting influence, and this is true for many girls also. But it may be that some 'young ladies living at home' may do well to take care that this delightful development of a side of life hitherto far too much neglected, does not cause other organs to die away through disuse. Is it not possible that girls owed some of the finish of their natures to the need of 'filling up their time'? Nevertheless, congratulations to all the *M. M.'s* who have got a 'bike!'

There are only *five* papers. Chelsea China refrains from an obvious remark on the smallness of the number. All are favourable. She gives the prize to *Nancy*, a new comer, who writes with much spirit. She adds *Skema Vaw's* as being very practical and convincing. *Abacus*, *Holly Leaf*, and *Miranda* write rather more soberly, and send very good papers.

THE BICYCLE: ITS EFFECT ON THE LIVES OF YOUNG LADIES LIVING AT HOME.

Joy, unmitigated joy! *That* is the effect of the bicycle on the lives of young ladies living at home. At least, so far as the present writer's experience goes!

There are two classes of these young ladies—the busy and the idle. Take the busy one first. Perhaps she teaches some tiresome little pupils at home, or gives lessons in a High School; or perhaps she does the house-keeping, looks after an invalid mother, studies for examinations, and works in the parish. Oh! the joy for her when she can employ a spare hour, or even half-hour, in healthy and most restful exercise on a bicycle! Can she not (if her home be in the town) breathe again by this means the fresh

sweet air of the open country, hear the lark and the cuckoo, smell the sweet bean-fields and hay (joys scarce remembered in the hurry of town life), and, finally, carry off the spoils of wild daffodil or honeysuckle, or whatever it may be, to bring joy to the eyes and hearts of those at home? Then see the idle young lady. Idle, perhaps, through real or imaginary ill-health, growing discontented with life, or languid and nerveless. What a different being she is when, after much persuasion and many failures, she has mastered the art of balancing herself on the 'machine,' and tasted at last the joy of a free use of her limbs, and the glory of steering through the perils of the street! Many an idle girl becomes a cheery companion for an otherwise lonely brother, adding not a little joy to *his* youthful days by sharing the interests and the hardships of his cycling tours. Sketching, too, has vaster fields opened out by means of the bicycle. Tea-parties and tennis-parties, which formerly were a weariness to go to, are now nothing but a pleasure; indeed, one wishes that the road to them were longer! Lectures and choral practices in far-off towns become easy and delightful of access, and shopping a pleasure. In winter one sees little cans of soup for poor sick folk carefully hung upon the handle bars, and whirled through space to their happy recipients. Late-written letters are carried off scarce dry and made to catch the early post with a sureness quite surprising to the elderly folks who wrote them. And all this can be done without any reckless 'coasting' or vulgar 'scorching,' but with a gentle quickening of the pulses, and a pleasant consciousness of helping others and enjoying one's self at the same time.

Like Beecham's Pills, the bicycle 'cures every ill.' Chilblains, and all other effects of a bad circulation will soon be unheard of, rheumatism impossible, and hysteria a thing of the past. Even *moral* ills give way before this magic Wheel of Fate; for no young lady is so proud and exacting but she will, with her own hands, clean and oil her bicycle, and none so feeble and dependent but she can learn to tighten up a screw (the right way!) and even mend a puncture on emergency. Long ago the poet said, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' If he were living now, would he not say that even a freak of fashion may be a joy for ever?—NANCY.

VARIETY SUBJECT FOR JULY.

THE BICYCLE: ITS EFFECT ON THE LIVES OF YOUNG LADIES LIVING AT HOME.

I can only speak from personal experience on this subject. I live near a small country town. The roads are excellent, and there are few steep hills. There is a large choice of interesting and beautiful rides; in fact, strangers consider our neighbourhood a cyclist's paradise.

What, then, has the bicycle done for me? It has made life almost a different thing. The distances that were so wearisome are as nothing. I go to church before breakfast, and can be home fifteen minutes sooner, and with far less exertion than if I walked. I can take a letter to the post, a basket of fruit or flowers to a friend, in short, 'run errands' generally in a wonderfully short time. The effort of toiling on foot along a glaring road in the blaze of a July sun is a thing of the past. I ride in less than a quarter of the time, and am neither so tired nor so hot. As a time-saving machine, my bicycle is simply invaluable. When one is a mile from everywhere, such a help is appreciated, and an expedition that would have taken up the greater part of the morning can be made in a spare half-hour. For parish-work in the country, a bicycle seems almost indispensable.

But enough of the practical time-saving point of view. What of the pleasure? Again, I prefer to keep to personal experience, and I can say with truth that I have seen more of the beauties of the country, more of the glories of nature in the fifteen months of my cycling life than I ever did

before. The motion is, in itself, a pleasure; and only those who love the country can understand a country cyclist's joys. The tall trees meeting overhead, the sheets of bluebells followed by bracken breast-high, the fields with their ever-changing surface, the water reflecting the summer sky, and above all, the joy of being for a short time close to the very heart of nature—these are the pleasures that are within my reach as a cyclist, and, practically, only as a cyclist.

Am I too enthusiastic? What of the dark side? I suppose there is a risk of devoting too much time to what is, undoubtedly, a very fascinating amusement; but every pleasure has that danger, and those whose moral perspective is so out of drawing that they cannot give a right proportion to their play-time are probably simply transferring their attentions from some other form of amusement when they have the 'cycling fever.' People sometimes declare that bicycling is unlady-like, and make contemptuous remarks about the red faces, brown gloveless hands, and dusty skirts of the lady 'scorcher.' But the bicycle is not responsible for its rider's want of taste or bad manners, it only makes more evident what previously existed.

I hope I shall be excused for taking a purely personal view of this question. Perhaps, if I were less occupied, the temptation to 'overdo it' would be greater, but the 'musts' of my life were fairly determined before I became a cyclist. To me the bicycle has brought a greater power of work; it has given me the means of getting fresh air and exercise, and has been the cause of the purest and simplest pleasures I have known.—SKENA VAW.

PRIZE WINNER FOR JULY.

Miss Wauchope, Bannister Gate, Southampton.

SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

Six passages of poetry expressing colour.

SECOND SHELF.

PROSE COMPOSITION.

SUBJECT FOR JULY.

THE KIND OF PLACE ONE WOULD LIKE BEST TO LIVE IN.

Some very charming places have been described; indeed, some competitors have perhaps thought more of the place than of the wording of the description. Almost all declare for a country home, only *Proserpine* seems to realise that one may pine for the sound of the streets. *Teloiv*, on her bright suburban common, with flowers at hand and friends not too distant, has much of Chelsea China's sympathy. *Saule* gives us a touching dream of the past. *Grizzly Grizel's* ancestral castle would take, one would think, a big personality to fill it with home. Could one keep house with ghosts, with moats and barbicans and portcullises? *Miranda's* is good, and *Winifred Spurling's* delightfully suggestive. Did the long-wearied and discontented maiden who wished for ever to be where she was not, live in a volume of children's pictures and poems by *E. V. B?* If so, she was a joy and a mystery to Chelsea China also. *Sea-Maiden's* description seems to Chelsea China to be especially charming, and to that she assigns the prize.

The place where I should like to live is in that part of English land that Hawthorne loved best, and that disputes with Kent the title of Garden of England.

My dream-dwelling stands on the downs between Totland Bay and Freshwater, where one can go from one place to the other without taking one's feet off the soft, fine grass, or losing sight of the sea.

Not far from the garden is a lovely lane, leading inland to a real country road, with trees here and there, whose overhanging branches make 'a joyful coolness in the heat,' and tall hedges on each side. And behind the hedges are the greenest of fields, and in the fields Spring loves to wander, and drops the prettiest primroses, violets, and cowslips, from her lap as she passes.

The house itself is of grey stone, with a quaint gabled roof. Sweet honeysuckle, purple clematis, and drooping wistaria cover the walls in front; while over the sides grows Virginia creeper, and little Scotch roses peep in at the windows all summer-time. On the most sheltered side is a little patch of japonica, whose scarlet brightens the grey stone before the other flowers have come, and lingers long after they have left us.

The windows on the ground floor open to the garden, and in summer they stand wide open all day long. In the rooms above they are low and wide, and lying in bed in the early morning one can see the sun rise over the sea. And during the lovely summer nights, too hot to sleep through, the sea makes its pathway 'smooth' for the 'moon's silver feet,' and she treads it softly in that wistful beauty which she never unveils so completely as by the sea.

In the winter, when the flowers have fallen asleep, and there is little to admire out-of-doors but the deep brown of the ploughed fields, and the bold tracery of the bare branches against the sky, then the sea reveals all its beauty to me, its lover.

Blue in the short, bright winter sunshine, varying from greenest green to greyest, most leaden grey in dull weather; drab, flecked with white angry foam in storm, and tinted like a beautiful opal at a calm sunset, it is a never-ending delight to those born 'with the sea-shell sounding in their ears.'

And my dream-dwelling has all these things: flowers, trees, downs, and sea; and to me there is no fairer spot in God's fair world.—'SEA-MAIDEN.'

THE KIND OF PLACES ONE WOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN.

'Je veux le contraire de tout ce qui existe,' said a French anarchist, and in those moments when the 'Black dog Discontent' of our nursery days makes his throne upon our bent shoulders, and drowns with his growls the voice of memory and tender associations, we are apt, in our desires for a new home, to echo him. Besides that, energy and excitement, which the thought of contrivance and reformation excite, make every empty house seem the shell of an enchanted palace, every deserted and overgrown garden a desirable kingdom. Smoky chimneys, draughty windows, wireworms, and slugs, do not introduce themselves to intending tenants, and drawbacks and disappointments never enter castles in the air.

Then the place we desire to live in is a paradise of impossible charms.

A red-brick house with stone facings, a porch and a giant wistaria, knotted and gnarled, and climbing to the roof, always figured in that dream home that has helped us through so many dull moments, and now it has added a wrought-iron balcony, for we have been reading 'Our Seven Homes.' That vague and desirable house must look upon a street, that we may feel in touch with humanity when steps sound upon the pavement, the chatter of school children comes in at the window, or when we hear the workpeople starting early in the morning, and the shop-boys whistling in the evening as they go home from work.

The veranda at the back looks into a cool, green garden, with great trees, one or two cedars, a Spanish chestnut, and a willow at least. There is velvet turf to match the cedars, and fruit-trees and roses against the high, sun-baked red walls, and we are quite clear that there must be a violet-bed which does not all run to leaf, and a herbaceous border, the home and not the grave of our favourite flowers. A river, broad enough for boating, but very quiet and secluded, runs at the bottom of the garden, and winds away to the hills above, and falls gently to the sea a mile or so below. On the hilltops there must be moorland, heather and gorse, and bracken and bilberry, merging itself into deep, flowery woods.

The house and garden shall stand in a city of churches like Caen, that we may have organ music and deep-toned bells, and stately links with the past, to bring thoughts of rest and dignity; but it must be a city of manufacture too. Somewhere in it something must be made—gloves perhaps, or lace, or biscuits, that there may be an atmosphere of work and life and energy, but not an atmosphere of smoke and dirt.

There must be schools that we may have talk of progress and culture, a regiment that we may have bands and gaiety. There must be poor people to provide for philanthropists and young ladies; but they shall live in thatched and rose-grown cottages, and be picturesque and patriarchal.

We shall all know each other as well as they did in 'Cranford'; we will cultivate as many romances as did 'Neighbours on the Green,' but we will be within easy reach of London that we may not come (like Charles Lamb, after a week in the country) to be grateful to Adam and Eve for sinning us out of a garden. In short, in that bright and misty region of pleasures 'still to be enjoyed,' we will unite the charms of past and present, with the dreams and desires of that will-o'-the-wisp, the joys to come.—PROSERPHINA.

CLASS LIST FOR JULY.

CLASS I.

Grizely Grizell, Proserphina, M. M., Winifred Spurling, Saule, Miranda Teloiv, Daughter of the Soil, Spectacles.

CLASS II.

Lindum, Elisabeth, Irene.

PRIZE WINNER FOR JULY.

Miss S. G. Newstead, 9, York Place, Clifton, Bristol.

SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

A bit of London.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. What names are described as 'five sweet symphonies'?
2. Of whom were the following said?
 - (1) 'Her heart is breaking for a little love.'
 - (2) 'In truth's bright sphere
Art first of praisers.'
3. Who cried 'This is a woman—we seek a man,' and when?
4. What moral does one of our poets attach to the legend of Andromeda and the Gorgon's head?

5. Where did these take place?

- (a) 'Each water-drop made answer to the light,
Lit up a spark and showed the sun his face.'
(b) 'Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky.'

6. Why was a poet's heart 'gladder' than a singing-bird, an apple-tree, a rainbow shell?

ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

(From the poems of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, and of
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.)

1. Those of 'Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen, Margaret, and Rosalys,' the five handmaidens of the Lady Mary ('The Blessed Damozel,' D. G. R.).

2. (1) Of Letitia Elizabeth Landon ('L. E. L.,' by C. R.).

(2) Of Shelley (Sonnet, by D. G. R.).

3. 'It was the Graeme's own son'; when one of the traitors seeking for King James stabbed the Queen, who would not say where he was ('The King's Tragedy,' D. G. R.).

4. 'Let not thine eyes know
Any forbidden thing itself, although
It once should save as well as kill; but be
Its shadow upon life enough for thee.'

('Aspecta Medusa,' D. G. R.).

5. (a) In 'An old-world thicket' (See poem of that name, by C. R., v. 31).

(b) In 'golden kingcup-fields,' in the 'Silent Noon' (See Sonnet of that name in 'The House of Life,' No. 19, D. G. R.).

6. 'Because my love is come to me.'
('A Birthday,' C. R.).

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

A. C. R., Aspley Guise, Athena, Cymraes, Dianora, Double-Dummy, E. T., Feu-Follet, F. R. D., Helen, Irnham, Isabel, Isolda, Lenore, Melton Mowbray, Mesech, The Bratchet, White Cat, Winifred Adey, Εγκρατεια, Proserphina, M. C. R., 36; Marion, Royston Crow, 33; Nemo, Sophonisba, Syndicate, 30; Eleanor, 27; All-Fours, Nigra, 24; The Questing Beast, 22; Kittiwake, Trimmer, 21; L. J. H., 15; Scott, 12.

Helen is credited to 36 marks for May. The mistake arose from one answer being written so close to the next that it looked like a part of it.

Lenore.—You see you might have spared your little 'growl'! But Chelsea China does not see *where* it is stated that the Search Questions are to be exclusively on *English Literature*!

The half-yearly prize is won by Lenore, who has succeeded in scoring full marks (216). Her name and address are—Miss Bennett, Walton Manor Lodge, Oxford.

She is run very close by Cymraes, with 215 marks. E. T. scores 210 marks.

Katerfelto is credited with 36 marks for March.

S. G. Newstead has 36 marks, but did not put Search Questions outside her envelope.

Fourteen Streams has 28 marks for June. Well done! Within 8 marks of the best; all the way out in South Africa!

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

(All from the works of one author.)

1. Who was buried in
 'A stern round tower of other days,
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone'?
2. What 'glorious gulf' was kissed by the mountain shadows?
3. Who were (a) 'blind old Dandolo,' (b) 'unhappy White,' (c) 'repentant Henry'?
4. Where are there
 'Seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 Seven columns, massy and grey'?
5. Where did it happen that
 'The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown'?
6. Why was the Leech sent to Conrad?

THIRD SHELF.

QUERIES.

Daughter of the Soil would be glad to know if there is any profitable way of disposing of old postage stamps.

'Mrs. J. B. Oldroyd, *The Vicarage, Holbeach St. Luke's*, would be very glad if any one would kindly lend her Lord Roberts's book 'Forty-one Years in India.' She would be quite willing to pay postage both ways.

ANSWERS.

CHELSEA CHINA.—The vicar of St. Ives writes to a contemporary: 'Lord Tennyson informed the secretary of a small literary society that the "sea-blue bird" was the kingfisher. The post-card on which this announcement was made is in the possession of the Rev. J. F. Lemon, Vicar of Marazion, Hon. Sec. of the Penzance Literary Society.'—MURHOPI.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IN *re* THE ASSOCIATION OF WOMANLY WOMEN.

It is not many years since I was a girl myself, and I write in full sympathy with 'A Member,' remembering well the disgust I felt at similar occurrences to the 'puss-in-the-corner' incident which she mentions. May I therefore be forgiven for pointing out some difficulties in the promotion of such a society, which she may have overlooked.

In Miss Yonge's 'Six Cushions,' a girl who prides herself on her humility is asked, 'How about humility which thinks itself humble?' I ask, 'How about the acquisition and cultivation of *natural* manners?' Might not a society for the promotion of unconsciousness be equally unsuccessful?

That subtle essence—Influence—evaporates inexplicably if a girl tries consciously to apply it, as is suggested here, but let her do what she feels to be right and her influence tells unconsciously.

There is a spice of truth in the ill-natured remarks that women love gossip, owing to the difficulty we experience in discussing subjects apart from persons. In the process of 'endeavouring to gain associates,' and 'making sure that they sympathise,' etc., it would require a very strong and cool

woman's head not to discuss uncharitably *ces autres*, to avoid personality, and—the word will slip out—priggishness.

Again, and here I speak diffidently, I venture to deprecate the formation of a society at all. The craving for the sympathy and support of a society or guild seems at once a sign, and a cause, of mental and moral weakness; let us do right because it is right, welcoming sympathy when it comes, but not depending on it. 'A Member' must move in a curious circle if a well-mannered girl, pleasant and sympathetic, *as well* as dignified, feels unique and isolated in it.

One feels inclined to cry in somewhat flippant paraphrase: Of making of clubs there is no end, and many societies are a weariness to the flesh!

I have never, as yet, been able to diagnose the mania for society-forming, which afflicts us all. Having had a touch of it myself, I am now learning to look round, and see, if among the many efforts already started, there may not be some tool ready made to my hand.

In the Association of Womanly Women, there is a distinct suggestion of the Girls' Friendly Society; the object of both being, as far as I can read it, to help girls to be steady and modest, especially in their behaviour to the other sex, and, by banding themselves together to give them 'moral support,' whatever that may mean.

Of course, in joining an old Association, there is an absence of the excitement attending the pioneers of a young movement, but this might serve as a test of sincerity, and the idea, which will at first occur to some, of its being *infra dig.* to join the same society as one's kitchen-maid, would soon be crushed as unworthy and unchristian. Although the temptations of girls in various classes of life differ materially, yet still the broad fundamental principles underlying the 'Association of Womanly Women,' and the 'Girls' Friendly Society,' seem to me to be the same—self-respect and consideration for others.—B. M. D.

W. W. A.

'A Member' must apologise for again encroaching on the editor's valuable space, but she is afraid that in her former paper she failed to make her meaning quite clear.

For instance, we never for one moment wished to imply that we should not go to balls, and have as much healthy and innocent amusement as may come in our way; *priggishness* was the last thing which our society was intended to foster.

Two of our foundation principles seem to have been entirely misread, or misunderstood by H. and A.

(1) One of our chief points was that the association was to be '*absolutely private*.' We have no intention of going about labelled, as these friends seem to think. Influence, unless spontaneous and unaffected, must be useless, and to make ourselves in any way '*conspicuous*' would be the very reverse of 'womanly.' There is no intention on our part to publish to the world that we belong to the society.

(2) We should have thought that our *aim* was clearly enough expressed in the terms 'to band ourselves together as a way of mutually helping and encouraging each other;' and we have already found that the support has been appreciated by rightminded, but perhaps oversensitive girls. 'A Member' thinks 'Mot's' suggestion a very good one, and will call her fellow-members' attention to it.

We are much obliged to 'A Country Girl' for her kindly criticism; we feel that she enters into the spirit of our plans, and we thank her for having pointed out to us, what we feel to some extent an error. We are glad to think that in her judgment the 'womanly woman' comes forward and eclipses the 'girl of the period;' but should this be mostly the case, we do not feel that it lessens the need for our society.

We agree also to what she says about books ; it is as true now as it always was, that 'to the pure, all things are pure ;' at the same time, one gets more harm than one knows, we think, from books ; if one has a lively imagination and good memory, it is impossible to forget what one reads, and we think the good or evil makes a deeper impression on us than we fancy at the time. Is it not then a risk to read any book which we know has done harm to some, and may do us, at least, no good.

As to the atheistical writings, is not our faith more likely to be strengthened by reading books which are in sympathy with our religion, than in perusing works designed to undermine our belief (we do not refer to any special work) ? We must not forget that 'tis ill playing with edged tools.'

Another 'member' commenting on the above, says : ' Could we not suggest that our idea was to have some plan for helping inexperienced girls who do so many silly things when they first come out, because they think it 'the right thing' ? Also, ' I thought we meant to convey the idea of a moral influence only, not the signing of any pledge, and that we hoped ideas might be suggested by which the plan could be carried out *without* any publicity. Of course, the idea of posing as a reform league is most disagreeable.'

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—Once before you were kind enough to help me. May I venture again to ask you to allow me to beg for help from the readers of the 'Monthly Packet.'

This little Home is the country branch of the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease ; it has done, and is doing good work in bringing health and strength to the small inmates, but it is most unsuitable for the purpose ; there is no room for isolation, and the staircase is so steep that it is both difficult and trying work to carry cripple children up and down it. A friend has promised a site for a new home, but I have to raise £800 for the expenses of building, and as a means to this end, I hope to have, in November, a Rummage Sale and Sale of Work combined. If any one will kindly send me contributions for either, I shall be most grateful. Boots and men's clothing sell particularly well, but I shall be thankful for anything, and shall be glad to have the things by the end of October. Parcels should be addressed to Miss H. M. Thorold, Alexandra Home, Painswick, Gloucestershire.

I hope you will forgive my troubling you, but, dear Chelsea China, I am so anxious to have a successful sale, and get my children into more comfortable quarters.—Believe me, yours truly, H. M. THOROLD.

The Alexandra Home, Painswick, Gloucestershire.

July 23rd, 1897.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—I wonder whether any of your readers could possibly make any suggestion to me, as how to dispose of a quantity of old postage stamps, 1d. and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. present issue, and parcels post. Buhl and Co., Queen Victoria Street, E.C., offered to buy them in the first instance at £3 for 1,000,000 ; but now that I have nearly half that quantity, they say they no longer take them. Anything I can make by them will go toward the Endowment Fund for the little church my sister wrote about some two months ago ; so I shall be most grateful for any suggestion towards a possible way of gaining a few shillings for the £2200 we need.—Yours very truly, MARY F. LEVETT.

ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION.

CLASS LIST FOR JULY.

CLASS I.

Gem, 36 ; *Greta*, 35 ; *Thames Valley*, 33.

CLASS II.

Oka, 28 ; *Double Dummy*, 28 ; *Green Mantle*, 27 ; *Cobweb*, 24 ; *Maiden Aunt*, 16.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Question 1. The answers were not very well arranged. Chief points are :—
1. Taxation : (a) Redress of grievances to precede grant of supplies ; (b) Appropriation of supplies ; (c) Audit of accounts. 2. Legislation : (a) Right to initiate legislation by means of petition ; (b) Check to separate legislation of the king by ordinance. 3. Administration : Responsibility of ministers established by impeachment.

Question 2. The causes of the separation were not well shown. Note reasons for :—1. Separation of lords and knights : (a) Provision of Magna Carta re majores and minores barones ; (b) Great practical gulf between them ; (c) Selfish policy of majores barones. 2. Junction of knights with burgesses : (a) Common representative character ; (b) Common powers and local interests ; (c) Both summoned by the sheriff and elected in the shire court. Importance : prevents king playing off two classes against the third.

Question 3. *Greta* obtained full marks. The first part of the question was very well done. Effects : (1) Unites the nation ; (2) Leads to increase in power of past ; (3) bad social effects.

Question 4. *Gem* and *Greta* obtained full marks. The Life of Wycliffe was well done. As to the last part of the question, it may be said that his ideas certainly took root, but except for immediate effect, did not bear fruit for over a century.

QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Sketch briefly the causes of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381.
2. The 15th century has been described as the Golden Age of the English labourer. 'Is this a true description, and, if so, how far can it be attributed to the action of the peasants in 1381?'
3. Show the effects of the weakness of the Lancastrian claim on their political administration.
4. Give a history of the Percy family during the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Bettine never sent name, address, or stamps, so her paper could not be returned.—BOG-OAK.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address CHELSEA CHINA on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

CHINA CUPBOARD PRIZES—

A. *Variety Specimens.* Prize, monthly, 5s.
Search Questions (Who, When, and Where). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1s.

Prose Competition. Monthly Prize, 5s., or 10s., according to merit.

RULES for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case. (6) There are no entrance fees. (7) Prizes cannot be taken by the same person twice in a half-year.

B. *English History Competition.* Prize, for six months taken together, £3 3s. Farther prizes only if the editors are satisfied with the keenness of the competition.

RULES.—(1) Answers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (2), (3), (4), (5) and (6) as above, under section A. Be very careful to put 'English History' *outside*.

C. *Church History Society.* Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

RULES.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1s. II. Questions are set each month.

No China Cupboard papers can be returned.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1897.

LAWRENCE CLAVERING.

BY A. E. W. MASON, AUTHOR OF 'THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER.'

[*Copyright in America by A. E. W. Mason.*]

CHAPTER XX.

A CONVERSATION IN WASTDALE CHURCH.

WHEN I returned with the shoe, I found Dorothy sitting huddled against the church wall in a very doleful attitude.

'Oh!' she cried remorsefully, as she took the shoe from me, 'you are drenched through and through, and it is I that am to blame.'

'It matters nothing at all,' I replied. 'I have been out upon the tops of these ridges, and of nights. It would be strange if I were not inured to a little cold.'

'You will take your coat, however.'

I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to keep it; for since I was drenched already, the coat would not dry me, but I should wet the coat. This was the argument I employed to her, though I had another, and a more convincing, to satisfy myself—I mean the sight of her wrapped up in it. It was a big, rough, heavy frieze coat and made a nest for her; she had drawn the collar of it close about her ears, and her face, rosy with warmth and the whipping of the wind as we came across the fields, peeped from the coat, like a moss-rose at the budding.

We sat for a while in silence—for the whistling of the storm was grown so loud, that we had need to shout, and even then

the wind snatched up the words out of hearing almost before they had passed our lips.

In front of us the tempest roistered about the valley, twisting the sleet and snow this way and that, shrieking about the bases of the hills, whistling along the invisible ridges ; now and again, however, there came a momentary lull, and during one of these intervals the clouds broke upon our left and disclosed the peak of Great Gable. Rising in that way, from the mists that still hid its flanks, the peak seemed so high that you thought it must be slung in mid-air ; it stood out black against the grey clouds, barren, impregnable. Dorothy shuddered at the aspect of it.

'You were out upon those heights,' she shouted into my ear, 'night and day, after you left Applegarth?'

'Yes!' I nodded. Doubtless I should have pointed out that I did not make my bed upon the pinnacles, and that there was all the difference in the world betwixt rain and snow. But, to tell the truth, her anxiety on my account was of that sweetness to me that I could not lightly bring myself to dispense with it. I was debating the matter in my mind, when a tile, loosened by the wind, slid from the roof of the church and smashed upon the ground, a couple of feet from Dorothy. It turned the current of my thoughts effectually. The door of the church I knew to be locked ; I crept round to the east end of the building. There was a great window with the panes set in lead, which reached from the roof to within three feet of the ground. And in that window a second window was made by the lowest of these leaded panes. Inserting my knife, I was able to force up the latch which fastened this second window, and found that, with some squeezing and compression, a body might crawl through the opening. I went back to Dorothy.

'It will be safer in the church,' said I.

I climbed through the window by the side of the altar, and turned to help Dorothy in after me. But as I was in the act of helping her, I heard a clatter on the ground without. She was halfway through the window at the moment, and slipped back with a laugh.

'This time,' said she, as she appeared again, and set her hands upon the sill—'this time I did not drop it on purpose.' And I helped her in.

The church was barely furnished with perhaps a dozen of rough deal pews, and had not even a vestry, so that the

parson's surplice lay neatly folded upon a chair in the chancel. Into one of the pews we entered, and since Dorothy was warm within my coat, I took and wrapped the surplice about my shoulders. So we sat side by side, silent, in the gloom of the church, the whitewashed walls glimmering about us, the sleet whipping the windows and tearing at the door. Somehow the sound of the storm had now become very pleasant to me, since it seemed to shut us off, as upon an island, more securely from the world.

It is strange how a man may walk again and again along a quite familiar path with companions who have grown familiar in his thoughts, and then on some one day, in a twinkling, and for no reason that he can afterwards discern, let him think never so hard, the companions with whom he has fared will lose their familiarity, will become, as it were, transfigured, and the spot to which he has come will take on a magical aspect and a magical light. He seems to have come thither for the first time on that day; and let him con over the landmarks to prove the fancy wrong, the fancy will none the less abide with him, solid as truth. He recognizes the spot as in some way intimately concerned with him; it seems to have been waiting for him, and for the conjunction of this one particular hour with him. And the picture which he has of it, thus suddenly revealed, becomes henceforth part and parcel of his being, imperishably treasured within the heart of recollection. So, at all events, it was with me.

A picture of this valley in which we were, of this church in which we sat, sprang up before my eyes, and I viewed it with a curious detachment. It was as though I stood upon the rim of the mountains and looked down into the hollow. I saw the desolate hills ringing it about, made yet more desolate by the blurring snow. I saw the little white church set within its stunted, beaten yews, apart in the mid-centre of the valley. It was, too, as though I saw, by some strange clairvoyancy, through the walls, and beheld the two fugitives securely sheltered, side by side, in the dusk of the pew. And the picture has remained clamped in my memory ever since, so that I have but to close my eyes, and not merely do I see it vividly as I did then, but I experience again that vague sense of a voice crying somewhere out of Nature's heart, 'This spot has been waiting for you twain, and for this one hour.'

It was a movement which Dorothy made, brought me to

myself. For she suddenly clasped her hands together with a shudder.

'You are cold?' I cried.

'No,' she replied in a low voice. 'I was thinking of that peak we saw and the horror of it by night,' and her voice trembled for an instant, 'and of your watching from the darkness the lights of Applegarth. We were comfortably in our beds; and it rained that night. I remember the patter of the rain against the windows.'

'Nay,' said I, 'there was little harm done. I am no snowman to be washed away by a capful of rain.'

She turned to me very quickly.

'Tell me,' she said, in a voice no less quick. "The evening that you went from us—you were talking for a long while at the gate with Mary Tyson, you will remember. I interrupted your talk.'

'Yes! I remember,' I answered, staring straight in front of me.

'Well,' she continued, 'I have often wondered,' her voice sank yet lower, 'whether that going of yours was not a flight—flight from—from us at Applegarth. For, after all, it was something Mary Tyson said to you that made you go.'

I turned towards her with a start.

'You know what Mary Tyson said?'

She looked at me in silence, her eyes shining out of the dusk. Then she lowered her head.

'I guessed it,' she said in a whisper. 'I guessed it then, for I know Mary's care for me. And the next morning when we sent her to warn you that the sheriff was at the door, I read it in her face. I mean,' said she, recovering herself hastily, 'I read your departure in her face, and I knew it was what she had said to you had driven you out, and not your own necessities.'

She paused; I did not answer.

'The knowledge has troubled me sorely,' she said, 'for you were our guest.'

'It made but the one night's difference,' I urged, 'for on the morrow came the officers.'

'Ah! but that was the accident,' she answered shrewdly. 'They might not have come—they might never have come—and still you would have fled. I have said this much to you,' she went on with a change of tone, 'because I would have you look on me just as a friend, who trusts you, who has

great cause to trust and thank you, and who would count it a very real happiness if she could, in any small way, repay you. I told you when we met on your march that I knew there was some great trouble.'

'And the answer I gave to you then, I must give now. I am bound to face that trouble by myself. It was my sin brought it about.'

'Ah! but one never knows whence help may come,' she replied; and the gentle earnestness with which she spoke so tempted me to unbosom myself, that instinctively I drew away from her. 'You think it is just a woman's curiosity which prompts me,' she cried, mistaking my movement. 'Ah! no. Acquit me of that fault! I am not sure, but it may be that I can help you.'

Did she know? I wondered. My thoughts went back to that last meeting near Penrith. I had spoken then of a prison-door which must close between us twain, and she had made an answer which seemed to hint a suspicion of the truth.

'And even if I cannot, the mere telling sometimes helps,' she continued, 'so long as one tells it to a friend. I mean'—and here she began to speak very slowly, choosing her words, and with a certain difficulty in the utterance—"I mean I was afraid that something Mary might have said checks you. There are things one does not confide to an acquaintance, or, again, to one whom you think to look upon you as ever so much nearer than an acquaintance. But to a friend, yes! A friend is a halfway house between, where one can take one's ease;" and she drew a breath, like one that has come to the end of a dangerous task.

As for me, I sat listening to that word 'friend.' The walls seemed to retain it, and whisper it again to me after she had ceased, and in the changing tones which she had used. For now Dorothy had spoken it with an earnest insistence, as though anxious—almost over-anxious—I should just accept the phrase as the true definition of what she felt towards me; and now her voice had faltered and stumbled at the word. It may have been a lack of modesty—I cannot tell—but I think it would have been the falsest modesty in the world had I affected to neglect the manner of the speech, while considering the matter of it. But be it as it may, the one thought which rose in my mind, engrossing me, distinct, horrible in distinctness, was this: What if that word 'friend' cloaked and concealed another—

another which, but for those few weeks at Blackladies, I might—who knows!—perhaps have persuaded her to speak? Why then, if that was true, here was I implicating, in distress, the one woman who was chiefest in the front of my thoughts.

How that sin of mine reached out, making me a ban and a curse, bearing its evil fruit in unimaginable ways! And in the agony of my heart I cried—

‘Would to God I had never come to Applegarth!’

The cry rang fierce and sharp through the little church. Silence succeeded it, and then—

‘That is not very kind,’ said Dorothy, with a tremulous reproach. ‘It pains me.’

‘Ah! don’t mistake,’ I went on. ‘For myself, I could not hope to make you understand what my visit there has meant to me. I came to Applegarth on an evening. The day I had passed waiting upon the hillside, and while I was waiting there, I made a resolve to repair, under God’s will, a great wrong. Well, when I first saw you, I had but one thought—a thought of very sincere gladness that I had come to that resolve or ever I had had speech with you. And during the weeks that followed, this resolve drew strength and vigour from your companionship. That vigour and that strength it keeps, so that my one fear now is, lest chance may bar me from the performance. That is your doing. For until I came to Applegarth, all my life behind me was littered with broken pledges.’

She laid her hand for an instant upon my sleeve.

‘But what return have I made to you,’ I continued, ‘except a pitiful hypocrisy? I came to Applegarth an outlaw—yes, my one fault my loyalty! So you believed; so I let you believe. I wore your brother’s clothes, and he died at Malplaquet. There was hypocrisy in the wearing of them!’ And I turned suddenly towards her. ‘There was a picture I once saw—the picture of a dead man speaking. Even then it seemed to me an image of myself.’

‘A dead man speaking!’ interrupted Dorothy, with a start.

‘Yes!’ said I, and I told her of the picture which Lord Bolingbroke had shown to me at the monastery of the Char-treux in Paris, and of the thought which I had drawn from it.

‘A dead man speaking,’ she repeated, in a voice which seemed hushed with awe; ‘how strange!’

The storm had ceased to beat the window; the dusk was deepening to darkness; the silence was about us like a garment.

I sat wondering at Dorothy's tone, wondering whether I should say what yet remained to say. But I had made use before of secrecy and deception. It would be best I should simply speak the truth.

'A dead man speaking,' again said Dorothy.

'I had warning enough, you see,' said I, 'and I recognized the warning. The picture seized upon my thoughts. I knew it for an allegory, but made no profit of my knowledge. And so the allegory turns fact.'

'What do you mean?' she asked, catching her breath.

'Oh, don't speak until I have done!' I cried. "I find it hard enough to tell you as it is while you sit silent. But the sound of your voice cheats me of my strength, sets the duty beyond my reach. For it is a duty." I paused for a moment to recover the mastery of my senses. 'I spoke to you once of a prison-door which would close between you and me. But that was not the whole of the truth. That prison-door will close, but it will open again; I shall come out from it, but upon a hurdle.'

'Oh no!' cried Dorothy in such a voice of pain as I pray God I may never hear the like of again. I felt it rive my heart. She swayed forward; her forehead would have struck the rail of the pew in front. I put my arm around her shoulders and drew her towards me. I felt her face pressed against my bosom, her fingers twining tightly upon my coat.

'Yes, yes, it is true,' I went on. 'The allegory turns fact. Even in Paris, those months ago, I came to look upon myself as the figure in the picture, as the dead man speaking, meaning thereby the hypocrite detected. But now the words take on a literal meaning. It is a dead man who is speaking to you—no more than that—in very truth a dead man. You must believe it; and believe this too, that since my cup of life this long while back has over-brimmed with shame, and since it was I who filled it, why, I could go very lightly to my death, but for the fear lest it should cause my little friend to suffer pain.'

She disengaged herself gently from my clasp.

'I cannot take that fear away from you,' she said in a broken whisper.

'And indeed I would not lose it,' I replied. 'In my heart of hearts I know that. I would not lose it.'

'What is it, then, you mean to do?' she asked.

'To travel with my friend as far as Ravensglass, to set her

safe on board the *Swallow*, and then—somewhere there is a man in prison whose place is mine.'

'You do not know where?' she exclaimed suddenly.

'No,' said I, 'but——'

She interrupted me with a cry.

'Look!' she said hurriedly, and pointed to a little window close beneath the roof. Through that window the moonlight was creeping like a finger down the wall, across the floor. 'The storm has cleared; we can go.'

She rose abruptly from her seat, and moved out into the chancel. Something—was it the hurry of her movement, the tension of her voice?—made me spring towards her. I remembered that, when I spoke to her on the hillside near Penrith, it had seemed to me then that she had some inkling of the truth.

'You know!' I exclaimed—'you know where the prisoner is?'

'No,' she cried, and her voice rose almost to a scream belying the word she spoke.

How she came by her knowledge I did not consider. She knew! I had no room for any other thought.

'Oh, you do know!' I implored, and dropping on my knee I seized the hem of her dress to detain her. I felt the dress drag from me; I held it the more firmly. 'You do not know—oh, tell me! A man innocent of all wrongdoing, lies in prison—the charge, treason. Think you they will weigh his innocence after this rebellion? The fetters he wears are mine, his punishment is mine, and I must claim it. There's no other way but this plain and simple one. I must needs claim it. Oh think, ever since I have known you, the necessity that I should do this thing has grown on me, day by day, as each day I saw you. I have felt that I owed it to you that I should succeed. Do not you prevent me!'

She stood stock still; I could hear the quick coming and going of her breath, but in the uncertain twilight I could not read her face; and she did not speak.

'Listen!' I continued. 'If you do not tell me, it will make no difference. I shall still give myself up. But to the other it may make all the difference in the world. For it may be that I shall fail to save him.'

Still she kept silence. So, seeing no other way, I stood up before her and told her the story from end to end, beginning with that day when I first rode over Coldbarrow Fell to Blackladies in company with Jervas Rookley, down to the

morning when I fled from the garden where the soldiers searched for me.

I saw her head droop as she listened, and bow into her hands; yet I had to go on and finish it.

'But,' said she, 'you were not all to blame. The woman——'

'Nay,' said I, 'it can serve no purpose to portion out the blame; for, portion it as you will, you cannot shred away my share.'

'Mr. Herbert,' she objected again, 'would have been taken in your garden, whether you had returned or no that afternoon.'

'But my fault was the instrument used to ruin him. He was taken while he followed me. He was taken, too, because of me. For had I not ridden so often into Keswick, he would never have been suspected.'

'It was his jealousy that trapped him, and Jervas Rookley provoked the jealousy.'

'But I furnished him with the means.'

The arguments were all old and hackneyed to me. I had debated them before, so that I had the answers ready. There was, besides, one final argument, and without waiting for her to speak again, I used it.

'And what of the wife waiting in Keswick?'

She turned away with a little swift movement, and again stood silent. Then she said—

'Yes! I too will face it bravely. Mr. Herbert lies in Carlisle Castle, waiting his trial. You know, after the message came to Applegarth, my father and I fled to Carlisle; we took refuge with friends—Whigs, but of my mother's family, and for her sake they gave us shelter. They knew the Governor of the Castle. He told them of a prisoner newly brought thither upon a warrant—a Mr. Herbert, who solaced himself night and day with the painting of the strangest picture ever known. You showed to me a letter at Applegarth, wherein a painter was mentioned and named, and I knew you had some trouble to distress you. I grew curious to see the prisoner; no one suspected I was in Carlisle, and so my friends consented to take me. I saw him. It is true I had no speech with him, but I saw the picture. It was a portrait of yourself, I thought, but I could not be sure. I was sure before you told me. I was sure when you spoke to me of that picture you had seen in Paris. For this portrait, too, that Mr. Herbert painted, was a portrait of yourself, as a dead man speaking.'

I noticed that as she spoke her voice gained confidence and strength, and at the close it rang without a trace of fear or reluctance.

'Thank you,' said I, simply. 'Thank you with all my heart.'

'Yes!' she replied, 'it was right that I should tell you. You will go to Carlisle?'

'In truth I will;' and as she moved into a line with the window, the moonlight made a silver glory about her face. I saw with a great joy that her eyes, her lips were smiling. It seemed to me, indeed, that both our hearts were lighter. There was this one thing to do, and now here was the means revealed by which it might be done.

We climbed out of the window, and since it was too late for the continuance of our journey, we sought lodging for the night at that farmhouse which I had already visited. I remember walking across the fields in the star-shine and the moonlight, wondering at this vicarious revenge Herbert had taken on my picture, and at the strange destiny which had made this girl, so dear to me, the instrument of my atonement. And as we waited at the door, I said to her:

'I owed you much before to-night; but to-night you have doubled the debt.'

'And I am proud to hear you say it,' she replied.

From the farmer I borrowed a change of clothes, and coming down the stairs again, found Dorothy, to her evident satisfaction, in her own shoes, which she had taken from the pocket of my great-coat. We sat for a long while after our supper over the fire in the kitchen, talking of the days at Applegarth and laughing over that owl-hunt. Only twice was any reference made to our conversation in the church. For once I said:

'Do you remember when I came down to Applegarth, you were singing a song? It was called, "The Honest Lover," and I would fain have the words of it.' And thereupon she wrote out the song upon a sheet of paper and gave it to me.

And again, when Dorothy had lit her candle, she stood for an instant by the door.

'That resolve you spoke of?' she said. 'You had come to it on the day that you first reached Applegarth. It was the resolve to free Mr. Herbert at any cost?'

'Yes,' said I.

'And it was that you were so glad you had determined on when you first saw me?'

‘Yes,’ said I again.

‘Well,’ she said, ‘it is the sweetest compliment that was ever paid to a woman.’

The next morning we started betimes in the same cheerfulness of spirits, and making light of that dreaded snow as we crossed Burnmoor, descended into Eskdale about nine of the forenoon, and so reached Ravenglass before it was dusk. There, to my inexpressible delight, I saw the *Swallow* riding on an anchor a little way out. We crept down to the beach, and waited there until it was dark. Then I lighted a lantern which I had brought from the farmhouse for the very purpose, and lifting it up, swung it to and fro. In a little there was an answering flash from the sloop, and a little after that I heard the sound of oars in the water, and fell to wondering what sort of parting we should make, and, perhaps, in a measure, to dreading it. But the parting was of the simplest kind.

‘It is good-bye, then,’ said Dorothy, ‘and we will shake hands, if you please.’

This time I took her hand fairly within my palm, and held it clasped whilst it clasped mine.

‘I am thanking God,’ said I, ‘for the truest friend that ever man had.’

‘Yes!’ said she, nodding her head, ‘that is very prettily said, and no more than the truth.’

‘Ah!’ said I, ‘you ever enjoyed a very proper notion of yourself;’ and with that the boat grounded upon the beach, and, after all, we two parted with a laugh. I heard the song of the seamen at the windlass, coming across the water with an airy faintness, and then I set my face to the hillside.

CHAPTER XXI.

I TRAVEL TO CARLISLE AND MEET AN ATTORNEY.

It was a lonely business whereto I now was set, but in truth it is lonelier in the recollection than it was in the actual happening. As I sit over my fire here on a winter's night, I begin at times to wonder how I went through with it. I remember the incessant moaning of the sea,—for I followed my old plan, only with a greater precaution, and kept along the coast until I was nigh upon Whitehaven—and discover a loneliness in the thought

that it was carrying Dorothy from me to France ; I find, too, an overwhelming desolation in the knowledge that she and I had spoken the last good-bye, and a melancholy atop of that in the cheerfulness of our parting. But these notions are but the moss that gathers upon recollections. The sea brought no loneliness home to me,—rather it crooned of Dorothy's safety, nor was I conscious then of any desolation in the knowledge that my eyes would not again rejoice in the sight of her, for that very parting raised me out of my slough more nearly to her level ; and as for the cheerfulness—why, just in that way would I have had her part from me. I believe, indeed, that I was more sensible of her presence on that journey from Ravenglass to Carlisle than ever I had been, even when her voice was in my ears or the knocking of her shoes upon the stones.

Moreover, there were two very immediate questions which pressed upon me, and saved me from much unprofitable rumination about myself. Dorothy had spoken of Anthony Herbert 'waiting his trial,' when she herself was in Carlisle, and that was over a month ago. Was he still waiting, or was the trial over? I had no means of resolving that question, and many a night I lay awake in some barn or outhouse, blowing on my frozen fingers to keep them warm, and casting up the probabilities. I was thus in a perpetual fever lest, after all, my intentions should be thwarted by a too late arrival. And to make the matter worse, I was compelled to practise every precaution lest I should be recognized. Of which there was, to my thinking, no small danger, for in the first place my flight from Blackladies had made, as I knew, some noise in these parts, and moreover I had ridden openly on the march to Preston.

So here was my second question : Could I reach Carlisle a free man? for that I deemed to be an altogether necessary and integral part of my design. Once a captive, I was foredoomed already upon my own account, and any plea that I might urge on behalf of Anthony Herbert would win the less credit, since it would be made at no cost whatever to me who made it. If, however, I could come undetected there, and so give myself up, why, the voluntary relinquishment of life might haply be taken as a guarantee and surety for my word. Consequently I was reduced to a thousand shifts to avoid attention ; I went miles about to come upon a solitary inn, and more often than not, when I reached it, my heart would fail me, and I

would take to my heels in a panic, or at best gulp down the hastiest meal, and pulling my coat about my ears, front the cold night again. It was then a good twelve days after the *Swallow* had lifted anchor and sailed down the coast, that I crept one dusky evening through the Botcher Gate into Carlisle; and what with the fear of capture and the fevers of delay, the endless fatigue to which during these many weeks I had been exposed and the inclemencies of the season, you may be sure I was in a sufficiently pitiable condition.

I repaired at once to the market-place, and picking out the most insignificant tavern, learnt therein, over a glass of brandy from my host, that I was as much as a week in advance of my time. The news was an indescribable relief to me; and going out, I hired a mean lodging in a little street near the Horse Market, where I would lie that night, and determine on my course. For since I had yet a week, I thought that I might dispose of some portion of that time to the best advantage, by discovering the particulars of the charge which Anthony Herbert would have to meet. In which task I did not anticipate a very great difficulty, inferring, from what Dorothy had told me, that, what with the speculation his picture had given rise to, I should find his case a matter of common gossip. Accordingly, in the morning I bought at a dealer's a suit of clothes which would befit an apprentice, and tying my own hair in a cheap ribbon, which I was able to do, since I had discarded a peruke for convenience' sake after I left Blackladies, and changing my boots for a pair of shoes, I walked across the town towards the castle, in the hope that, either amongst the loiterers at the gates, or in the meadow by the river, I might discover something to my purpose.

In this Fortune favoured me, for though I learned little or nothing upon the first day, about three o'clock of the afternoon upon the second, while I stood in the open space betwixt the castle and the town, a little brisk gentleman came stepping from the gate-house and glanced at every one he passed with a great air of penetration, as who should say, 'My friend, you have no secrets from me.' He shot the same glance at me, though with more indifference, as though from habit he would practise it upon any who came in his way, be they mere apprentices. It was he, however, who was the one to be discomposed. For up went his eyebrows on the instant and his mouth gaped. He did not, however, stop, but rather quickened his pace and passed me. A

few yards away he stopped to exchange a word with an acquaintance, but I noticed that he cast now and again a furtive glance towards me. My curiosity was fairly aroused, and being reluctant to lose any occasion that might serve me, I drew nearer and loitered in his vicinity until such time as the conversation should have ended.

Dismissing his acquaintance, he turned of a sudden.

'It is a disappointing place—Carlisle,' he began abruptly; 'the grass grows in the streets, which, I take it, are the dirtiest outside Bagdad, and the houses, what with their laths and clay and thatch, are as little reputable to the eye.'

I knew not what in the world to make of this strange beginning, and so stared at the man in perplexity.

'You will have been sorely disappointed,' he suggested, 'for I am told that, on the contrary, the streets of Preston are very clean and spacious, and the houses built with some taste.'

'It seems you know me,' said I, starting forward.

'It has almost that air,' he replied with a spice of mockery; 'I have known more effectual disguises than an apron and a pair of brass buckles. But, indeed, had you dirtied your face, as you unwisely omitted to do, I should have known you none the less.'

He stood with his head cocked on one side, enjoying my mystification.

'I have no doubt, sir, of your discernment and penetration,' said I, thinking to humour him; 'but since I cannot call to mind that you and I have ever met——'

He came a step nearer to me, and with a roundabout glance, to see that no listener was within ear-shot:

'There is a pretty unmistakable likeness of you yonder'—he jerked his head towards the castle—'though maybe the expression wants repose; moreover, I could not hear that you were taken prisoner, and so was inclined to expect you here.'

'Then who in the world are you?' I exclaimed.

'Mr. Nicholas Doyle,' said he, 'and a lawyer of too much repute to be seen publicly hobnobbing with a rascally apprentice without questions asked. So if you please, you will just walk behind me until I come to my house, and when I go in at the front door you will slink round to the back.'

These directions I followed, and was shown up the stairs to

the first floor, whereupon Mr. Doyle locked the door and drew a screen before the keyhole.

'Now, Mr.—Mr. Whitemen, shall we say?—for though your face is little known, your name has been heard here—I may offer you a chair;' which he did, drawing it politely to the fire, and therewith offered me his snuff-box, but 'without prejudice to his politics,' as he said. For 'none of your scatter-brained, romantical flim-flam for me,' said he. 'An honest Whig, my dear sir. By the way,' and his eyes twinkled slyly, 'I trust you did not find my staircase very dark?'

I was not in the humour to take any great pleasure in his witticism, as may be imagined, and I replied simply—

'You know the whole story, then?'

'Part the husband told me,' said he, nodding his head, 'part the wife. I pieced it together.'

'The wife!' I exclaimed. 'Then Mrs. Herbert is here—at Carlisle?'

'Doubtless,' he returned; 'where else?'

'I did not know,' said I.

It was Mr. Doyle's turn to look surprised.

'But,' said he, 'she left word for you at Keswick. It was for that reason I told you I was not greatly surprised to come upon you.'

'Nay,' said I, 'I have not been to Keswick. I learnt Anthony Herbert was here—well, from other sources. But,' and I started forward eagerly in my chair, 'Herbert must then have sent for her;' and I spoke joyfully enough, for of late, and in particular since I had known where Herbert lay, I had begun to reflect that, after all, his enlargement, could that be brought about, did not altogether patch up the trouble.

'No,' answered Mr. Doyle; 'Herbert only talked of her. I sent for her.'

'I may thank you for that,' said I. 'They are reconciled?'

'It is a delicate point,' said he, 'how far. My client, it appears, was persuaded by that worthy gentleman, Jervas Rookley, that—well, that there were more solid grounds for his jealousy than actually existed. It is true Rookley has shown something of his hand, but not all of it. We are in the dark as to his motives, and Mr. Herbert—well, doubtless you have some notion of the whimsies of a man in love. Now he is in the depths of abasement, now he is very haughty on the summits

of pride. A man in love! My dear sir, a man in love is very like a leg of mutton on my roasting-jack in the kitchen. First he spins this way, then he spins that, and always he is in the extremity of heat whichever way he spins. He is like the mutton, too, in his lack of sense, and in the losing of the fat; and very often, when he is roasted through and through, my lady serves him up for the delectation of her friends. Believe me, Mr. Clavering—he checked himself, but the name was out of his mouth—‘when next you figure on the jack, you will do well to bear in mind my simile. A leg of mutton, my dear sir.’

Now, I had good reason to find his simile uncommonly distasteful, the more because I had a like reason for knowing it to be unjust; and, perhaps with more heat than was needed, I answered—

‘For my part, I have no objection——’

‘To a man in love!’ said he, taking me up. ‘Nor I, indeed. On the contrary, I hold him in the greatest esteem, not so much, perhaps, for his falling in love, as for his consequent falling out of it, whereby comes much profitable litigation.’

‘Well,’ said I, anxious to put an end to his discourse, ‘your advice, Mr. Doyle, may be the best in the world; but you offer it to a man who will never find occasion for pursuing it.’ And at that his face became grave. ‘Let us get to the root of the matter. You tell me Jervas Rookley has shown his hand. In what way?’

‘Why, he is to be the chief witness for the Crown. It was he who laid the information against Herbert. And, you will observe, he is a strong witness. For what object had he in view, if he did not believe the information? What had he to gain?’

‘I will not say that he did not believe it,’ I returned; ‘I will not say that he does not believe it. But I know very well what he has to gain, and that is, the estate of Blackladies.’

And I told the lawyer of the double game which Rookley had played.

‘One way or another, whichever king sat the throne, he was to recover the estate,’ I continued. ‘If the Hanoverian won, why, I was to be exchanged for it; but since he thinks I have slipped through his fingers, he will be eager to make Herbert my substitute.’

'Yes,' said the lawyer, thoughtfully; 'but there will be only your bare word for this.'

'But I shall have sacrificed my life to speak it,' I said anxiously. For this very point had greatly troubled me.

'No doubt that will carry weight,' he assented, 'but enough—I do not know. It will, however, serve to bring about that reconciliation which seems so to weigh with you. Look! There is a copy of the indictment;' and running over to a bureau, he brought it back and thrust it into my hands.

I read it through carefully, from the beginning to the end.

'You will see,' said he, 'that no direct act is alleged beyond the possession of that medal.'

'That is mine,' said I.

'Can you prove it?' said he. 'It was found in Mr. Herbert's apartments.'

I thought for a moment, and with a cry sprang to my feet:

'Indeed I can,' I cried; 'I can prove it.' And I told him how.

'Good!' he exclaimed, in a voice which topped my own; and then—

'Hush!' he whispered, in the greatest reproach; 'you should have more discretion, you should indeed.' And very cautiously he unlocked the door, and then flung it violently open. The landing, however, was clear.

'You see, Mr. Whitemen, there is much we have to fight against apart from the charges. There is the apparent honesty of Mr. Rookley, and moreover there is this rebellion which calls for examples, and you may add to our difficulties a Cumberland jury. You will remember that we marched out against you at Penrith, four thousand strong. That will teach you the temper of the county.'

'I do not remember,' I replied, 'that your four thousand stayed to exchange opinions with us.'

Nicholas Doyle laughed good-naturedly.

'It is a hit, I will not deny,' said he. 'But what if they hold to the plan, and decline to exchange opinions when they are in the jury-box, eh, my friend? what then? So you see there are dangers. With your help we may just save my client, but it will be by no more than the skin of his teeth. Without you we may as well submit to a sentence at the outset. But,'

and he spoke with a voice of the deepest gravity, 'all this, which makes your evidence of the greatest value to us, renders it fatal to you. I do not mince words; I set the truth frankly before you. Your evidence may serve Mr. Herbert's turn,—but there is no more than a chance of that—it will most certainly send you to an ignominious death. Every word you will speak will be a plea of guilty. And mark you, there is but one punishment for treason. It will be no stepping on to a scaffold, and reading a few protestations, and kneeling down at the block, as though you just condescended to leave the world. No, you will be drawn through the streets, trussed hand and foot, on a hurdle. Then they will hang you—for a bit, but not until you are dead. Then they will light a fire and take a knife to you—and it will seem, I fear me, a weary while before the end is reached!'

'Good God!' I interrupted him, and snatched up my hat. 'Do you wish me to leave your client precisely to that same fate?'

'Where are you going?' he asked in an incredulous tone, noticing my movement.

'To Carlisle Castle,' said I.

'I thought as much,' said he, and took me by the arm. 'I doubt if I should have said so much to you, had I not felt certain it would not weigh with you. But you are young, Mr. Clavering, very young; and though I must count you a traitor, and deserving all this punishment, I could not send you to that fate without you had counted up the cost.'

'That is kindly said,' I replied, and offered him my hand, which he shook very cordially. 'But less than a fortnight ago I stood upon the sea-shore with never a soul in view and a ship's boat on the beach and a ship spreading its sails to set me over into France. I am not like to be turned aside now.'

He looked at me with a certain shrewdness in his eyes.

'This is a reparation which you purpose? A man of the world would tell you there was no necessity for it.'

'But you do not say that?' I returned.

'I say,' and he paused for a second—'I say curse women!' he cried, and brought his fist down upon the table.

'Even in that amiable sentiment I cannot agree with you,' I answered with a laugh. 'And so I will make a call upon the Governor of the castle.'

But again he caught me by the arm.

'That would be the ruin of both of you. The Crown presses for an example to be made. And Jervas Rookley, I think, from what you yourself have said, will move heaven and earth to keep you out of court. If you go now to the castle, there is little likelihood of your giving evidence for Mr. Herbert; he must produce you at the trial, and not a moment before.'

Thereupon he recommended to me to lie quietly in my lodging during the week, and come not out except to see him now and again of a night. At his bidding, indeed, I repaired to his house on the following evening, and found a tailor there waiting for me. 'For,' said Mr. Doyle, 'we must make the most of our advantages, though my heart aches at dressing you up for the slaughter. But it will make a difference whether a lad in an apron and brass buckles gives himself up, or a proper young gentleman, with an air of means and dignity. Your word will gain credit with the jury. Lord! what a sight we shall have in the spectacle of Jervas Rookley's face. By the way,' and he turned towards me with a certain customary abruptness, 'Jervas Rookley's face has something changed since I set eyes on it before.'

'Indeed,' said I, indifferently; 'and in what way?'

'It is marred by a scar.'

'A scar!' I cried, with considerable satisfaction. 'On the right side? It should stretch from the cheek bone to the chin.'

'It does,' answered Mr. Doyle, dryly. 'I wonder how he came by it?'

'Yes, I wonder,' said I, reflectively, and chancing to look at each other, our eyes met, and we laughed.

'I think it very wise,' said he, 'that you did not surrender yourself to the Governor of Carlisle Castle.'

This week passed monotonously enough for me, cooped up in my little apartment. But I had a great hope to cheer me through its passage. For I had come so near to the attainment of my one end, and in the face of so many difficulties, that I could not but believe that Providence had so willed it, and having willed so much, would will that final issue which should crown the work; moreover, two days before the trial, Mr. Doyle brought me news which enheartened me inexpressibly. It was a message of thanks from Anthony Herbert,

and to that message was added another from the wife, which showed me that the reconciliation had become an actual fact.

On the eve of the trial I slept at the house of Mr. Doyle. Indeed, from his window I heard the trumpeters, and saw the judge's carriage go by ; and so dressing myself the next morning in my new suit, with Mr. Doyle fluttering about me like a lady's maid, I made my way quickly to the Guildhall.

(To be continued.)

THE PASTON LETTERS.

MARGARET PASTON shows far less affection for her daughters than she does for her husband and sons. Her younger daughter, Anne (according to the custom of those times), was placed in the household of a gentleman named Calthorpe. Hearing that Anne must leave this family ('she waxeth high, and it were time to provide her a marriage') Margaret at once asks her son to 'commune with my cousin Clere at London . . . for I shall be fain to send for her [*i.e.* Anne], and with me she shall but lose her time, . . . and put me in great unquietness.'

Anne married Yelverton, who had told her brother 'he would have her if she had the money, and else not!' Margery's romance was not likely to be repeated.

If Margaret Paston had been troubled by her husband's neglect in writing to her, she does not seem to have found her sons any better correspondents. To the eldest she writes: 'Robin came home yestereven, and he brought me no writing from you . . . which grieveth me right ill that I have sent you so many messengers, and have so feeble answers again.' A few years later she writes to the younger John: 'Me thinketh your brother is weary to write to me, and therefore I will not cumber him with writing to him. You may tell him as I write to you.'

Sir John Paston never married, though for many years he was engaged to a Mrs. Anne Haute, who lived abroad. They had met while Sir John was in Flanders for the marriage of Princess Margaret to Charles of Burgundy. On returning to England, in 1468, Sir John writes to her: 'Mistress . . . I beseech you, let me not be forgotten when you reckon up all your servants . . . I am proud that you can read English; wherefore I pray you acquaint you with this my uncouth hand, for my purpose is that you shall be more acquainted with it. And when you have read this note, I pray you burn it or keep

it secret to yourself.' This letter ends in quite modern fashion—

'Your own,

'JOHN PASTON.'

Margaret writes to her son the following year: 'I have no very knowledge of your engagement, but if you be engaged I pray God send you joy . . . and I charge you on my blessing that you be as true to her as she were married to you.'*

This engagement continued for several years, but the two wearied of each other, and were both anxious to regain their freedom. For this a dispensation was necessary, and in 1473 Sir John writes to his brother: 'You prayed me also to send you tidings how I sped in my matters, and in chief of Mistress Anne Hault. I have answer again from Rome that there is the well of grace and salve sufficient for such a sore, and that I may be dispensed.' But, alas! a dispensation was an expensive proceeding, which grieved the 'frugal soul' of the knight: so the matter lingered on for several years, but the engagement seems to have been finally set aside in 1477.

John Paston's love affairs were of a more varied character.

In 1467, his eldest brother writes: 'As for my Lady Boleyn's disposition towards you, I cannot in no wise find her agreeable that you should have her daughter† . . . nevertheless, I understand that she saith, 'That if he and she can agree I will not hinder it, but I will never advise her thereto in nowise. . . . And as for Crosby, I understand not that there is not no marriage concluded between them, nevertheless there is great language that it is like to be. You be personable, and peradventure your being once in the sight of the maid, and a little discovering of your good will to her, binding her to keep it secret, . . . [may] bring such a matter about as shall all be her pleasure and yours. . . .‡ And bear yourself as lowly to the mother as you list, but to the maid not so lowly, neither that you be too glad to speed, nor too sorry to fail."

A few years later John Paston seems to have found a

* Plighted troth was considered by the Church as hardly less sacred than marriage, and could not be dissolved by human authority.

† Anne Boleyn married Sir John Fortescue.

‡ 'There is a fine solid sort of man, who goes on from snub to snub; and if he has to declare forty times, will continue until he has a favourable answer. I dare say, if one were a woman, one would like to marry a man who was capable of doing this, but not quite one who had done so.'—

R. L. STEVENSON.

fresh object for his devotion. Sir John writes, in 1470: 'As for Mistress Katharine Dudley, I have many times recommended you to her, and she is nothing displeased with it. She reckes not how many gentlemen love her; she is full of love. . . . She answereth me she will none [*i.e.* no husband] this two year, and I believe her; for I think she hath the life that she can hold her content with.' Margaret Paston, in a letter to her second son, two years later, sends a message to 'my Mistress Katharine,' but nothing came of the affair.*

The next few years John Paston seems to have redoubled his efforts to find a suitable partner. At one time he writes to his brother Edmund, to express his willingness 'to deal' with one Eberton's wife, with regard to his marriage with her daughter. A little later he writes to Sir John respecting the sister of Mistress Fitzwater, urging him to use his influence that 'a bargain might be made.'

Success at length attended John Paston's love-making. From about 1476 or 1477 a series of letters are found in the Paston Correspondence, from Dame Elizabeth Brews, John's future mother-in-law. She writes: 'My husband . . . would that you should go unto my mistress your mother, and assay if you might get the whole £20 into your hands, and then he would be more glad to marry with you, and will give you an hundred pounds. And, cousin, that day that she [*i.e.* her daughter Margery] is married, my father will give her 50 marks. But . . . I shall give you a greater treasure, that is a witty gentlewoman, and if I say it, both good and virtuous; for if I should take money for her, I would not give her for a thousand pounds.'

Margery Brews† herself writes a charming note to her lover, in 1477: 'My right well-beloved valentine . . . I am not in good health of body, nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you . . . If that you had not half the property that you have

* Perhaps John Paston's further sentiments to the young lady, so 'full of love' may be expressed in Mrs. Browning's words—

'You love all, you say;
Therefore, dear, abate me,
Just your love, I pray!
Shut your eyes, and hate me.'

† Margery lived before the days of novel-reading, and the Continental romances were not so widely known in the fifteenth century as after the Renaissance; but she may have been acquainted with the charming ballad of 'The Nutbrown Maid,' which, though not printed before 1502, was probably written much earlier.

... I would not forsake you.' Her devotion to her lover breaks forth into a quaint little verse, beginning:—

'And if you command me to keep me true wherever I go,
I wiss I will do all my might you to love and never no more.'

After various obstacles and perplexities—it is almost unnecessary to state they bore reference to money and property!—John and Margery were married in August, 1477.

Margery's letters to her husband bear a striking resemblance to those written by Margaret, more than thirty years before, Margery writes to her husband, a few months after their marriage, asking him to buy her a gown, for 'I have no gown to wear this winter but my black and my green, and that is so cumbersome that I am weary to wear it. . . . I pray you that you will wear the ring with the image of St. Margaret, that I sent you for a remembrance, till you come home.'

In another letter she adds a postscript: 'I pray you, if you tarry long at London, that it will please to send for me.'

The year 1479 was marked by several deaths in the Paston family. Walter (Margaret's youngest son) and Agnes Paston, the widow of the Judge, both died in August, and Sir John died in the November of that same year.

The last years of Margaret Paston's life were cheered by the affection of her daughter-in-law, Margery. This aroused John Paston's jealousy, and he wrote to his mother: 'I am right glad that my wife is anything your favour or trust; but I am right sorry that my wife, or any other . . . should be in better favour or trust with you than myself.' John Paston is a far less interesting character than his elder brother, though he met with much better fortune.

Margaret Paston died in 1484, and the will (which is preserved among the Paston letters), shows her charitable and kindly disposition.

Margery died about ten years later, and John Paston then married Agnes Morley of Glynd. He died in 1503.

The historical aspect of the Paston Letters has been purposely left untouched in these pages. I have rather endeavoured to give extracts illustrative of the family history of the Pastons, or of the characteristics of the different writers. But one exception must be made. Among the Paston MSS. there is a copy of a most interesting letter written by the unfortunate Duke

of Suffolk to his son.* 'My dear and only well-beloved son, I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you. . . . I both charge you, and pray you to set all spirit and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which you shall with His great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. . . . Next, above all earthly thing, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the King most high and dread Sovereign Lord of all, to whom both you and I be so much bound to. . . . Thirdly. . . . I charge you, my dear son, alway that you be bound by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that you obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advice in all your works. . . . Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask advice and counsel; and doing thus, with the mercy of God, you shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think. . . .

Your true and loving father,

'SUFFOLK.'

In spite of the prim conventionality of letters in the fifteenth century, there are many quaint sayings and humorous glimpses to be found in the Paston Correspondence.

One James Gloys describes how he and his friends lay in wait to beat and maltreat an enemy, but 'he espied us before he came fully at us; and he remembered Wyndham's manhood, that four swift feet were better than two hands, and he took his horse with the spurs and rode . . . as fast as he might ride.'

A quaint ending occurs in a letter received by Margaret Paston: 'Men say, send a wise man on thy errand, and say little to him, wherefore I write briefly and little.'

Botoner, one of Sir John Fastolf's servants, complains of the querulousness of the old knight, and thus concludes a letter to John Paston: 'it sufficeth not our simple wits to appease his soul . . . I would one of you . . . might hang at his girdle daily to answer his matters.'

Touches of sentiment are intensified by their rarity. Henry Berry writes to his cousin John Paston: 'Worshipful cousin,

* This letter was written on the 30th of April, 1450, the day the duke left England. He has been well-named 'the Lancelot' of his time.

my special writing and heart's desire before rehearsed, nature naturally thus me compelleth—

'Know, though I be put far out of conceit and right,
I have you all in remembrance both day and night.'

There is an unique letter from Sir George Browne, (Elizabeth Paston's second husband) to his brother-in-law, referring doubtless to some promise of secrecy:—

'Loyauté, aimé.

'By your own,
G. BROWNE.'

Sir John Paston was a man of literary taste and culture. He employed transcribers to copy books for him, one of whom writes: 'As to Ovid *De Arte Amandi* I shall send him you this next week, for I have it not now ready, but me thinketh of Ovid *De Remedio* were more meet for you.'

Sir John writes to his brother: 'As for the Bible * that the master hath, I think the uttermost price had not passed five marks, and so I trow he will give it'; and later on: 'Brother . . . I pray to look up my *Temple of Glass*,† and send it me by the bearer hereof.'

Sir John Paston writes to his brother '[the Earl of Arran] hath a book of my sister Ann's of the *Siege of Thebes*;‡ when he hath done with it, he promised to deliver it you. I pray let Portland bring the book home with him.'

In William Ebesham's account with Sir John Paston occur the following entries:

'A little book of Physic, 20*d*.

'The great Book. First, for writing of the Coronation, and other treatises of Knighthood. . . fourteen leaves and more, 2*d*. a leaf. 2*s*. 2*d*.

'For the treatise of War in 4 books. 10*s*.

'For *Othea* Epistle § 7*s*. 2*d*.

'For *De Regimine Principum*, which containeth forty-five

* 'This must have been some MS. copy, as the only printed Bible would have sold for more (the *Biblia Latina* Mogunt., per J. Fust, and P. Schoiffer, 1462 (Fenn)).'

† By Lydgate. This must have been in MS., as it was first printed by Caxton in 1479, and Sir John is writing in 1472.

‡ By Lydgate; an imitation of the 'Canterbury Tales.'

§ A Treatise on Wisdom (Fenn).

leaves, after a penny a leaf, which is right well worth.
3s. 9d.'

Among the Paston Letters there is an inventory of books belonging either to Sir John Paston, or to his brother John. Among other books are mentioned: 'The Death of Arthur,' 'Guy of Warwick,' 'Book of Troy,' 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' 'Parliament of Birds,' and 'Temple of Glass,' and, most interesting of all,* 'A Book in print of the Play of the Chess.'

The Paston Letters† were not published until the end of the eighteenth century. They were sold by Sir William Paston, second Earl of Yarmouth (the representative of the Paston family), to the antiquary Peter Le Neve. On his death, in 1729, the collection was divided, part being bought by Thomas Martin (who afterwards married Neve's widow), and some of the remaining letters by the Rev. Francis Blomefield, who made great use of them in his 'History of Norfolk.' On Martin's death the letters were bought by Mr. North, who then sold them to a Mr. Fenn, a Norfolk gentleman of antiquarian tastes. Mr. Fenn edited and published the first volumes of the Letters in 1787, followed by two more volumes in 1789. In 1823 the fifth, and last volume of the Letters was published after Sir John Fenn's‡ death by his nephew Mr. Serjeant Frere. The Paston Letters, arranged in chronological order, with numerous additions to those published in the original edition, have been edited by Mr. James Gairdner,§ with complete historical introductions and notes. When the Paston Letters were first published, the excitement they created was intense. A whole edition was disposed of in one week, and the only adverse criticism seems to have been that of Hannah More, who thought the letters barbarous in style. Very differently wrote Horace Walpole. 'The letters of Henry VI.'s reign . . . are come out, and *to me* make all other letters not worth reading. I have gone through one volume, and cannot bear to be writing when I am so eager to be reading.'

'I pray you burn this letter when you have read it,' is an

* 'The Game and Play of Chess' was printed by Caxton in 1474. It was the first book printed in England.

† "The earliest collection of letters is entitled 'Familiar Letters, domestic and foreign, partly historical, political, and philosophical, by James Howell,' in the time of Charles I., and published during the Protectorate. It went through eleven editions in a century" (Reed).

‡ Mr. Fenn presented the original MS. letters of the first two volumes to King George III., who knighted him in acknowledgment of the gift.

§ I am much indebted to Mr. Fenn for the help received from his edition of the 'Paston Letters.'

injunction that occurs in several of the letters: the disregard of which has produced very unforeseen results. But the writers would surely forgive the publicity of even their most intimate intercourse, if they knew that through the medium of their letters we are 'enabled to recognise, amid the dimness of remote and uncongenial ages, the features of friends and of brethren.' *

* Dr. Arnold.

THE LETTING OUT OF ESAU CROCKER.

THE road to Tregarran winds over a bleak, brown stretch of moor. The shivering cotton-grass grows there, and the little yellow tormentil; in the dry patches clumps of gorse are scattered among the boulders, round the bog-pools the rushes rustle sharply in the wind.

A desolate place! desolate even in summer, when the larks sing and the bees hum over the gorse bushes; doubly desolate when, on a bitter October afternoon, Martin Hurst first came to Tregarran.

He had come of his own free will; the comparatively easy and much richer living in a pleasant country town, which had been offered to him at the same time, had no attractions for him, and he had chosen the hard and scantily rewarded toil of a lonely Cornish parish for the same reason that he had chosen to walk the five bleak miles from the borders of civilization, for the pleasure of being tired at the end.

For he was of such stuff as the less lovable martyrs are made of: a man who enjoyed discomfort for discomfort's sake; a stern man, who had not yet learnt to leave other people room, though he was forty, and had seen much of the world; a man with little sense of humour, and in its place a craze; excellent nevertheless, and one on whom a disagreeable duty never called in vain.

The craze was an intolerant horror of superstition in every shape or form; it was partly that which had tempted him to Tregarran, for the demon is apt to be somewhat scarce in such comfortable corners as that which Martin Hurst had rejected, and he was longing to trample it under foot.

His eyes gleamed as he passed the wishing-well at the entrance to the village, and noted the two girls bending over its bubbling depths; he stopped, and caught a line of the charm they were muttering, and strode on, well satisfied.

The Vicarage, too large for any but a rich man, was shut up

and neglected ; the rooms which Martin Hurst had taken were in an old, rambling farmhouse, standing alone in a valley which opened to the sea, and here his landlady, a brisk, talkative little woman, by name Mrs. Daw, received him and showed him into such a parlour as few farmhouses can boast.

Its walls were panelled from floor to ceiling, and beautifully carved ; it was roofed with heavy oak beams.

'I've begged my mastur oovur again to have un took awaay, an' th' ceilen whitewashed vitty,' Mrs. Daw apologised, 'but he saay ut cahn't be done.'

'And a good thing it can't, Mrs. Daw ! Why, this room must be two hundred years old or more.'

'Oo, iss, hur'll ha' been built the teens o' years, I dursaay, but hur be rurr an' dawrrk i' wentur.'

For a week or so, however, the new vicar found his quarters all that could be desired, in spite of the dark ; then one morning he complained to Mrs. Daw of having been waked by sounds from below.

'Noises !' exclaimed the little woman, so promptly as almost to interrupt him ; 'Oo iss, fegs, thur do be turrble noises ! Many a ta-ime you'll nat hear yeurself speak fur th' wend, an' the waves da-own to th' racks yandur.'

'Nevertheless,' Mr. Hurst said quietly, 'the noises I heard were neither wind nor water.'

Mrs. Daw gave him a beaming smile.

'Wahl, sir, you're nat the furst : I've heerd vesiturs oovur to th' inn i' th' sommur——'

Mr. Hurst changed the subject somewhat impatiently ; he was convinced from Mrs. Daw's manner that she knew more than she chose to tell, and meant to get at the truth.

As he expected, it was not very difficult.

'Now, Mrs. Daw,' said he, at breakfast next morning, 'let us have a clear understanding. I know, and you know too, that the sounds I have heard once or twice have nothing to do with the wind ; they are made by some one who comes into this room, and who knows how to disappear from it when I come down with a light.'

'I'm sure, sur, my mastur 'd goo da-own to th' sharr i' th' meddle o' th' naight ahl so sune as get out o' bed !'

'Well, Mrs. Daw, I don't suppose it's you, and I presume you lock your doors at night. The question is, who else is in the house who takes such an interest in my belongings?'

'Oo sur, ut's nat noo belangens o' yours,' Mrs. Daw hurriedly protested, and then seeing that the cat was out of the bag already, 'fegs, sur, yeu maight be a lawyur instid o' th' passon, naow !'

'Very likely, Mrs. Daw. Then——?'

'Wahl, sur, ut 'll just be my mastur's oold gran'mothur yeu've heerd.' Mrs. Daw's voice was lowered mysteriously.

'You told me,' remarked the vicar, 'that you and your husband lived alone in the house.'

'Wahl, sur, ded I naow? Howivur, ut 'd just be hur, a-seeken fur Bellamy Rose's wa-atch. Yeu see, sur,' she continued, after an impressive pause, and glancing cautiously round, 'it wur hur son, Esau Crocker, as stol' th' wa-atch fro' Bellamy, oovur thurrtty years ago, ut'll be. Bellamy Rose wur captain o' th' *Miseltoe Bough* to Padstow, an' Esau Crocker wur ma-ate. Turrble wa-ild wur Esau, an' unkid sweeren, an' Bellamy Rose wur ahl so bad, so they saay, an' an unkid taime they had aboard th' *Ba-ough*! Wahl, howivur, thur com' a starrm, an' Bellamy he wur knacked oovur by th' ma-ast fahlen, an' kelled, an' Esau Crocker stol' his wa-atch, as he an' Bellamy had had many a faight oovur. But fur ahl he'd got ut he durrd nivur wear ut, but braht ut here to 's mothur to keep fur un, an' hur an' he hid ut i' thiccy wood.' The little woman's eyes were bright with excitement as she pointed to the panelled walls of the sitting-room. 'La-ots o' hiden-pla-aces thur be i' thiccy; nat that I know whurr—I nivur currd that much abaout ut—but hur knows. Wahl . . . in a year, Esau were dra-ownded to Bude.' Mrs. Daw paused again, as doubtful whether the rest of the story should be told in that presence.

'Go on,' said the vicar.

'They du saay,' she continued in a whisper, 'as how he met Bellamy da-own below, an' Bellamy asked he fur 's wa-atch . . . but he couldn't maind whurr ut had been hid, an' his mothur hur knew no better'n he; fur one naight, just a year aftur, he com' op fro' th' stra-and, laike a leven-man, an' asked she fur ut, but hur couldn't faind ut, so lang howivur hur looked, an' he had to goo ba-ack . . . an' once a year, to th' sa-ame taime, he's lat out to com' an' ask fur ut, an' that's why, abaout this taime, hur gets rastless: hur's a-seeken o' th' wa-atch fur hur son, fur they sa-ay as how he'll nivur be leaved rast tell he's given ut ba-ack to Bellamy.'

Martin Hurst's eyes gleamed again, as he rose from his chair.

'And so,' he said, 'this is the explanation! I will speak with your grandmother at once, Mrs. Daw.'

'Oo, sur, hur's noo gran'mothur of ma-ine, naow! But my mastur, he'll nat have she goo awa-ay, ahl so feared of she as he be——'

'That is of no consequence. Will you desire her——'

'Wahl, sur, ut's no use talken to she, fur hur don't ta-ake no nottice. An' hur don't com' out o' hur rume, nat but i' th' dawrrk, abaout th' taime when Esau Crocker's lat out.'

'And you do nothing to prevent such iniquitous folly?' Mr. Hurst exclaimed.

'Wahl, sur, ef us lat she fro' seeken ut, simth my mastur an' me maight be seein' of he. But she'll nat du no harm, sur, ut's nat but Bellamy's wa-atch hur's aftur.'

But Martin Hurst was not to be turned from his purpose. He retired to his bedroom at the usual time, and on catching the sound of stealthy movements in the room below, descended so quietly that he came face to face with the bent old woman, who held a candle in one hand, and with the other opened panel after panel in the wonderful woodwork.

She was very old; there was something hag-like in her wrinkled, leaf-brown face and scraggy wisps of hair, and her eyes were black as jet, and as bright.

But to the vicar's earnest reproaches she paid no heed. They were spoken in a foreign tongue, and she had other things to think of; he was not even sure that she heard him, or realised his presence, until she stopped in her work. Then, turning, she saw him, muttered an ugly word or two, and hobbled away.

Not altogether blinded, Martin Hurst recognised that here he was powerless. He turned his attention, instead, to Mrs. Daw and her husband; he denounced the story openly from the pulpit; he plunged into protest on every possible occasion. It had little effect. His remonstrances were received with indulgent smiles, or worse, with uneasy reluctance to mention the subject; and in the middle of his campaign business took him for a couple of days to Launceston.

On his return, it could not escape his observation that something had happened. Mrs. Daw's kitchen was full of visitors; Mrs. Daw herself wore an air of suppressed excitement.

'Oo, iss, sur,' she said, in answer to her lodger's questions; 'ut wur la-ast naight as Esau wur lat out. Ja-ane Pengelley to th' mell, hur *see* un, so plain as I see yeu! An' th' oold gran'-

mothur, hur wur turrble stra-ange, fur hur'd nat fa-ound no wa-atch, an' laikely hur's thinken hur'll nat have so much langer to seek ut.'

'Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Daw,' said the vicar, severely, 'that you or any one else saw, last night, a man who has been dead thirty-two years?'

'Oo, sur, *I* see nothen! I was onny tew glad to goo to bed an' stay thurr. But Esau com', sure enough!'

A year passed. Through the wild winter and wilder spring Martin Hurst worked alone in Tregarran; he shortened his holiday to a brief ten days in early summer, and worked on, doing and undoing many things.

The girls went no more to the wishing-well except on Saturday afternoon, when 'th' passon' was busy with Sunday's sermons; and Esau Crocker was unmentioned.

But not forgotten, and among those who oftenest remembered him was Martin Hurst. The weird story had got hold of him, as stories do, and into his dreams came lean, brown, wrinkled hands, fumbling tremulously with stiff slides and rusted locks, and finding nothing.

The late October gales were howling round the house, and the waves thundering up to the rocks, when in the tumult the vicar's wakeful ear caught a sound—a creak; and he sprang up, and realised with horror that he had been listening for it. In the room below, the half-crazed old witch-woman was seeking, seeking for that which would give her son rest in his grave.

Then the demon was rampant still! The vicar set his teeth; he had failed last year; he had been content with protests and arguments; this year he would meet the thing face to face, and prove its nothingness to these foolish children. And at the same time prove it to himself.

He boldly spoke of his determination, for the opposition he encountered served as text for much exhortation; he counted the days: at half-past eleven, on the twenty-first of October, he sallied out into the night, and took the road to the shore.

The air was full of the sound of the sea, damp with the clinging spray. Heavy clouds hid the moon, but the long lines of tumbling breakers seemed to catch some uncertain gleam and hurl it shorewards across the churning, hissing reach of foam.

There was no clock to be heard; the vicar pulled out his watch; it was too dark to see its face. He waited.

He stood on a narrow curve of beach, shut in on either side by jagged, towering cliffs; it was here, under their black shadow, that the spectre landed from an invisible boat, and might be met walking up the strand, and up the narrow valley, to his old home.

It was cold, and Martin Hurst walked slowly up and down the length of the beach, his lips set, his hands clenching eagerly.

He walked up and down for a long time; it must be past the magic hour: and he grew triumphant, also a little angry at the absurdity of his errand.

Surely by this time it was nearly one o'clock. . . . Who laughed? He heard it distinctly: a sneering laugh, with the fragment of an oath in it, and out of the darkness the figure of a man shaped itself. It—he—came down the valley, seawards, rolling in his walk, and turned a reckless, black-browed face on the living man as he passed him; and Martin Hurst saw the thing, and could have sworn that it also was a living man, but he had neither voice to speak to it nor power to move, and at the edge of the white tumult of foam it turned, laughed again—an utterly evil laugh—and vanished.

It had passed him then, landing at one end of the beach while he was at the other; he had seen it returning to its year's imprisonment . . . the vicar caught himself up savagely. What? Was he allowing himself to be deceived by the mere evidence of his weak mortal senses? The thing was a deception, a proof of its own utter unreality; and, frowning fiercely, he strode away.

* * * * *

The summer had come again, and gone. The gales were early this year, and after their blustering reign came a hush, and a still white mist, and a brooding gloom.

The moors were shrouded; the broken garden-things lay rotting on the sodden beds; through the fog that filled the valley and hung about the cliffs the voice of the sea came hollow and sullen.

Martin Hurst stood in the church porch, shivering in his surplice, while a silent procession wound up the steep lane from the valley. They were bringing old Mrs. Crocker to her long sleep under the grass by the crumbling old tower.

For they had found her dead, with her hand on the spring of one of the secret closets, and her task unfinished; Bellamy Rose's watch still lay in its hiding-place.

But it was not the end, though the whispering groups of villagers had left the grave, and up in the mist the sexton had finished his work alone; for in the dead of the long October night the sounds were heard again: stealthy footsteps, and creaking boards, and fumbling fingers.

They said in the village, next morning, that it was her ghost; but they were wrong, for it was the vicar.

As he wended his solitary way down through the clinging fog into the valley, as he sat alone through the long evening and heard, above the roar of the sea, the ceaseless, monotonous drip, drip, from the eaves, the story haunted him more persistently than ever before.

In the middle of the night he woke with a start.

He was not in his bedroom; he was standing, his hands upon some hard, cold surface. . . . Good Heavens! he was in the parlour, and one of the panels was open before him!

He had opened it himself, in his sleep; in his sleep he had been hunting, how long he knew not, for Bellamy Rose's watch!

It was the last straw. A year ago his eyes had played him false; now, it seemed, even his actions were no longer under his control, and in unspeakable disgust he vowed to leave the place.

Two years of hard work and scant rest, the loneliness, the eerie desolation (doubtless, also, the severe cold which was the afternoon's natural consequence)—all might have done their share; the facts remained, that he, sworn foe of superstition had twice fallen before it, and would fall again, as he well knew, if he stayed within its reach.

He is fighting his enemy still, but no longer at close quarters, for he had left Tregarra long before October again brought round the night when Esau Crocker was 'lat out' to make reparation for his sins.

HELEN OUSTON.

PLUTARCH'S HEROES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HERO AS LIBERATOR.

It has been observed that Theseus, or—which is the same thing—Athens, is the symbol of civilisation. Now, civilisation has two sides: intellectualism and commercialism. The former, at any rate in certain forms, was not regarded either by philosophers or by the mob as an unmixed good, and we owe our word 'sophistry' to the hatred and contempt entertained for those whose boast it was to make the worse appear the better reason. As for commercialism, though trading has never ranked among the higher professions, it is clear that, without it, progress would be impossible. It is the surest friend of peace, and yet it has this defect—that it inevitably tends to sacrifice men to Mammon. Lysurgus was so convinced of this that, in order that Spartan manhood might continue unimpaired, he banished commerce altogether; and the condition of English workers, before the passing of the Factory Acts, is painful testimony to the evils of undiluted, unrestricted commercialism.

We are about to consider a state of things brought about by a divorce of these two elements. For if civilisation is to be perfect, commerce must not be allowed to develop, as it were, mechanically. It is requisite at times to review its effects on the general life of the nation, if indeed its effects are not already apparent and calling for some kind of remedy. This was the case at Athens when Solon, representing the intellectual side of civilisation, interposed to check the abuses of the trafficker.

The supremacy of Athens in art and literature is so decided that, at the mention of the word, we think of little else. When the notion of commerce arises in connection with ancient Greece, we are apt to think rather of Corinth; and yet, as already remarked, Athens was essentially a commercial city, and until

Spartan ideals became fashionable, felt no shame at the fact. 'In those days, as Hesiod says, work was no disgrace, neither did trade make any difference. Commerce was even in repute as appropriating the treasures of the barbarians, procuring the friendship of kings, and giving experience of many things. Some traders have even been founders of great cities, like Protus of Massilia, a man beloved by the Celts in the neighbourhood of the Rhine.'

This was the bright side of the picture. Turn we now to the other. 'The inequality between rich and poor then reached its climax. The city was in every sense in a critical pass, and the only way it could settle down and be quit of disturbance was, it seemed, by absolute rule. All the commonalty was in debt to the rich men. For either they (the commons) farmed the land, paying for rent a sixth of the produce, and so were styled "hectemorii" or serfs; or, borrowing on the security of their persons, were at the disposal of the money-lenders, being bought and sold, some to serve on the spot, and others in a foreign country. And many also were constrained to sell their children (for there was no law to stop it) and to fly the city by reason of the harshness of the usurers.'

At this juncture the most intelligent of the Athenians looked to Solon as the only man, or, anyway, the man best fitted to extricate them from their difficulties. Now who, and what, was Solon? Curious to relate, he belonged to that very class whose excesses had caused all the trouble. His father, we are told, had spent the bulk of his fortune in charity, and Solon was thrown on his own resources. He had no lack of friends ready to assist him, but coming of a family accustomed to relieve others, he was ashamed to accept help, and applied himself whilst still young to commerce. Afterwards he distinguished himself in the service of the state, and it may be mentioned, showing that there is nothing new under the sun, that he settled a long-standing dispute between Athens and Megara by arbitration.

When the Athenians turned to him in their distress, counsellors were not wanting who urged him to seize the opportunity and make himself tyrant. In reply, Solon observed that it was a fine position, but it had no back door. It is plain, however, that he objected to absolutism, not only for personal reasons, but on principle, or he would never have risked his life as he did, braving Pisistratus. Nevertheless, he enjoyed for the

nonce a degree of power enough to make some ardent modern reformers burst with envy.

The late Master of Balliol, in conversation with the writer, remarked that the soul of translation was compromise. In like manner Solon thought that the soul of legislation was compromise, for, on being asked one of those questions with which the bores of antiquity appear to have worried all the statesmen in turn—namely, whether he had framed the best laws for the Athenians, he answered, 'the best they would accept.' Now the younger citizens had a habit, by no means confined to Athens, of calling things by fine names. Just as we, if we wish to be polite, or from custom, address many persons not strictly entitled to the compliment, as 'esquire,' so the Athenians disguised taxes as 'contributions,' constables as 'guardians,' and the gaol as the 'house.'

Taking advantage of this weakness, Solon named his first great measure 'The Relief of Burdens.' The main principles of this measure were the reduction of debts and the provision that thenceforward no one should lend money on the security of men's persons. According to other accounts, the Relief of Burdens involved the abolition of all contracts. Solon's own poems—for he was a poet also—seem to speak in this sense. In them he declares that land which was before enslaved was now free; and of the citizens who had become merchandise, some he had brought back from abroad, no longer speaking the Attic tongue, while others who were enduring a shameful bondage at home he had set at liberty.

These changes so advantaged the poor that the reader may perhaps find a difficulty in perceiving wherein the compromise consisted. The truth is, however, that the poor expected a great deal more. They anticipated a kind of millenium, a reign of liberty, equality, and fraternity, similar to that of Sparta. But Solon, Plutarch points out, was not, like Lycurgus, invested with regal authority and all the prestige conferred by descent from Hercules. Solon was simply a constitutional ruler, a man of the people, a member of the middle class, and his mandate was derived from the belief of the citizens in his sagacity. He was thus prevented from effecting what Plutarch evidently regards as the *summum bonum* of political arrangement—a state of things in which nobody shall be either rich or poor.

That Solon was equally convinced of the injurious character of wealth is not so certain, as there are passages in his poems

indicating that he quite appreciated its advantages. What he hated was a thing often connected with getting and having, and occasionally, also, with missing and losing—injustice. For the rest, instead of seeking to reduce the citizens to a dead level of equality, he introduced a new system of classification based upon property, and designed to produce a balance of power between the various elements of society. The poor were excluded from office, but were permitted to attend the assembly and to act as jurors. Coleridge, in his ‘*Aids to Reflection*,’ expresses some surprise that people were so long in arriving at the notion of property as the true criterion of power. This instance will show that the test was admitted and in full operation several centuries before Christ.

We are constantly hearing nowadays of the crowding of country-folk into towns, and the lapse of good arable land into prairie. Will it be believed that Solon was called upon to face this very problem, which seems to us so essentially modern? ‘Seeing that the town was being filled with people streaming together from all directions, and most of the country wretched and poor, and that it was not the custom for seafaring men to import anything for those who had nothing to give in return, he set the citizens a-trading; and passed a law that it should not be compulsory for a son to support his father unless he had caused him to learn a trade.’ Then, after noticing the obvious contrast in this respect between Athens and Sparta, and pointing out that the Athenians had no helot population to labour for them, Plutarch adds, ‘Solon adapted the laws to circumstances rather than circumstances to the laws. He saw that the produce of the country barely sufficed for those tilling it, and was unable to support a multitude of idlers and unemployed. So he invested trades with distinction, and appointed the Council of the Areopagus to examine whence each man had his living, and to punish the idle.’

In extreme old age, Solon again displayed the firmness of his character by protesting against the assumption of tyranny by Pisistratus. His protests were unavailing, as the mass of the citizens were mesmerised by fear; and, accordingly, tyranny became a fact. But this does not imply that Solon’s work was entirely undone. Far from that, Pisistratus treated him personally with kindness, made him keeper of his conscience, and saw that his laws were duly executed, so that the philosopher—Solon was one of the Seven Wise Men—must have confessed

that, however bad in principle, a benevolent despotism was not so bad as an instrument for carrying into effect the counsels of wisdom and experience.

Personal rule, however, is too desperate an expedient. The benevolence that may characterise its inception is certain to disappear on a protracted tenure of power, and then it has to be got rid of. This ridding is commonly a difficult and dangerous process. It often involves homicide, and though later generations may applaud, as they did in the case of Harmodius and Aristogiton, contemporaries as a rule look with no very favourable eye on conspirators. *Finis coronat opus*; success makes all the difference between a hero and a traitor, and nearly all conspiracies fail. But suppose all goes well, and the murderous plot is justified by overwhelming necessity, even then there is the obvious risk of motives being misconstrued, and of ultimate ingratitude on the part of the fickle public. Such was the experience of one of the noblest of the Greeks—Dion.

The situation which eventually drove Dion to take action was created by a personage known as Dionysius the Elder. This great man may be pronounced a model tyrant—not in the way Pisistratus was—but in the Machiavellian sense. He boasted that he had bound the state with adamantine fetters, *i.e.* fear and violence, a mighty fleet and a bodyguard of ten thousand barbarians. Naturally, such a being expected to be flattered, and that his cup of bliss might be full, he conceived the idea of inviting to his Syracusan court the most famous philosopher of the day. Plato did not decline the invitation, but on arriving aired his views on the happiness of being just, and so on. This was bad enough, but he went further, and proclaimed the opinion that tyrants are of all men the most cowardly.

Dionysius' patience was at an end, and the philosopher received his *congé*. There is grim humour in what followed. The tyrant, it appears, arranged with the shipmaster that on the homeward voyage Plato should be sold into captivity. It would do him no harm, he said, for, being a just man, he would be happy under any circumstances, even as a slave. The little joke, however, failed to come off.

Plato was right; the tyrant *was* a coward. None of his relations was allowed to approach him, until that relation had been stripped, and searched, and donned fresh clothes. His

brother, in describing a place, took a spear from one of the body-guard and drew a plan on the ground. The soldier who gave up the spear paid the penalty with his life. Dionysius dreamt that a distinguished general was murdering him. In superstitious terror, the despot ordered him to be put to death. One instance of his cowardice is positively ludicrous. He was afraid to have his hair cut in the usual way, so one of the hairdressers used to come and burn it off with a coal!

So far as this timorous monster was concerned, Plato's visit to Sicily spelt failure, but Dionysius had a brother-in-law, who afterwards married his daughter Arcte, and Dion—for he it was, no other—became a warm disciple of the philosopher. On the death of Dionysius the Elder, another Dionysius reigned in his stead. Dion, being his guardian, and laudably anxious for the young man's moral improvement, sent urgent letters to Athens adjuring Plato to pay a second visit to the island. In the end the sage complied. At first he met with much apparent success, but the faction opposed to Dion provided a counter-attraction in a writer called Philistus, a false prophet who had accepted tyranny as a creed, and practically had done much to promote it. Meanwhile, they were indefatigable in conspiring against Dion himself, and on the pretext that he was in correspondence with the Carthaginian foe, succeeded in procuring his banishment.

Thwarted in his main object by the boon-companions of the tyrant, Plato seems to have inspired Dionysius with awe, if not affection, and the youth, wishing to retain his good opinion, promised to recall Dion in due season. With this assurance they parted, and Plato, who had pledged himself not to give a bad report of his host, rejoined Dion in the 'flowery Academe' at Athens, where the Syracusan exile was winning golden opinions from the philosopher's countrymen. This circumstance excited the jealousy of Dionysius, and made him more eager than ever to conciliate Plato. The great Athenian was induced to try his fortune in Sicily a third time, but with no better result. Indeed, he is stated finally to have been in considerable peril, having been transferred from his lodging on Dion's estate into the custody of his bitter enemies the body-guard.

This ill-treatment of the philosopher was closely connected with still worse treatment of his friend. Dion's property was sold, and his wife given to another. No outrage could be greater; the exile determined to arm. Never doubting that the

Sicilians would welcome his advent in the character of a liberator, he assembled a small force of about eight hundred veterans in the island of Zacynthus, and after an adventurous voyage landed at Minoa, a town in Sicily belonging to the Carthaginians. From this point Dion's progress reminds us of William of Orange in his march from Torbay. The two cases, indeed, are almost exactly parallel. Dionysius the Younger answers to James II., just as his father, at any rate as regards absolutism, resembles Charles I.; and a further analogy is seen in the sombre temperament shared by the Dutch prince with his Sicilian compeer.

Dion had not mistaken. The Sicilians came to meet him in their thousands, and his entry into Syracuse was a veritable triumph. The retainers of Dionysius, however, continued to hold the Acropolis. In these circumstances, the tyrant first tried diplomacy and craft, and finding that these did not succeed, delivered a sudden onslaught on the citizens. A hard battle ensued, but at last the tyrant and his hirelings were driven back to their stronghold, where they remained biding their time.

A republic was now established, and, with it, a rival appeared in the person of Heraclides, representing more democratic sentiments than those of Dion. A man named Sosis also, a demagogue of the purest water, openly declaimed against the liberator, asserting that he had only changed a drunken and timid tyranny for one that was sober and alert. This creature, however, overstepped the mark, for, having cut himself with a knife, and pretended that he had been set upon by an emissary of Dion, he was convicted of lying and died the death. But *ça ira*—it would go on. Dion's essentially moderate, just, and constitutional reforms, combined with his reserved and stubborn disposition, gave a great handle to his enemies. Thus when Heraclides, in his office as admiral, through his negligence allowed Dionysius to escape, he easily atoned for his blunder by advising a redistribution of the land. Dion resisted the proposal, and by so doing forfeited his command. He then retired with his troops to Leontini.

His withdrawal revived the hopes of the tyrant's beleaguered garrison, who, having been reinforced, precipitated themselves on the city, scattered the train-bands, and set fire to the buildings. The citizens now perceived their error, and clamoured for Dion's recall. A deputation was sent to Leontini, and Dion, yielding

to their entreaties and generously forgetting their ingratitude, marched once more against the common foe. His efforts were rewarded by victory, and the followers of Dionysius were eventually starved into submission. Heraclides, however, did not cease from troubling, and, at length, for patriotic reasons, Dion connived at his assassination.

This was inexcusable, especially as his rival was not wanting in some great qualities, and Dion himself, when too late, realised the stain on his reputation. But if he sinned greatly, he also suffered greatly. The story of Dion's end is ghastly beyond words. An awful vision unnerved him and made him dread to be alone. That vision was fated to be fulfilled. A frantic struggle for life, and then to be butchered like a sheep! It seems strange that a career which had been brave, forgiving, temperate in the hour of victory, and, with one exception, loyal to the precepts of philosophy, should terminate in this way. And yet the moral is plain. It is the lesson so often exemplified in the French Revolution, that they who take the sword shall perish by the sword. Such a life naturally appeals to the imagination, and, as is well known, it inspired one of Wordsworth's happiest efforts. We, however, can only quote the conclusion.

'Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
Pursue thee with their deadly aim!
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime! that horror-striking blade,
Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusan low in dust!
Shudder'd the walls—the marble city wept—
And sylvan places heav'd a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace th' appointed Victim slept,
As he had fall'n in magnanimity;
Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change; too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthen'd by mistrust.
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
Releas'd from life, and cares of princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his fate:—
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends.
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

As we have seen, ancient civilisation was based on the existence of a slave-class. These men had properly no country; they were often foreigners, and when that was not the case, had no community of interests, only the bond of compulsion with those who owned the soil. The Lacedaemonian helots, when ordered by the victorious Thebans to sing the songs of Alcman and Terpander, begged to be excused on the ground that they had no love for their masters. The glories of Sparta were nothing to them.

The moral right of slaves to rebel is unquestionable. A slave has ceased to be a man, he has become a chattel; and where, as in Italy and Sparta, and, more recently in America, the system has been fully matured, the slave may count himself lucky if his whole life is not a prolonged agony. The chief obstacle to revolt lies, not in the lack of abundant justification, but in the absence of that high spirit, that sense of personal worth, which it is the prime object of the slaves' owners to crush out of them. If, then, a slave has the greatness of soul to rise above these deadening conditions, and to inspire his fellows with a similar resolution to embrace liberty or death, he is entitled to honour, and deserves remembrance no less than Dion or our English Hampden.

The ingrained brutality of the Romans revealed itself in nothing more than in their gladiatorial shows, in which men were pitted against each other like game-cocks. In the first century before Christ a speculator in slaves maintained a gigantic coop at Capua, and here a number of wretches were kept—most of them imported from abroad—until required for the arena. About two hundred planned an escape, but, before they had time to execute their purpose, it became known. Seventy-eight, however, managed to break out, and having furnished themselves with arms, occupied a strong place and chose three leaders of whom one was Spartacus, a Thracian. Plutarch thus describes him: 'Not only was he possessed of great spirit and strength, but in intelligence and gentleness was superior to his fortune, as he was also more civilised (lit. more Greek) than the generality of his race.'

When Spartacus, with his small party, first took up arms against the might of Rome, there were probably few people who did not predict for the movement an almost immediate collapse, but the slave-leader, by the very hardihood of his conduct, attracted to his standard an ever-increasing multitude, and this, joined to his admirable strategy, enabled him to defeat in

successive engagements the trained soldiery, as well as to outwit the experienced generals, of the empire-city. Spartacus himself, however, was not misled into the belief that the proud mistress of the nations would ever own herself defeated by an army of slaves, and his highest ambition was to lead his undisciplined force across the Alps, and back to the countries whence most of them had been abducted.

The men, foolishly enough, refused to obey these wise counsels, and, eager for pillage, ranged about Italy like a swarm of locusts. At last the senate was seriously alarmed. Whereas pride had before prevented them from dealing with the affair according to its real magnitude, they now despatched against the slaves the highest officers of state, the consuls. These persons appear to have had little or no military capacity, and both succumbed to the courage and genius of the gladiator. A fresh captain was needed, and the lot fell on Marcus Crassus. The choice of this man lends new interest to a situation already sufficiently dramatic, for Crassus, in sharp contrast to his opponent, was the richest capitalist in Rome.

The opening of the campaign was inauspicious. A subordinate named Momius, fired by ambition to distinguish himself, disobeyed the instructions of the general by engaging the enemy, and thus drew upon the army another reverse. Crassus, stung by the cowardice of the troops, had recourse to the stern and humiliating penalty of decimation, and then followed the triumphant slaves in the direction of Rhegium. Spartacus, still preserving the excellent common sense which had led him to desire withdrawal from Italy as soon as possible, arranged with Cilician pirates to transport two thousand men to Sicily, where a slave-war of almost similar dimensions had just, with difficulty, been suppressed. The perfidy of the pirates frustrated this design, and the folly of the insurgents at length brought down upon them the fate they had so long courted. They insisted on being led against the Romans, and were overwhelmed with great slaughter.

The conduct of Spartacus on this last occasion stamps him as a true hero of the type the ancients were wont specially to admire. At the outset of the engagement a horse was brought to him, but he drew his sword and killed it, saying that, if he conquered, he should have plenty of fine horses belonging to the enemy, and, defeated, he should not require any. After that, he pushed his way through the thick of the fight in the

hope of a personal encounter with Crassus. Failing to obtain it, he slew two centurions, and when his companions fled, himself stood fast till, encompassed by the foe, and defending himself to the last, he was cut to pieces.

F. J. SNELL

NOTE.—Ach, those plurals! In last month's article for 'wanderjähre,' read 'wanderjahre.'

(To be continued.)

AN OLD MAID'S GUEST.

I HAD better say at once that I am what people call 'a regular old maid,' and shall never see sixty again. I hope that I am not much more sensitive and fussy than most single ladies of my age, but no doubt my very quiet and solitary life has tended to make me rather easily perturbed.

I have lived all my life in the little country town of Frantham, and am quite contented with my quiet and pleasant neighbours, who are kind enough to be very fond of me, in spite of my old-fashioned ways.

We drink tea occasionally at each other's houses, and I also meet my friends at the Rectory working-party, and after church on Sundays. When one reaches my time of life, one is content to jog along uneventfully, and variety or excitement seem no longer a necessity.

I can assure you that it causes quite a little flutter in our quiet, elderly circle when Dr. Hayward's boy Jack comes home for his college vacations. He is so full of exuberant spirits, and tells such histories of his life at Oxford, that it is quite like a breath from the outer world. The boy has always been fond of me, and affectionately calls me 'Aunt Polly,' a name I have long ceased to hear from any other lips. Indeed, I allow him to take greater liberties with me than I should permit from any nephew of my own; but it is such a pleasure to me to have him in and out of the house, and I am even more sorry than his parents, I believe, when he has to return to college.

My two old servants, Matilda and Partington, are also very fond of 'Mr. Jack,' who has always a pleasant word for them, and I think in all our minds he forms the one exception to the rule of distrust and alarm with which we regard young men as a class.

It was a beautiful July day, soon after Jack's return for his long vacation—dear boy, he had run in to see me the very morning after his arrival—and I was very busy after breakfast

making myself a new cap. Matilda, though an excellent plain needlewoman, is not very competent in such little matters of millinery.

The blind was down, to keep the sun from fading the carpet, so that although I was sitting near the window which looks on to the street, I did not see the telegraph-boy pass, and I was much startled by hearing a loud double knock at the door. A telegram is a most unusual occurrence in my household, hardly arriving oftener than once a year, and I waited anxiously while Matilda opened the door and brought it in to me on a salver. She stood by with a grave and inquiring look while I read it through, and when I gave an exclamation, she almost screamed in sympathy.

'No answer, thank you,' I said as calmly as I could, and when she left the room, I read and re-read the message I had received—

'No reply to letter. Cecil will arrive seven o'clock. Hope not inconvenient.'—ROBERT.

It was some while before I could at all collect my thoughts, or even begin to grasp who Robert was. Then I remembered that it was my elder brother Charles's son, whom I had not seen for thirty years, and who had been living most of his life in France.

Who Cecil might be was still more of a puzzle. I had had little communication with Robert, and hardly even knew his children's names, though I had a dim remembrance that one of his boys had been called Cecil. But why he was coming to me, and for how long, and a hundred other questions, still remained a mystery.

Matilda came into the room, tentatively hoping I had no bad news, and I told her at once as much as I knew myself.

'A young gentleman coming to-night!' she exclaimed, 'there'll be the spare room to get ready then, I suppose, ma'am?'

'Yes, if you please, Matilda,' I said meekly, for Matilda rules me with a rod of iron.

'It's a pity we have only just got the new carpet down. Young gentlemen always make a room in such a mess with their dirty boots, and flinging their things about anyhow.'

'Still it can't be helped, Matilda, and you can put out an old counterpane. I wonder what age the boy can be. Perhaps I may have him down in my family record.'

I hunted in a drawer for a little birthday book in which I used to inscribe the births of my nephews and their children, as far as I knew the latter; and there, sure enough, was the name I was looking for, with the date.

'Cecil Villiers Wharton,' I said aloud, 'and by this time he must be twenty. So you see, Matilda, he has passed the schoolboy age, and will not be very rude and rough, we may hope.'

'Then he will smoke, ma'am, you may depend upon it. The whole house will reek of nasty, stinking tobacco.'

'Oh, but we must arrange something for him. The little morning-room can be turned into a smoking-room, and I shall beg him not to smoke anywhere else.'

Matilda gave a suppressed sniff, which was meant to express great doubts as to the efficacy of my little manoeuvres. I gave her a few more directions, and then busied myself in preparations for my very unexpected guest.

It was not at all what I wanted—this sudden invasion of my quiet household by a young man, bringing in all the innovations and noisy modern ways which I always associated with youths of that age. I could put up with Jack Hayward's habits because I was used to them, and besides, I am very fond of Jack; but this young fellow, brought up in France, and no doubt imbued with gay Parisian notions, would be utterly out of place in my house.

As the morning wore on, I grew more and more despondent. If only my nephew's letter had not missed, and I had had *some* idea as to how long his son meant to stay! Of course I was glad to receive my young relation, but it seemed a somewhat offhand way to treat me.

It was a real relief to me that Jack Hayward looked in on me before lunch, and that I could pour out my woes to him, and ask his advice. He found me in the morning-room, hanging up some old sporting prints of my father's, which I had discovered in an attic. They gave quite a masculine air to the room, especially since I had taken away my favourite little statuettes from the mantelpiece, and replaced them with a couple of little ash-trays which I had used for holding pins.

Jack sat down on the edge of the table, with his hands in his pockets, and listened to my story, his merry brown face quite grave in sympathy with mine.

'Rather hard on you, Aunt Polly, to spring a mine on you

like this,' he said at last. 'I wonder how that letter came to miss.'

'I can't imagine. But tell me, Jack, do you think this room will do for a smoking-room?'

'Oh yes, capitally,' he said, looking round, 'when there are some yellow-backs and pipes, and tobacco-jars and things about. A few golf clubs would look well in that corner. I wonder if he is at all keen on golf.'

'My dear boy, I shall be so grateful if you will help me entertain him. If you *could* take him out now and then to play golf with you, or tennis, it would be such a relief. It will be so dull for a young man to be *tête-à-tête* with an old woman like me.'

Jack remarked something to the effect that he 'ought to think himself jolly lucky,' and proceeded to make plans for the coming week.

'Do you think,' I asked presently, 'that he will want a great deal of wine? Ought I to order in a supply? You know my teetotal principles. And then I am so afraid he will want to play cards a good deal. Oh dear, I do feel so incompetent! I really wish Robert could have sent the boy somewhere else, or at least arranged so that his letter did not miss!'

'My dear Aunt Polly, you bet he'll be a very harmless sort of chap. I wouldn't worry over him beforehand, if I were you. Dare say he's a teetotaler himself.'

'Of course I shall have to rearrange my ways a good deal. But do you think it is unreasonable to ask him not to smoke in his bedroom, and not to be out, as a rule, later than eleven?'

'Not at all unreasonable,' Jack said. 'I should not think he would want to do either.'

'Do you imagine he will bring a dog? I do trust not. It would really distress me to have the cats molested in any way.'

'He isn't very likely to bring a dog, coming from abroad,' Jack said reassuringly; 'and if he does, and it is a nuisance, we can put it up for him at our place.'

'What a comfort you are, my dear Jack!' I exclaimed fervently. 'I really don't know what I should do if I had not you near at hand.'

'Look here, Aunt Polly, I'll go and meet him at the station to-night, if you like. I dare say he won't bring much luggage, and we can walk up.'

I accepted his offer gratefully, and begged him to come in

with the new arrival to dinner, feeling anxious to postpone as long as possible the dreaded ordeal of a *tête-à-tête* with this unknown and formidable young man.

After Jack left me, I wandered about the house disconsolately, conscious that Matilda was preparing for my great-nephew with disapproval in every feature. When I ventured to remind her that he would be sure to want hot water in good time next morning for shaving, she gave me a withering glance of scorn which quenched further suggestions on my part. I hovered about his bedroom, removing breakable treasures, and rearranging the books in the book-case. I have so very few books specially suited to young men, but I put out 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Settlers in Canada,' and 'Masterman Ready,' hoping that he might turn to them from the wicked French novels which no doubt he had got into the habit of reading abroad.

I do not know how the long day passed. When six o'clock came, I put on my best black silk, and my most becoming cap, and sat in the drawing-room, full of nervous anticipations. How often I enacted the scene of his arrival—the opening of the door, the entrance of a dapper, Frenchified youth, fresh from all the evils of Paris, and considering himself quite superior to me and my modest surroundings!

What a comfort that Jack would be there to give me support and countenance!

My eyes wandered from the door to the neat gilt-faced clock on the mantelpiece, and my heart beat quite ridiculously fast.

It was twenty minutes past seven when the sound of wheels was heard outside, and a vehicle drew up at the front door. I rose and adjusted my cap, trying to feel unconcerned, and mistress of the situation.

Then I heard Jack's voice in the hall, and answering it came a most infectious laugh, unmistakably a clear, girlish, ringing laugh.

I paused bewildered, and then the door opened, and my guest stood before me. It was a slight, dark-eyed girl, in the neatest of travelling costumes, who met my astonished gaze, and she looked at me with a pretty mixture of shyness and amusement.

'But my great-nephew!' I exclaimed. 'Cecil Wharton—Robert's son—has he not come?'

Jack looked laughingly over the girl's shoulder, and answered for her.

'Aunt Polly, it is a niece, not a nephew at all !' he said ; ' isn't it a joke ? And Miss Wharton would like so much to see the smoking-room. She won't want to smoke anywhere else. I have made her promise. And she is very keen on golf, so we are going to play to-morrow, just as we planned.'

By this time I had a little recovered from my surprise, and was able to come forward and welcome my guest.

' You have come instead of your brother ?' I asked.

' Oh no,' she said, laughing again a little, as if she could not help it, ' there was never any thought of Charlie coming. I am Cecil, you know. I am so sorry there has been such a muddle. I am afraid it must have seemed so inconsiderate of us, especially as father's letter never arrived,' she added, looking at Jack. The naughty boy had evidently been entertaining her all the way from the station with an account of my preparations and forebodings.

After a time I gathered, what no doubt the letter would have explained more fully, that the reason of this sudden visit was that she had been very much troubled by the persistent attentions of an unwelcome admirer, and that her parents thought the best plan would be to send her right out of reach. The quiet seclusion of my little home in an out-of-the-way English town came as a sudden inspiration, and a letter had been despatched to me forthwith. Of course, if I had ever received the letter, I should have sent her a hearty welcome, and now that I could grasp the facts of the case, I found myself enjoying the bright young face and gentle affectionate ways of my great-niece. Matilda was no less pleasurably surprised than I was, and when I took Cecil to her room after Jack had left us, later in the evening, I found that the ornaments had been replaced, and the best counterpane reinstated. Indeed, my faithful henchwoman had even gone so far as to put away ' Robinson Crusoe' and ' Masterman Ready,' and supply their places with Miss Proctor's ' Legends and Lyrics,' and Charlotte Yonge's ' Daisy Chain.'

At first I was not sure whether Jack Hayward would not be somewhat disappointed at being deprived of his expected young companion, but I found that he took it very philosophically, and was quite as anxious to help me entertain my guest as if she had been the nephew we expected. The last few days I have even begun to suspect that he may in time become as importunate

a suitor as any she wished to escape from; but with this difference, that I venture to believe she appreciates my dear boy Jack almost as much as I do.

I little thought, when I opened that telegram, what a pretty romance was going to be played out under my eyes. But, dear me! I am getting a foolish old woman, and I am discovering that it does not do to make too sure of anything in this world!

E. F. HOWARD.

A MOTHERS' MEETING.

'It may be all very well in other places, but it won't do here.' This was the oracular reply of Farmer Grey, the churchwarden, when Mrs. Hope consulted him about the possibility of starting a mothers' meeting at Higgesley. 'If you start it, mum, it'll be a dead failure.'

'But surely they'll come, one or two of them, at any rate, just at first, to see what it's like,' urged Mrs. Hope. 'And I think I can make it nice for them.'

'Oh yes, they'll come to see what it's like. And then, by degrees like, they'll drop off. And at the end of two or three months they won't none of them come no more. I knows what they be ; you see, mum.'

'Then you don't think you could spare me your loft for a few months, just to try ?'

'Twasn't about the loft I was thinking. As I was saying just now, you'd be welcome to the use of the loft for the one afternoon a week, if so be as 'twould suit you. Only I know, if you was to do it, 'twould be nothing but a waste of your time and trouble.'

'Well, I've got some to spare,' said Mrs. Hope ; and arranged with the farmer that half of the loft should be cleared, and that she should have the use of it every Wednesday afternoon.

Why Mrs. Hope wanted to have the mothers' meeting in Farmer Grey's loft it is hard to explain, and perhaps irrelevant to this story to inquire. Her husband had a strong impression that she must invite every woman in the parish, or some would be offended ; and certainly there was no room in the Vicarage that would seat a quarter of them.

'And though I know they won't come,' said Mrs. Hope, helplessly, 'I can't ask them to a place that I *know* wouldn't hold them if they did !'

It was one of the peculiarities of Higgesley that somehow most things began oddly there.

The loft was entirely a delightful place. It was solidly built, with brick walls and a strong floor, and a well-made, though open, roof. You got to it through a trap-door, up an extraordinarily steep staircase, which led out of a little outhouse, where roots were stored. The story below had been partitioned off for different purposes, so the size of the loft, perhaps forty feet by fifteen, was a surprise, when one emerged from the trap. There was a good deal of hay there, and some farming appliances of different sorts. Some of them were in use, and Mrs. Hope had said that if half the space was cleared for her every Wednesday, it would be ample. At each end of the loft there was a large opening, closed with a shutter. One of these looked out westward over the quiet fields and trees, and the church tower behind the hill. The other commanded a more unusual view of the interior of a cowhouse. There they were, a whole row of contented animals in cubicles, their stout backs several feet below the level of the floor of the loft. They chumped cheerfully, and rattled their head-fastenings; and a warm, wholesome smell came up from them through the opening. The loft was a halfway house for hay and fodder, which were passed into it at one end from a waggon below, and out of it, by degrees, through the other door for the use of the cattle. Mrs. Hope liked the cows, but she decided reluctantly that their door should be shut while the mothers' meeting was going on.

This mothers' meeting was to be held in summer, partly because the loft could not be warmed, and partly because the women said they had more leisure in the long days to be out in the afternoon. They could 'finish up,' they said, when they got back, and if the children from school got home before they did, they could play about outside, and be none the worse. Mrs. Hope allowed a fortnight in which to work the thing up. She and a young cousin, who was staying with her, tramped about the parish every afternoon regularly, inviting the women, explaining the proposal and the arrangements to each in turn, and discussing the principles and practices of mothers' meetings in the intervals between the cottages, with unflagging zeal. They could talk about nothing else. They wrote to every one they could think of, who had ever had anything to do with a mothers' meeting; and watched the posts anxiously for the answers. Mr. Hope declared that every time he came near them, they asked him a question about mothers, and complained

that it was really very hard on him ; for he was not even a woman, and what could he know about it ?

Then one evening Mrs. Hope realized that they were worrying him, and she and her cousin made a solemn resolution to put a penny in the missionary-box every time they mentioned the subject in his presence, unless he started it himself.

Every woman in the parish was invited. 'They can sort themselves,' said Mrs. Hope ; 'but no one shall be able to say that I wouldn't have her.'

'They'll never *stay*,' said her cousin. 'You'll have to choose, sooner or later, whether you'll have the clean ones or the dirty ones.'

'I don't see why they shouldn't,' said Mrs. Hope. 'The room has four corners !' And they both laughed.

There was to be no tea given. The women were to go home early, and attend to their children. And there was to be no selling of cheaper stuff than could be had at the village shop. This last was a very knotty point, and had at last to be submitted to Mr. Hope for arbitration ; one lady maintaining that everybody did it, and it was so nice for the women ; and the other that it was a disgraceful thing to undersell honest people ; and it would not be at all 'nice' for the women, if there ceased to be a village shop.

Then arose the question what book they should read. 'We'll read something *nice*,' said Mrs. Hope. 'I want something that will make them laugh.'

'But you don't *only* want to make them laugh ?'

'Yes, I do. I want to make them happy. I want to take them out of themselves altogether just for that little time. I don't want them to think about their faults, or their husbands and children, or anything else. I don't even want them to think about being good at first. We can finish up with that, but I want to begin by refreshing them.'

'It is all very well for us,' went on Mrs. Hope, emphatically ; 'we work for all sorts of things. But they work for themselves and their families, all day long, and every day. When they talk, it is about themselves and their families. They don't even have a bedroom apart from the children. If it isn't the family, it's the next-door neighbour. And everything sticks, because nobody has anything else to think about. They'll come back fresh to their lives, and have twice the sense they've got now, if we can make them think about something altogether

different for an hour. I shall read something of Brown Green's!

'What! and a "good book" afterwards?'

'Yes, and a good book afterwards. Why not?'

When the day came, Mrs. Hope and her cousin brought down a few bright-coloured scarves and rugs, and old bits of carpet and curtain to brighten up the loft, and make it look home-like. They furnished it with chairs and a form, and a large wooden box, in which to keep their goods, and a trestle table which was a present from the village carpenter. The preparations were a great deal of trouble, but when they were finished, Mrs. Hope was pleased.

'It's the most picturesque-looking place I ever was in,' she said. The light streamed in through the western opening, and from a large skylight in the roof, and brought out the warm colouring of the old wood work and of the eastern rugs and mats. The hay smelt delicious.

'I wonder if they'll any of them come,' speculated the cousin, for about the twentieth time.

'Mrs. Wagstaffe will,' answered Mrs. Hope, also for about the twentieth time.

Mrs. Wagstaffe had been a real comfort to them in those days of uncertainty. She was an old woman who went everywhere. No political meeting, of either party, ever failed to receive her support. She went to church, even on saints' days. She thought nothing of walking three or four miles to a missionary meeting or a sale of work in a neighbouring parish. She went to all the dances at the public-house, and she never missed a funeral. 'If there's anything going on,' she said, 'I likes to be there,' and there she invariably was. So it was not without reason that Mrs. Hope relied on her to form the nucleus of the mothers' meeting.

They waited for a few moments in silence. 'I shouldn't be surprised if nobody came,' then said Mrs. Hope.

'You said we must have seats for fifty,' answered her cousin demurely. 'It's ten minutes after the time.'

'And they nearly all of them said they would come!'

'I wonder if there's anybody coming. Let's go and look out of the end window. We might be able to see the lane.'

So they stumbled over the implements and the piles of hay, and craned their heads out of the end window.

'There they are!' cried the cousin. 'Lots of them!'

There they were indeed, a group of women outside the farm-yard gate, and another party coming up the lane, and Mrs. Grey, the farmer's wife, who had been helping them all the morning in a print gown, sallying out of her own door dressed as if for church.

'Let's go down and bring them in,' said Mrs. Hope, joyfully.

All the women had put on their best clothes, and were in the highest spirits. With much laughing and many exclamations, they crowded into the little outhouse, and one by one boldly climbed the stairs. 'Minds me of my granny,' said more than one elderly woman. 'Her bedroom was up a ladder, so it was! Cottage be pulled down now. You minds un?'

'You come along up,' called their friends from above. 'Never mind about your granny! Here be armchairs!'

'And Mrs. Wagstaffe be in a hurry to set down on 'em!'

'We be all a-waitin' to set down on 'em till you others be come up. You be a-keepin' of Mrs. Hope down there too!'

When they were all up, Mrs. Hope found them seats, while her cousin waited below to receive and encourage the late-comers, who straggled in at intervals, shy and panting. Presently they all settled down, and Mrs. Hope began to read. She was an unusually good reader, with a clear pronunciation and a habit of giving her whole mind to what she was reading without thinking about herself, and without forgetting her audience. The women sat and worked. Some of their faces were very weary, with lines of suffering and discontent about the mouth and eyes; and some had the hard, determined look of people whose chief aim in the details of life is to 'give as good as they get,' and conceal weak points. One or two of the faces were weak and passionate, but not many, for the life of a country cottage woman has not much margin for feeble self-indulgence. Some were strong and fierce. In every community there are people who subdue themselves, or are subdued, and there are people who give the tone to their set and their household, and will take no repression. And here and there sat a nice, cheerful, capable woman, who understood her world, whose income was sufficient for her needs, who found in the care of her family and neighbours enough interest for the present, and in her religion a sure hope for the future.

So they all sat and worked, and Mrs. Hope read to them.

And gradually, as she read, the lines softened, the faces brightened and grew more intent. Hands dropped into laps, and heads bent forward. The story grew more exciting. Women who were anxious to finish their work, took up their needles, but paused again after a stitch or two, with one hand in the air. Then came an unexpected touch of grotesque humour, well brought out, and the whole company broke into sudden laughter. The reader laughed too, in sheer sympathy, and from that time forward the ice was broken, and she finished the story to a running accompaniment of chuckles and murmured remarks. Every detail was taken quite literally. The hero had their full sympathy, and great was the satisfaction when his difficulties were all suitably overcome. Then came a few minutes' talk about the story, a short chapter of serious reading, followed by prayers, and with many cordial promises to come again next week, the women went quickly away.

'I do think it was very nice!' said Mrs. Hope, as she pulled herself together, and looked round the empty loft.

'Yes,' answered her cousin. 'One of them said to me, quite as if she meant it, "It be a treat for we!" And how nice and tidy they all looked!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Hope, rather ruefully. 'That's the only thing I'm sorry for. There were no dirty ones!'

'Should you like them better dirty?'

'Well, I want to befriend the dirty ones.'

'I know I saw one woman there who was horribly untidy the day we went to see her.'

'Perhaps they clean up to come!'

And so they did, and were none the worse for the effort.

So the mothers' meeting went on for several weeks, with varying success. Sometimes so many women came that there were not enough seats; and sometimes there was hardly any one. Sometimes pathetic stories were read, and they giggled and chuckled in the wrong places till Mrs. Hope felt inclined to throw the book at their heads. And sometimes it was all she could do to control her voice when she read a book like Anstey's 'Vice Versâ,' and they took every word quite seriously, and were shocked and sympathetic. But, on the whole, she was able to feel that she was doing what she had wished, and giving them a happy afternoon, an opportunity for tidying themselves and

meeting their neighbours, and something fresh and wholesome to think about that might carry them for a little while out of themselves and their difficulties.

And the women were also well-pleased. They felt, when they hurried through their work, and took extra pains with their hair, that they were making a worthy effort to encourage a worthy woman in a praiseworthy undertaking for the good of the village.

'Mrs. Hope, she takes a sight o' trouble over that there mothers' meeting, she do!' said Mrs. Wagstaffe one day, as they went home up the lane.

'Whatever do she do it for?' speculated Mrs. Phizackerley, who was the mother of thirteen, and felt her troubles.

'Oh, 'tis an amusement for the gentry to get up they sort of things. They wants summat for to think about, they do.'

'Ah, bain't like us, hard at work all day long! *We* don't want for something to think about.'

'Now, don't you get complaining, Mrs. Phizackerley. 'Tis a nice occupation for they, and 'tis nice for we; and I ain't got nothing to say agin it, nor yet against they, that I haven't.'

'Yes, 'tis nice for we,' assented Mrs. Phizackerley. 'I likes the mothers' meeting. But 'tis a rare queer place for to have un in, to be sure. Who'd ever have thought as we'd a-been a-setting in Farmer Grey's barn a-doing of our sewing!'

'Ah, that's the good of the gentry,' said the old woman. 'Gets what they likes, they does. And so long as they gives their minds to getting it for we, I likes to have them about. That's what I always says, I says,' went on Mrs. Wagstaffe, warming to her subject. 'When folks comes about, speaking agin the gentry. "I likes to have the gentry about," I says! "They be rare and useful to we; and don't do us no harm neither that they don't!"'

'No, they don't do us no harm,' assented Mrs. Phizackerley. 'Not but what it do make a body feel a bit sore sometimes, so it do, to see they with more clothes to their backs than they knows how to put on, and we a-shivering!'

'Ah, well! think of they pore tramps now, they be got nowt but rags,' said Mrs. Wagstaffe, cheerfully. 'They be worse off than we!'

'Ay, well, so they be. And no doubt but what the gentry

has their troubles. No doubt but what they suffers sometimes for all their fine clothes.'

'Ah! You be soured by your troubles, that's what you be, Mrs. Phizackerley. Now, I likes to see a body cheerful. Whatever do 'ee want to see poor Mrs. Hope a-suffering troubles for? 'Baint going to do you no good!'

'I don't like for they to have all the soft and we all the hard.'

'Ah, you be nasty and jealous! And you be stupid too, Mrs. Phizackerley! When they be cheerful, they comes along and does something to brighten up we! When they gets into trouble they thinks about theirselves o' course, same as us do. S'pose if Hopes was to have thirteen childer now, and not money enough to go round? She'd have other things to attend to then besides gettin' up mothers' meetings for we! I takes whatever I can get, Mrs. Phizackerley, and I makes the best of it. 'Tis the best way to get along, and you may take my word for it, and not go bothering about what doesn't concern ye.' And Mrs. Wagstaffe turned in at her garden gate with a civil farewell.

Mrs. Grey, the wife of the small farmer who owned the loft, used to sweep it out every Wednesday morning, and Mrs. Hope used to go down and help her to arrange it. On those occasions Mrs. Grey was in her own barn, mistress of the situation, and many were the apologies and pretty speeches exchanged about the farmer's 'things,' which were sometimes moved and sometimes left in their places. In the afternoon Mrs. Grey would be there again, cloaked and bonneted like the other women, a pleased and quite irresponsible guest; and it was not etiquette to make any allusion then to the questions or the makeshifts of the morning. She used to watch from her window till she saw some one coming who was congenial to her, and then go down and establish herself with these early arrivals in the loft. Punctuality is a difficult achievement in a village which has no church clock; and some of the women were often before the time. Mrs. Hope was also sometimes late. No one is immaculate; and there was just time to write a letter or two after lunch before she ought to start for the mothers' meeting. By degrees she got accustomed to finding Mrs. Grey and a small party of women chatting happily in the loft when she arrived with the key of the box in which their work was kept.

Most of the women bought their materials, through her, from the village shop, and paid for them on the usual mothers'-meeting

system, working at them during the meeting, and taking them away when they were finished and paid for ; but some never seemed to have the money to lay out on new material, and used to bring garments to mend or alter with them from home. Sometimes those garments would be rolled up in a piece of newspaper, and deposited in one of the spaces between the rafters, where the roof joined the wall of the loft, to save its owner the trouble of carrying it backwards and forwards to the mothers' meeting.

Then there came a day when Mrs. Hope had a very bad cold. It got worse and worse all Wednesday morning ; and at lunch her husband positively forbade her to go out. Her cousin, who happened to be staying with her again, offered to take the mothers' meeting instead of her, and the offer was perforce accepted. Armed with full instructions, as they thought, for every conceivable emergency, and with a nice new book of her own choosing, Miss Smith set out with a pleasant sense of importance. When she came within sight of the farmyard gate, she was surprised to see two women walking away. She wondered if they had heard of Mrs. Hope's cold, and thought there would be no meeting that afternoon. She called out to them, and they turned and looked at her, and then deliberately went on their way homewards. Then, as she went on through the yard, she began to hear a confused and angry noise. Filled with misgivings, she hurried towards the loft, but was met before she reached it by Mrs. Grey.

'Isn't Mrs. Hope coming ?' demanded Mrs. Grey, breathlessly. 'Aw, I beg your pardon, miss, I beg your pardon, to be sure, for being so rude to you. But there, where *is* Mrs. Hope ? We do want her, that we do ! She be wanted badly up there, miss.'

'Mrs. Hope is at home ill,' answered Miss Smith, her offended dignity giving place to anxiety. 'I have come to take her place.'

'Lor', whatever be the good of that now,' almost wailed Mrs. Grey. 'To think that it should have happened just to-day of all days, and Mrs. Hope that never missed the class once since they was started ! I'm sure I don't know whatever to do. I don't like for to leave them alone up there. Nor I don't know who to fetch.'

'What *is* the matter ?' interrupted Miss Smith. 'Is anybody ill ! I'm going up there at once !'

'No, no, miss! 'Tisn't fit for a young lady like you.'

'I'm not a child,' said Miss Smith, with dignity. 'It is my duty to go and see what can be done.'

Now she thought of it, there were certainly screams, mixed with the sounds of excited talk which reached her fitfully, against the wind, from the loft. She moved on, but Mrs. Grey laid a detaining hand on her arm.

'Tisn't fit for you to go up there, miss. I couldn't answer for it to the vicar if I was to let you go up there, that I couldn't, miss, if you'll excuse my saying so. 'Tisn't language fit for the likes of one of we to hearken to, let alone a young lady. If the vicar was here, now! You couldn't find him anywhere about, I don't suppose, could you, miss?'

But Miss Smith had shaken off the detaining arm.

'The vicar's gone to Warrington,' she said over her shoulder, as she went into the outhouse.

When she reached the loft, it was almost empty. A strange young woman was writhing in one of the chairs, screaming hysterically. Mrs. Wagstaffe and Mrs. Phizackerley were standing in the middle of the floor talking to one another. Their accent was so extraordinarily broad that she could hardly make out a word, but tones and faces both told her that they were in a towering rage. The floor was strewn with working materials and bits of newspaper. Half a little green frock lay on one side of the women, and another half, with evident signs of having been trampled on, was in front of Mrs. Phizackerley. Mrs. Wagstaffe's hair hung down her back in scanty, ill-kept grey locks, not a pleasant sight to see.

When the women saw her, they both turned upon her.

'Ah, now, here's the young lady,' said Mrs. Wagstaffe, in a deep, full voice that shook with the effort of self-control in speaking so that the girl should understand. There was a note of relief too, for the new arrival might, as she suddenly realised, have been Mrs. Hope.

'Here's the young lady! She shall judge between us!'

'You're not fit to speak to the young lady,' interposed Mrs. Grey from behind.

'Mrs. Grey, I intend for to speak to the young lady. This woman, Miss Smith, was my friend.'

'Friend, indeed!' broke in Mrs. Phizackerley, in a shrill, cracked voice. 'Nor that I never was! and my husband, if he was here, would bear me witness as how I've often said as you

was a bad old woman ; and bad you be, Mrs. Wagstaffe, and that I'll stand to.'

'And bad you thought me when I come and done for you, times and again, Mrs. Phizackerley, when you was laid up.'

'Come in and done for me, and poured the hot bottle over my pore little baby, so you did, Mrs. Wagstaffe!'

'Now, that's a lie, as sure as I stand here, miss. I was just a washing of her dirty little baby ; as 'twas a charity to touch the pore, dirty, neglected little thing.'

'The baby died, miss. He died along o' what she done to 'im!'

'The baby died!' assented Mrs. Wagstaffe. 'As what baby wouldn't, with the tail of a red herring a-sticking out of his pore little mouth at four months old! I'm sure I don't wonder at Providence a-taking of it away. What I wonder at is how ever Providence come to a trusted her with so many of 'em. She neglects them shameful,' went on the old woman, impressively, seeing that the girl looked shocked. 'The whull parish knows it.'

'Then my darter'll bear me witness that I don't do nothing of the sort,' said Mrs. Phizackerley, looking towards the hysterical young woman, who was now listening in silent surprise. 'If 'twasn't she's that upset with the words of this wicked old woman.'

'Mrs. Phizackerley, you'll live to repent those words!'

Both the women spoke carefully, picking their words slowly, and pronouncing them with unusual distinctness in their efforts to control themselves, and impress the young lady.

She had never in her life seen people half so angry.

'And what's it all about?' she asked, as soon as she could get in a word. 'Did you——? Did the baby die this afternoon?' It was a terrible idea, but she did not know what else to think.

'The baby?' said Mrs. Wagstaffe, contemptuously. 'Lor' bless you, miss, the baby's been dead this fifteen year! 'Tis only her spite makes her bring that up. Same age as my Jim's eldest boy Ben, he wur ; and would be now, if she'd a brought un up as was fitting.'

'Then what is the matter?' repeated the girl, more puzzled than before. 'Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?'

'Yes, that I be,' assented the old woman, with great promptitude. 'Downright ashamed I be of Mrs. Phizackerley. I

shouldn't ever have thought it of her. To think as I've stood friends with that woman hard on twenty year, and now for her to turn agan me this a way. Downright ashamed of her I be, and it's a true word you've spoke, young lady, if you was never to say another.'

But Mrs. Grey, seeing that the quarrel was wearing itself out, had been addressing herself to Mrs. Phizackerley with so much success that by this time she and her daughter were preparing to descend the stairs. No sooner had they disappeared than Mrs. Wagstaffe darted to the window, and there, with her back to the restraining presence, and her head craned round the corner of the sill, she shouted parting objurgations at the retiring foe.

'But what *was* it all about?' asked Miss Smith, later, when Mrs. Wagstaffe had also left, and Mrs. Grey was helping her to clear the room.

'Well, miss, I don't hardly like to tell you. If 'twasn't as you'll be sure to hear something or other, and you might so well hear the truth as falsehood.'

'Well, yes,' said Miss Smith. 'And you see, Mrs. Hope ought to know.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Grey. 'Well, 'tis not a nice thing to say to a young lady. 'Twas something Mrs. Phizackerley said, you see, miss, owing to Mrs. Wagstaffe having held up the little frock as she was mending for the others to see how 'twas made of two different stuffs. 'Twas almost the same—well, there, 'twas quite the same colour to begin with, I suppose, miss.

'So Mrs. Phizackerley said?'

'She hadn't ought to have said it, nor it wasn't true as it turned out. But she hadn't ought to have said it, not if it had been true.'

'But what was it?'

'She said as Mrs. Wagstaffe wore hair on her head as was cut off from a dead woman, as was much worse than putting of two stuffs together.'

'So Mrs. Wagstaffe took it down to show it was her own, I suppose?'

'That was it, miss.'

Now, quarrels were not very unusual between Mrs. Wagstaffe and Mrs. Phizackerley, and before a year had passed by they were as friendly as before. The worst of this particular quarrel was that it cast a slur on the mothers' meeting. The two

women were sorely ashamed, not so much of its having happened, as of its having happened at Mrs. Hope's gathering, almost, as one might say, in her presence. They had shown up weak points that they hoped were hidden. They had treated the lady with a most unwise disrespect, and, in so doing, they had lowered themselves in the eyes of the village; and they bore a grudge against the entertainment which had been the means of their doing so. They felt they could never go there again themselves; and they lost no opportunity of speaking against it; and most of the frequenters of the mothers' meeting were related to one or the other of them. So the attendances became fewer and fewer.

Many and various were the excuses which were offered to Mrs. Hope. She met all she could, in one way or another: altered the hour of meeting and the day, changed the sort of book, and finally had recourse to arrant bribery, in the shape of tea; but even then the attendances only rose for a week or two. Mrs. Wagstaffe put about among the men that the women gossiped over their tea; and she told all the women and children that the tea was made of spent tea-leaves from the Vicarage breakfast. They minded that more than the accusation of gossip, for, as one of them said, 'We knows there's no gossip, but we can't say nothing about what the tea's made of, not seeing it before 'tis put in the pot.'

An early autumn brought the meetings to an end for that year, and when Mrs. Hope wanted to begin them again in the following spring, the Greys were either unable or unwilling to let her have their loft. So the mothers' meeting was added to the list of 'Hope's failures.' But the present Vicar's wife has a mothers' meeting at Higglesley of which she is justly proud. It is worked on higher lines than the old one, and it finds more suitable accommodation in the new reading-room. It was welcomed from the beginning by those who remembered with pleasure the old gatherings in the loft, and a faint recollection of past disgrace has made the women more than usually careful in their behaviour. 'Don't you never let yourself go,' mumbles Mrs. Wagstaffe to her grandchildren. 'If you never lets yourself go, then you'll feel safe wherever you be!' Faults must be worked up to the surface before they can be got rid of; and many an apparent failure goes to build the necessary foundations of success.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCCXXXII.

1770-1788.

GOOD WORKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A PERIOD of fairly peaceful years had come to Britain with William Pitt's ministry. The King and Queen, by their solid worth and earnest conscientious desire for the good of their people, were gaining a confidence which was to stand them in good stead in the coming crisis which was preparing in Europe.

They chiefly inhabited Windsor Castle, where the King interested himself in the estate, so as to obtain the title, sometimes given in affection, sometimes in derision, of Farmer George, and his blue coat, turned up with red, was a familiar sight. After going regularly to St. George's Chapel on Sunday morning, the whole family turned out for a solemn parade on the terrace, when any respectable person was admitted to line the walk, and the royal personages often paused to speak to any one whom they knew, or to notice a pretty child. On other days, the King rose in time to ride up to St. James's Palace for a Cabinet Council, where he worked, apparently, incessantly for many hours, only taking a biscuit and single glass of wine for luncheon. Then he rode home, and dined early and abstemiously, being constantly in dread of growing as unwieldy as his uncle the Duke of Cumberland, or of exciting his brain. The evenings, when there were no balls or receptions, were spent in reading aloud with his family. No one enjoyed a children's party more than he did, and it was pleasant to see him taking care of the little ones supper, and watching that they were properly wrapped up to go home.

He was a great reader, and made an admirable collection of rare books, taking much interest in Shakespeare and other great writers. He was also the patron of Herschel, for whom he

erected the first observatory, and in music his taste stood very high, so that Handel made England his home as the only place where his oratorios met with appreciation. In art the King's taste was not good, Sir Joshua Reynolds did not please him so much as very inferior artists by whom the royal children were delineated in groups of three, as may still be seen at Hampton Court.

To good works both King and Queen gave their hearty patronage. One grand attempt had begun before his time. General Oglethorpe had in the beginning of the century endeavoured to awaken public opinion upon the frightful condition of prisons and prisoners, but without much effect ; and it was not till 1773 that the appointment of Mr. John Howard, of Cardington, as Sheriff of Bedfordshire, led to attention being stirred up in the cause of 'the prisoners and captives' for whom the Church intercedes in the Litany.

Howard was born in 1727, the son of a considerable upholsterer living at Hackney, with a warehouse in London, a thorough-going old-fashioned Nonconformist. Though in easy circumstances, his principles stood in the way of his son's receiving many advantages in education, and the boy was bound apprentice to a grocer in Watling Street, probably to render him eligible for admission to city companies. Dying in 1742, the father left him heir to the estate at Cardington and to £7000 or £8000 a year. For some years he lived at Stoke Newington, and was a member of the Presbyterian congregation of Dr. Isaac Watts, who was memorable for his hymns. A few of these are really fine and poetical, though not equalling Charles Wesley's, but these are little known in comparison with those for little children, apparently the first ever composed for them. The most poetical, on the 'Rose,' and on the 'Sunset' are far less known and quoted than 'The little busy bee,' or 'Let dogs delight,' or the few with strong Calvinist denunciations. But the Sunday one beginning—

'This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead.'

still rings in many an ear on Easter morning, nor has any argument on the love of dress ever equalled—

'Why should my garments made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.'

'When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone,
And yet her children vainly boast
In the poor marks of glory lost.

'How proud we are, how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silkworms wore
That very covering long before.'

Then follows the final resolution that truth and grace are the richest robes, the real imitation of our Master.

Watts had been a schoolmaster at Southampton, and thence moved to Stoke Newington, where Howard came under his influence. There, strangely enough, at twenty-five years old, Howard married his landlady of fifty-two, and lived happily with her till her death, two years later. The tidings of the distress caused by the great earthquake at Lisbon impelled him to set forth to do what he could for their relief. He sailed in a Portuguese vessel, which was captured by a French privateer and his first acquaintance with prison life was then made. He was kept forty hours without a drop of water, before being taken into Brest, and there was thrown with others into a dungeon with no bed but straw, and no food except a joint of mutton thrown in to be torn in pieces by the prisoners like dogs. It seems that he had affronted the privateer captain by his indignant tone, and he was better treated on his removal to Carhaix, but he knew much of the miseries inflicted on his countrymen, and heard that thirty-six had been buried in one hole at Dinan on one day.

He was at last allowed to go home on parole, and exchanged for a naval officer. He made known the condition of the captives, and representations were made which ended in their release. After his return, he married again, and went to live on his estate at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, and did much beneficent work among his tenants, making improvements which are still to be seen. In 1765, he lost his wife, who left him an infant son, whom he bred up with the anxious solicitude and sternness of a conscientious father on guard against his own tenderness. When the boy was old enough, he was sent to a lady's boarding school, while Howard made another journey abroad, more fortunate than his first. On his return, being an 'occasional Conformist,' he was pricked as sheriff for his county, and in that capacity soon found that the treatment of English

prisoners was not greatly superior to that which he knew by personal experience to be the lot of captives to the French.

The jailor lived upon the fees that he extracted from his prisoners, and the new sheriff demanded of the magistrates to pay a salary instead out of the rates. They demanded a precedent, whereupon he rode into other counties to inquire ; but he found in every one the same system, or no system ; and, further, that the most frightful corruption of mind and body raged within. A jail fever, as it was called, was sure to rage then, and in 1730, at Taunton, the Lord Chief Justice, the sheriff, and hundreds besides had been infected. Criminals under sentence, untried persons, and debtors were all heaped together, living or starving according to their means. In the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Goldsmith showed the terrible interior, and even an acquitted person, one who had fulfilled his term, was not released till he had paid 15s. 4d. to the jailor and 2s. to the turnkey.

Howard, being sheriff, could not be in Parliament ; but he acted on Sir Thomas Clavering and others, so that a committee was appointed who examined into the disgusting and horrible details, and in 1774 two bills were passed, one for the paying of jailors through the county rates, and the other for the cleaning of the prisons. The House returned public thanks to John Howard, Esquire, for bringing the matter forward.

Still there was much to be done. No inspector was appointed to see that the changes were carried out, and there was no penalty inflicted for misrule. Howard, after having just missed entering Parliament as member for Bedford, set out on a progress through English prisons, and wonderful were the horrors he saw.

At Salisbury there was a chain secured in the middle to a staple in the wall, and each end round the waist of a debtor privileged to sell the small handiworks of the prisoners. At Winchester, a doctor told him that twenty prisoners had died of jail-fever in the course of the year ; but at Exeter the doctor put it in his contract that he should not attend such cases.

At Nottingham, the prisoners were in cells excavated under the sandy rocks, and at Plymouth there was a den called the Clinks, seventeen feet long, eight wide, and five and a half high, with no light save from a hole five inches by seven. This served to put in food, for the door had not been opened for five weeks, though a poor wretch had been there for seventy days, declaring that he had rather have been hung at once.

Norwich and Ipswich were in more humane hands, but the effect of the corrupted air was such upon paper that Howard could hardly bear to transcribe his notes taken on the spot, and travelled on horseback because his clothes were intolerable when shut up in a chaise.

He spent the next two or three years in travelling from one loathsome dungeon to another, collecting evidence, and finding some cases where better habits had begun, though to our present feelings the state of things even then was shocking, and in many cases the jailors defied improvement, and were too often supported by dull, obstinate, country justices of the peace.

He was continually on the move, inspecting prisons and bridewells. His fashion was, when he halted at an inn, to order dinner as usual, only stipulating that no waiter should attend him save his own servant. When all the people of the inn were gone, his man removed the dishes, and served him with a bowl of bread and milk. But he always gave full fees to the waiters, and paid handsomely for the dinner that he did not eat.

Once when a postillion had been insolent and disobliging on the road, when he stopped to change horses, he told the landlord to call a poor and respectable widow, and before the eyes of the post boy gave her twice the usual gratuity to the latter, explaining that, though he did not grudge money, he would not permit rudeness.

London was as much a scene of neglect as any other town. To be sure, the jailor did not, as before Oglethorpe's time, send his felons out to pursue their trade partly for his benefit, but at the Marshalsea, on a single Sunday, six hundred pots of beer were brought in from a neighbouring public-house, while the poor inmates starved. The Fleet prison had apartments beyond, where debtors lived with their families.

We see this state of things, modified, in 'Little Dorrit,' though, by this time the weekly wine club and beer club, with all their riot, were done away with. Prisoners played at skittles in the court, and clergymen, of whom there were always some among the debtors, had been ready to perform the ceremony of marriage for runaway couples, till 1753, when this was made invalid and illegal.

The Savoy was used as a prison for soldiers, and here, in 1782, a mutiny broke out. Two officers were murdered, and two hundred ruffians held the place, no one daring to go near them till Howard undertook to face them. How he dealt with them

is not known, only the fact that his undaunted spirit and wise management subdued them, and made them lay down their arms and submit.

He extended his journey to Wales, where things were very bad, and to Scotland, where, though the prisons were worthy of Mr. and Mrs. M'Guffog, the canny Scots did not often haunt them; but in Ireland, he pronounced that the pigs were better off than the prisoners. But he was treated with much distinction where he was known. An Irish nobleman invited him to dinner, and he accepted on condition of being regaled upon nothing but potatoes. Seventeen dishes appeared, and he thought the conditions had been broken; but when the covers were removed, they showed potatoes dressed in seventeen different manners!

He met at Dublin two remarkable persons, John Wesley, who declared him to be one of the greatest men in Europe; and Alexander Knox, Lord Castlereigh's secretary, whose correspondence with Bishop Jebb was one of the sheet-anchors of English Churchmen a little later for wise expositions of faith.

Afterwards Howard inspected the hulks—old ships of war which at that time were devoted to the reception of convicts, who did work in the harbours. The crowding and management were shocking. In one ship, a hundred and ninety-seven men died within nineteen months. After an inquiry, penitentiaries were erected on shore, under inspection, and in 1787, the system of transportation to New South Wales began, and was pursued for half a century.

During the American war, the prisoners taken from France, Spain, and Holland occupied Howard's attention. On the banks of the Severn he discovered a horrid abuse. Three hundred Dutch seamen were there confined, and were starving and almost naked. Some benevolent people made a collection for their benefit, but the wretch in charge pocketed it, and tried to persecute his captives into taking service under the British flag. Howard made a fresh collection, and then distributed the clothing himself, ending with an exhortation to the Dutchmen to be honest men, true to their own country.

Between his English inspections, he visited foreign prisons. In 1775, he was at Paris. He was not admitted at the Bastille. If he had penetrated the gates and the guards, he would have been amazed at finding only three prisoners forgotten there, one English debtor, and one dazed and imbecile. However, he

thought of the Paris prisons, and in Holland he found the regulations and the whole system quite models, but Germany and the Austrian dominions showed much that was deplorable.

Roman prisons and hospitals were in benign hands. Howard even had an interview with Pope Pius VI., who said to him, as often Popes have said to Protestant visitors, 'The blessing of an old man will do you no harm.'

In the succeeding years he visited the northern countries, Spain, and the other parts of Italy, hearing such stories at Venice as may console us for the approaching downfall of the mighty signoria. Returning by Vienna, Joseph II. sent for him, and their interview was satisfactory to both parties, as the Emperor was really doing what he could, and had visited all the prisons and hospitals in his nearer dominions before he had been a month on the throne. Howard told him that it was a great mistake to let soldiers under punishment be set to attend on the sick, and pointed out other improvements. 'He did not plead for the prisoners with soft and flattering speech,' said Joseph, 'that means nothing. He advised what I should not do and what I should do.'

Joseph was not like the countess of one of the little German states, who haughtily asking after her husband's prison, was answered, 'The worst in all Germany, particularly as regards the female prisoners. I recommend you, countess, to visit them in person as the best way of rectifying abuses.'

'I go to prisons!' indignantly exclaimed the lady, marching away; but Howard called after her, 'Madam, remember that you are a woman yourself, and must soon, like the most miserable woman in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of the dust whence you were taken.'

Many journeys were undertaken in the cause, and England began to be proud of her 'philanthropist,' as he began to be called. There was a proposal to erect a statue to his honour, but a subscription was raised before he could stop it, as he did definitively. He could not bear to be commemorated, and when he saw a person trying to sketch him, he contorted his features so as to disconcert any attempt. As to merit in his undertakings, 'It is my hobby horse,' he said.

All the time of his later journeys he was suffering much on his only son's account. He has been discredited, and called harsh and even hypocritical on account of his relations with this boy; but it appears that in the child's earlier years, there was

all the anxious care and affection of a father in fear of over-indulgence, and unable to supply a mother's place. When young John was old enough for school, was the first time the father's journeys began, and the holidays were spent at the house of his mother's sister. Things seem to have gone well till a wicked servant corrupted him, and introduced him to scenes of vice, which took such hold on him by the time he was eighteen, that nothing, neither the influence of his father, nor of an excellent tutor, had any effect on his character, though he never seems to have mentioned his father save with affection.

Probably insanity had a share in the causing the unhappy lad's misconduct, for after having begun his residence at St. John's College, Cambridge, he became undoubtedly insane, and was removed to Cardington under the care of two keepers; nor did he ever recover his reason, though he survived his father for nine years.

Howard's last journey was to Russia, where he did not find much improvement. He proceeded southwards to Kherson, which Catherine II.'s minister, Potemkin, was trying to make a Russian colony of importance, a forerunner, in fact, of Sebastopol. There a lady fell ill of a fever, and hearing of the skill that Howard was said to have acquired, begged that he would visit her. He rode to her through a wet and rainy evening, sat by her all night, contracted the fever, and died on January 20, 1790, cheered at the last moment by a good account of his poor son. The Russians gave him a state funeral, escorted by all the military in the garrison. His friend, Admiral Priestman, seems to have been the only Englishman at hand.

Howard was not the only person engaged in bringing about changes in old abuses. As early as 1770, Granville Sharp and Thomas Clarkson had been engaged in endeavouring to do away with the horrors of the slave-trade.

All the countries with American possessions had carried on the importation of negroes as a matter of course ever since Las Casas, in the sixteenth century, had suggested it as a means of converting the negroes and sparing the delicate Indians. English settlers had come to depend upon the supply, and it seems had not cared about Christianising them. John Newton, who had come to be one of the most devoted of London clergy, and an intimate friend of the poet Cowper, and of Hannah More, had once been captain of a slave-ship.

Negroes, if well treated, thrive in the American climates, and

besides their work in cotton, rice and sugar-cane fields, some could be made into excellent domestic servants. Many were brought to Europe by their masters, and in France especially it was the fashion for fine ladies to be attended by little negro pages in fine (supposed) Oriental dresses, who brought their chocolate and attended to their pet parrots and monkeys. The fate of many of these poor creatures when they grew past pagedom was often lamentable. Dr. Johnson met one starving in the street, who became his faithful servant.

Granville Sharp was persuaded that in Britain slavery was absolutely illegal, and in 1772 he brought about a trial in a court of justice which established the freedom of a negro servant, and made it plain that thenceforth a slave touching English land became free.

Still, negroes were captured by chiefs of hostile tribes on the Guinea coast, and sold in droves to traders, who heaped them into the holds of their vessels, and made them endure unspeakable miseries on the passage to the West Indies. Edmund Burke thought of bringing the matter forward in Parliament, but quailed on perceiving the amount of opposition from the merchants, traders, and planters and all their connections, who thought pity for the negroes sentimental, and supposed that without a continual import of them into the West Indian islands, sugar could not be grown.

However, in 1786, Clarkson met William Pitt and William Wilberforce under a great tree in Holmwood Park and agreed to work together for the benefit of the slave-trade.

Wilberforce was a great friend of Pitt. They had travelled together in France, and at Paris there was a proposal entertained for a short time of a marriage between Pitt and Germaine Necker, the daughter of the Swedish banker who was called in to fulfil the hopeless task of setting the French finances in order. Her mother was a grand and able woman, who had once been much admired by Gibbon the historian, and her salons were frequented by all that was most intellectual in Paris. Germaine became the cleverest woman in Europe, but the plan for her wedding with Pitt went off, and she married the Baron de Staël, the Swedish Ambassador.

Pitt was a conscientious, sound-hearted man, but not so devoted to religious thoughts and habits as Wilberforce, the son of a family who had acquired a large fortune by commerce in Yorkshire. He had been led to devout habits by the arguments

of a clergyman who, though of careless habits himself, held the true theory of faith and practice, which were adopted by the young man with all his heart and soul. A small, rather strange-looking man, Wilberforce had so sweet a voice and such eloquence of speech as entranced his hearers. 'I thought him a shrimp till I heard him, and then found he was a whale,' said one of his hearers at his first election at Hull in 1784.

His wonderful eloquence was to be devoted to the great cause, and Fox was as much on his side as Pitt, but the mere preliminaries of collecting evidence with which to go before Parliament was very slow, for the opposition was intense. While one set of people were leaving off sugar rather than let the negroes be oppressed, the West Indian proprietors were furious, used every means to suppress evidence, actually shutting up or deporting men at Bristol who were likely to show cause against them. Wilberforce worked in collecting his materials nine hours and a half on four days of the week, and eight on two others, whenever he was in London. And when in 1791 he brought his bill forward, it was thrown out by 163 to 88!

All the time he was writing a book called 'Practical Christianity,' which had a great effect in wakening the consciences of good men; and in one of his holidays he visited his friends, the five Misses More, who had retired from their school labours to Cowslip Green, near Wrington. Hannah had published 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' and had begun to be known as a religious writer, and the acquaintance had ripened into friendship. While staying at Cowslip Green, Mr. Wilberforce made an expedition to see the Cheddar cliffs, fifteen miles off, and there encountered some of the poor children of the place. He discovered that they were in a state of terrible poverty, ignorance, and heathenism, and was so much shocked that he drove back unable to eat or speak, and spent the evening in prayer in his room.

The upshot was that he offered to find the means if the ladies would undertake to improve the condition of the district. They consented, and Hannah and her sisters Sally and Patty became almost missionaries, though the farmers were obstructive and the clergy almost as ineffective. Schools and clothing-clubs, and many of the supplementary aids of charity then known, were set to work, and in spite of extreme difficulties and disappointments, in a few years the Cheddar district became a very different place.

The like work was being done by Mrs. Trimmer at Brentford. She was the daughter of Joshua Kirby, an architect and clerk of the works at Kew. She had married Mr. Trimmer, director of a great furrier's establishment at Brentford, and she was the mother of twelve children, and she was soon led to make her experience available to others. Books for little children were much needed. Anna Letitia Aikin, who was a schoolmaster's daughter, and had married a half-crazy Frenchman, M. Barbauld, wrote some few. Her 'Early Lessons to Little Charles' were the staple reading for many generations, and her 'Hymns in Prose' had really fine passages which went to some little hearts; but she was a Unitarian, which greatly crippled the religious influence of her writings, while the More sisterhood and Mrs. Trimmer were staunch Churchwomen, who worked on such Church lines as were made available to them.

After writing for children's amusement 'The Story of the Robins' and further instructive knowledge of nature, with certain little histories, scriptural and ancient, Mrs. Trimmer concerned herself with the poor, and worked hard in Sunday and weekly schools, insisting especially (as did Hannah More) on the girls learning to spin, as an industry, they said, that could never fail. Her sacred history, the Bible itself, in selected passages, with annotations and reflections, was used almost universally down to the present day. Her work was noticed with much approval by the King and Queen, and the examples of these good ladies began to tell far and wide in the country.

PATRICIA.

BY MARY CARMICHAEL.

CHAPTER XII.

NEVER had Patricia gazed on a more lovely scene than the familiar one that met her eyes that early morning, as the mail-boat steamed through Dublin Bay, beautiful always, but doubly beautiful in the summer sunshine, with its blue sky, blue sea, blue distant hills.

She stood on deck enjoying the strong fresh air as she was borne swiftly along. Bray Head stood boldly out on the left, as though eager to welcome her ; then the low shore, fringed with white houses, with Dublin on the right ; while, still further on, Howth stretched its long arm out into the bay.

Patricia was intensely proud of her nationality. As a child, her English-sounding surname had been a source of unending grief to her ; but the recollection that it was Cornish, and so in a way Celtic, reconciled her as she grew older.

The steamer swung round, and in another minute passed between the two long stone piers, and into Kingstown Harbour, Bridget hurried on deck.

'It's jist the same as iver,' she exclaimed ; 'wid the lovely hills, and the wather, jist as we left it, barrin' it was winther thin. Ye're feelin' bether already, honey,' she added, with a gratified glance at the tinge of colour in the girl's face.

They stood back waiting for the rush of passengers to subside, and in a minute or two found themselves in the train, which was alongside the boat.

How Patricia enjoyed it all ! The leisurely fashion in which the luggage was transferred, interspersed with much genial conversation, was a joy and relief after the business-like way such things are managed in England, while the familiar brogue was music in her ears. The sailors, the porters, the very idlers on the pier all appeared on terms of the greatest intimacy

with each other, and there was apparently so much to laugh over, and talk about, that it was some little time before the train finally started. Then, in all probability, half the luggage was left behind; but that was a mere detail in Patricia's eyes. It was 'home,' and therefore perfect!

And then began the slow, wearisome journey that they must take to reach Ballinaghee. Not that it was so very far in actual miles; but the train had a fashion of stopping at every little station, which drove Patricia nearly wild, as she leaned back in her corner revelling in the well-remembered scenery.

The sudden glimpse of the sea as Killiney Bay flashed into sight made her cry out for pleasure. She knew that turn perfectly well, but each time she passed it its beauty struck her freshly. The quick curve, the white cliffs, and the yellow sand, with its dancing blue waves, gave her a feeling of happiness difficult to analyse or explain. Felstead and Dick Graham were miles away, and she made up her mind to push all that trouble away from her, and live in the present. But the enviable faculty of forgetting all things unpleasant, which she usually possessed so strongly, deserted her to-day. She was deadly tired after travelling all night, but when she closed her eyes in vain endeavour for rest, vividly before her mind's eye came Dick Graham's face, as she had seen it last, and again she heard him flinging back her own words, and refusing to believe her statements. Then she was in London with Terence, as he confided his woes, every word and look as vivid as though she were indeed at the ball again, and then she was listening to Aileen, and feeling as though she were dying by inches, and then Dick all over again, till she could have shrieked at the mental torture.

'We're not far off now, Miss Patricia,' said Bridget, cheerily.

The girl sat up. 'It's to be hoped Mary had the wire,' she said, 'for tired is no word to express my feelings.'

The train drew up at the primitive little platform, and Patricia stepped out, to a warm welcome. It was evident that 'Mary' had received the telegram, for the car was waiting, with no less a person than Mary's husband. With some difficulty Patricia tore herself away from the little crowd that had assembled to meet her, and after being treated to a variety of blessings, and assured that she 'was as welcome as the flowers in May,' was at length permitted to mount the car and drive off. Her heart was full, for the well-known place, the same old faces, seemed strange and unknown without her father's familiar presence.

Bridget, on the other side of the car, was deep in conversation with the driver, Mike Cassidy. With that delicacy of feeling peculiar to their class in Ireland, they recognised what 'the misthress' was thinking about, and, by way of concealing their knowledge from her, carried on a brisk war of words. Mike Cassidy was Captain Tremayne's foster-brother, and now managed the property, and collected the rents (after a fashion), and was altogether invaluable. Both he and his wife were naturally devoted to Patricia, and never could bring themselves to remember that she had reached the years of discretion. To them she was still 'Miss Baby,' to be scolded and petted and adored.

The six miles' drive lay through grand and rugged scenery, disfigured by a few dirty little tumble-down villages, and as the familiar scenery unfolded itself before Patricia's eyes, she cheered up a little, and began making minute inquiries as to Mary and all the numerous people round.

Ballinaghee—the windy gap—was well named, for the house stood high on the slope of the mountain, exposed to the four winds of heaven. It was a long, quaint-looking house, built by Patricia's grandfather in rough grey stone, half covered with a thick garment of the beautiful Irish ivy, which clung closely, and grew vigorously, defying rain and storm. The many diamond-paned lattice windows glittering in the sunshine were plainly visible to Patricia some miles off. Their way, which lay through the village, was much impeded, for man, woman, and child turned out to welcome 'the misthress.' But at last they moved on, and up the mountain-side again, pine woods stretching on either side, filled the air with a pungent fragrance, till the car came to a stop before the big wooden gate.

'I am going to walk up,' said Patricia, hastily jumping down. The car drove slowly on, and Patricia stood still, and looked round her.

The carriage drive wound like a white ribbon, up and round, for the ascent was too steep to allow of any other method of approach.

On either side the wild fern rose waist high, sheltered by a thick growth of shrubs and young trees. This avenue was famous for its magnificent show of rhododendrons and azaleas, and people came from all parts of the country to see and admire them when in their prime.

Patricia did not keep to the drive, but, springing up the bank,

pushed her way through the thick undergrowth, and emerged on to the drive again, and so on for some few minutes, till she had crossed the road quite six or seven times. She looked back at the car, far behind her, and leaving the road, turned in among the pine trees, and so out on to the lawn. The whole place was gorgeous with roses. They trailed in seemingly careless profusion on the lawn ; they rioted over arches ; they clothed walls ; wherever it was possible for roses to grow they grew. Patricia picked a few of her favourite flowers, and hastened on. All this was beautiful, but nothing in her eyes to the view of the mountains from the terrace. She hurried on, till she nearly reached the house, then down a little side path, and in another minute she was standing in her favourite spot. The terrace was made on the spur of the mountain, and, standing there, Patricia looked sheer down into the gorge beneath, with the brown stream rippling and hurrying along over the rocks, while away on all sides stretched the grand mountains. Patricia, leaning against the stone balustrade, drank in the beauty of the scene with a glad heart. She was not left long to herself, however, for the next minute there was a hurried footstep, and Mary appeared upon the scene in a state of breathless excitement. Patricia turned quickly with a smile.

‘I guessed who it was,’ she said, laughing, as she was embraced, and wept over, and rejoiced over as though she had come from another world.

‘To think ye should have slipped in widout me seein’ ye, but it’s glad I am intoirely to have ye agin. The light left me oiyes whin I saw the car come up the dhroive, and no wan but Bridget.’

Mary was a slim, dark-haired woman, with grey eyes and a white-and-red complexion. Her wide mouth had a comical twist, and the black eyebrows almost meeting over her nose revealed that Mrs. Cassidy had a temper of her own.

Just now she was laughing and crying, in the fashion peculiar to her nation, and invoking every saint in heaven to bear witness to her delight at seeing Patricia again.

Later on in the evening, as Patricia stood watching Mary feed the chickens in the orchard, she turned round with a sudden question.

‘What’s become of the “docthor,” Mary ; why didn’t he come to meet me ? He must be away, surely, though I wrote and said I was coming. I quite forgot all about him till this minute.’

'He is not himself at all this two months an' more, Miss Patricia,' answered Mary, as she flung the corn to the hungry chickens. 'He has been ailin' the whole summer, he has, more's the pity, and all the docthors from Dublin can give him no ease.'

Patricia gazed at the woman with horrified eyes. 'And he never mentioned anything of the sort in his letters,' she said in a distressed voice. 'Is it really serious, Mary?'

Mary nodded, with a grave face, for the 'docthor' was next only to the Tremaynes in her affections.

'I shall go and see him this minute,' cried Patricia. 'I don't believe it's really anything, Mary. Why didn't you tell me before?'

'Bad news thravels fast enough, darlin'. Don't be after breakin' your dear heart, now! Wait till the mornin'; ye are that tired to-night!'

'Indeed and I won't,' said Patricia, crossly, as she turned away, and made the best of her way through the wood towards the village, without stopping for her hat. She was exceedingly upset at the bad news of her old friend, but, knowing Mary's little trick of exaggeration, tried to keep down the fears that would rise as she hurried along.

'It shows what a stupid nervous state I'm in,' she said to herself, 'when I can't hear that the doctor is ill without imagining all sorts of horrors. He never is well or strong, never since I can remember.'

The little white house stood just at the head of the village. Patricia walked up the pathway, and, turning the door-handle, went in, for no one ever thought of knocking at the outer door. She found herself in a little square hall, with doors on all sides. The door on the right was half open, so, with a tap, she pushed it open and entered.

'God save all here,' she said, looking round, and, for a minute, thinking the room empty.

'God save ye kindly,' said a gentle voice, and Patricia saw her old friend in an easy chair by the window, half hidden by a tall screen.

With a glad cry, she hurried forward, and kneeling by the side of the chair, took both the delicate old hands into hers, kissing them and stroking them, with little murmurs of pity and love.

'I thought,' he said, smiling at her, 'that the summer was

beginning to fade, but surely we have June weather with us now. I knew you would come to me, child, and it grieved me sorely not to be the first to welcome you.'

'If I had only known,' she said, with a catch in her voice, as she noticed how thin and worn the sweet old face had grown, and how shrunken he seemed, 'I would have come in on my way up, but you never told me a word of it, and I was so tired, and—— What is the matter, Padre? is it really serious? Tell me something. Can the doctors do nothing to make you better?'

'No, little heart, it's only a case of waiting and patience. It's an old trouble, and I've always known it must come to this, sooner or later. Don't look so grieved, my child; I am not always in pain, indeed no.'

Patricia's heart rose in rebellion. Was every one she loved to be taken from her? She had borne everything else fairly well, she told herself; this she would not bear. It was cruel, unjust. Why should this more than saint, whose sweet, unselfish life was a pattern and a help to hundreds, be taken, and all the ordinary people left? She would refuse to believe it. It was only because he had not had proper advice. The gentle old man was very dear to her. Ever since she could remember, his tall, bent figure and short-sighted blue eyes, his gentle voice and absolutely unselfish ways, had been part of her life.

There was a touch of romance, a sort of mystery, surrounding him, that charmed her girlish fancy. He had really never studied medicine, in spite of the name given him by the people he lived among and toiled for, and was as much a healer of wounded souls as of bodies. Captain Tremayne told Patricia the story of his friend's life, shortly before his own death, and since that time the girl had hardly seen her old friend, 'Padre,' as she always called him. The two had gone through public school life together, always the dearest and best of friends, though two people more utterly unlike each other could not well be found. Frank O'Kelly was one of those singularly pure-minded, lofty-souled men that one meets but once in a lifetime, and is thankful for every day in the week. Tender-hearted, as only such men can be, rigid with himself, but Christ-like in his treatment of others. His brilliant college career ended, he became private secretary to a relation of his who was at that time English Ambassador at Vienna. He soon became well known in diplomatic circles for his singularly keen wit and boundless tact, and great things were prophesied of his future.

Dennis Tremayne meanwhile entered the army and saw active service. On returning to Ireland, he sold out, and after some time married and settled at Ballinaghee. All this time he never once saw his old friend, though they corresponded regularly. Reports of O'Kelly's name and fame reached Ballinaghee from time to time of the great trust reposed in him, and of the arduous and delicate work he so ably performed.

Mrs. Tremayne only lived three years after her marriage, and the letter her husband wrote O'Kelly after that received no answer. Then, after two years' total silence, he suddenly appeared one morning at Ballinaghee, and, declining to take up his abode altogether with the Tremaynes, settled down in a little cottage almost at the gates. He gave no reason for his sudden disappearance from political life, and after some little time people ceased to wonder what had become of the brilliant young statesman whose long head and ready tongue had done such good service for his country.

His health, never very strong, seemed completely undermined, and he looked double his age. For the first few months he did little but read and rest, but gradually he grew stronger, under the influence of pure air and the companionship of his dearest friend. Always devoted to children, he became great friends with Patricia, and from that time the three were inseparable. Captain Tremayne relied on him implicitly, Patricia loved him dearly, and there was not a soul for miles around who would not have died for him cheerfully. It was his wonderful power of sympathy that made people confide in him so readily and follow his advice so obediently. The man threw his soul into other people's wants and worries, and made them his own for the time.

The years passed on, and Frank O'Kelly never once left Ireland, and rarely Ballinaghee. He devoted his life to the people; no one was too humble, nothing too small to escape his loving help. Captain Tremayne's death was the first break in this new quiet life, and as soon as possible Mr. O'Kelly tried to persuade Patricia to leave the place and go abroad. The girl was losing health and energy under her great trouble, and at first would not listen to any such proposition. Lady Betty Nugent's appearance on the scene was most opportune, and the united efforts of the two at last conquered Patricia's resistance. She had never missed her weekly letter to the Padre all the two years of her absence, and he in his turn kept her amused with his

charming letters, which Patricia declared were exactly like him. He felt the 'old trouble,' as he called it, coming on by fits and starts ever since Captain Tremayne's death, but knowing the futility of the case, said no word of it, and now Patricia, seeing him after two years, was struck dumb at the terrible, unmistakable change in face and figure.

CHAPTER XIII.

NANCY CHARTERIS was placidly watering her flowers, the afternoon after Patricia left Felstead, all unconscious of the exceedingly disturbed state of affairs at the Grange. Hearing the gate shut, she looked up, half expecting to see Patricia, but saw instead Aileen's dainty little figure walk up the garden path. The face under the big hat was disconsolate, as, without any prelude whatever, she burst out—

'Patricia is gone, Nancy; she went to Ireland last night; isn't it too miserable?'

'My dear child! Whatever has happened?' cried Nancy, aghast, dropping the watering-pot and seizing Aileen. 'Patricia gone home, without any warning! Not bad news, I hope?'

Aileen's tears, always near the surface, began to flow; and, leaning against the comforting shoulder, she wept bitterly.

'No!' she said between her sobs. 'It's something about that horrid Dick. He wanted to marry her, or something else equally abominable. Horrid old thing, always coming when he was not wanted, and now he has made my dear so angry that she has gone away; besides, she is quite ill, mother says so.' Here Aileen's grief rendered her speechless.

Nancy tried to comfort the child and gain some lucid explanation, but without much success. Partiality blinded Aileen, and in her opinion Patricia was a suffering martyr to the cruel perversity of Dick.

'Of course,' she concluded, 'this is all very private; we have to say to every one else that she was ill; so she was, poor darling.' And Aileen stormed about Dick in a fashion that proved her parentage beyond doubt.

'Refused him, Aileen! Are you sure?' queried Nancy, thoroughly puzzled.

'I don't know, or care, but I hope she has. Anyhow,

everything is perfectly miserable ; father cross, mother worried out of her seven senses, and Patsy miles away in Ireland.'

Nancy saw it was hopeless to extract any information from Aileen, beyond the fact that her cousin had left the country ; so, having recovered from the first shock of surprise, she inquired if Patricia had left any message for her.

'Oh yes,' cried Aileen, 'that was what I particularly came for. I was to give you her very dear love, and that she would write, as there was no time to come and say good-bye.'

There was not much to be gleaned from that message, but still it was better than nothing. Nancy had not seen Patricia since the night she came for the keys of the church ; and remembering the trouble in her face, and her evident state of agitation, put two and two together, and arrived at a very fair solution of the case. Her husband was out, as usual at that time of day, so all she could do was to try and comfort Aileen.

'Don't cry, dear ; perhaps she will be better, and come back again soon ; and, Aileen, it's hardly fair to be so angry with Sir Richard, is it ? After all, he could not help loving her, any more than you or I ; and it's rather hard lines that he might not tell her so. It isn't as if she disliked him ; but, you know, she always appeared to like to be with him, rather than any one else.'

'That's just what worries me,' said Aileen. 'I cannot understand anything, only as Patsy could not be mean ; Dick must have done something stupid.'

Nancy could not but admire the loyal little soul, but had some misgivings on the subject.

'I quite forgot another message, Nan,' went on Aileen, after a pause. 'Mother sends her love, and would be so pleased if you would come back to tea with me now ; she wants to talk over things with you.'

'I'm afraid not to tea, thank you, dear, for then who would see after Paul when he came in ? but I shall be delighted to come round for a little time after dinner, if I may,' said Nancy, overjoyed at the idea of hearing a coherent account of Patricia's sudden departure.

'Very well,' said Aileen, rising to go, 'I'll say you'll come up after dinner ; and bring the vicar if you can ; he will talk to papa. You will be sure to say to any one who inquires that Patsy has gone to Dublin to see a doctor. She has, you know. Are my eyes red ? I don't want any one to see I've been crying ! And

you will come and comfort us this evening?' And Aileen departed, feeling much better than when she arrived.

She was really thoroughly unhappy, for she loved her cousin dearly, and in her sweet, unselfish way, she thought nothing of her own love affairs, which were hardly comfortable, but devoted all her energies to smoothing matters for Patricia, with her mother. Under her childish clinging ways, Aileen possessed a brave spirit, and a strong will of her own, for which few people gave her credit. And the common sense and perfect faith with which she bore the very trying ordeal she was going through herself were a lesson and a reproach to Patricia.

Nancy and Mrs. Desmond had a long talk that same evening, and the true state of affairs rather horrified the former. She was not narrow-minded by any means, but this was rather more than a flirtation, and the whole affair appeared so purposeless.

Mrs. Desmond, knowing how intimate the two had become, hoped Nancy might enlighten her a little, but she was disappointed.

'I have persuaded Dick to give up his absurd scheme of going abroad, at least for the present,' said Mrs. Desmond, after the first rush of questions was over. 'It would be too silly, and every one would instantly connect the two sudden departures. But it's rather awkward, for Colonel Desmond refuses to see him, or speak to him.'

'If I were you, I should go away myself for a month or two,' advised Nancy. 'The colonel will be all right again, when he comes back. Why not take Baby to Italy? You were intending to do so after Christmas; you might just as well now.'

'I really think that is an excellent idea, dear,' said Mrs. Desmond. 'I felt sure you would give me some help; you are always so sensible. Of course it's not such a nice time of the year, but that can't be helped. Indeed, we may stay for six months. If Colonel Desmond and Baby are pleased, it's all the same to me where we are,' she added wearily. 'Patricia may change her mind; I most sincerely wish she would do so. I can't help thinking, Nancy, that there is some misunderstanding, but as they both refuse to say anything beyond the mere fact itself, it's difficult to judge. But, if we go abroad, what about Patricia? We cannot leave her in that lonely place all winter by herself. Not that we have anything to say to it really, for she is of age, and perfectly independent, but still——'

'What about Lady Betty Nugent?' asked Nancy.

'She is at Vichy, I believe, or some place for waters. Besides, it's hardly fair to expect her to be always at Patricia's beck and call, is it, dear? She is an old lady, you see, and no relation whatever. I really do not know what to do,' finished Mrs. Desmond, helplessly.

'Has she no friend or relation on her father's side, whom she would care to have?' again suggested Nancy.

'I do not know; Patricia keeps her likes and dislikes so much to herself. There are no Tremaynes, I know. Besides, I believe she would refuse to have any one, in her present frame of mind. After all, Bridget is absolutely trustworthy, and the people are devoted to her. It's not her personal safety I am thinking of; it's the loneliness I dislike,' said Mrs. Desmond, plaintively.

'Oh well, I should leave her alone, for some little time anyhow,' said Nancy. 'The quiet will be good for her, and she will be able to think matters over. I should write to her often, just as if nothing had happened. After all, we have never known Patricia do anything but what is fair and honourable, and I believe there is some misunderstanding at the bottom of this.'

But neither aunt nor cousin, nor even her friend came so near the truth, as the Rev. Paul Charteris.

'There is some one else at the bottom of it,' was his remark, as he listened to Nancy's story late that evening.

'But who on earth could she benefit by it? What good could it possibly do any one?' she said. 'I can't see that, Paul.'

'Well, darling, I may be quite wrong, but that is my impression. We don't know all the ins and outs of the affair, you see; no one can but the girl herself. But that theory would account for her strained manner, and that over-vivacity we both noticed. The poor child was fighting the whole time. One day the right would prevail, the next, God help her, the devil. She is Irish, you know, so we must make some allowance for temperament, and I feel perfectly certain that she has sacrificed her conscience for the sake of some one she loves better than all the world put together. I don't pretend to understand why or wherefore, being only a man. You may perhaps be able to do so, sweetheart. It's a cruel business for Graham, anyhow.'

Nancy said nothing, but clung closer to the strong arm round her, and as they walked up and down in the lovely summer's night, thought sorrowfully of lonely Patricia, and still lonelier Dick.

CHAPTER XIV.

PATRICIA, as her aunt rightly guessed, refused in unmistakable terms to have the pleasure of any one's society. She was rather glad to hear that the Desmonds were going abroad. Dick, she imagined, was already gone, so she was free of them all. She was conscious of a deep-seated longing never to see any of them again, never again to go to Felstead, or to be reminded of that hateful three months. She was enjoying the relief of being once more natural, for there were no keen eyes to deceive here. She was in an atmosphere of love, though that was no novelty, but, above all and beyond all, she was her own mistress. She came and went as she liked, and there was no one to question her doings or comment thereon. Her native air was meat and drink to her, and, as she felt physically stronger, she bent all her strong will to the task of forgetting Terence and everything connected with him. Mrs. Desmond wrote again, urging Patricia to be more amenable, but with no better success. Colonel Desmond, though he did not approve of such independent ways in women, was altogether for his niece, regarding her as the helpless victim of Dick's machinations. Indeed, neither he nor any one else had any legal power over Patricia, a fact of which that young person was fully aware. Still, with all her faults, she was not without consideration, so, after this plaintive and affectionate letter, she became troubled in her mind, and spent some time cogitating as to how she should satisfy her aunt, and yet keep her dearly prized solitude. She said not a word to a soul, but announced late that evening that she was going to Dublin for the day early next morning. Bridget was puzzled, but, as no information was volunteered, dared ask for none; for, with all Patricia's unconventionality, not even Bridget could take such a liberty.

So she started forth by herself, and by driving a long distance, caught a train that took her to Dublin in a couple of hours. Once there, she took a car to a certain house in Merrion Square, and after scribbling a little note, which she gave to the manservant, sat down among a crowd of other people, quite prepared, if necessary, to wait for hours. But the note was effectual, for in a few minutes she was mysteriously beckoned from the room, and ushered into the presence of the famous Dr. Macan.

'I may as well tell you at once,' she said, after the first

greeting was over—for they were old friends—‘that I have not come professionally at all.’

‘Is that so, indeed?’ said the little grey-headed man, laughing at her calm voice. ‘Well, I am very glad to see you, you know, but I wish you had chosen any other time, for I am uncommonly busy just now.’

‘There now, don’t be cross, and show me out,’ said Patricia. ‘There is nothing at all the matter with me, but I want a prescription.’

‘Perhaps you will be good enough to explain,’ he said, his eyes twinkling, for he knew Patricia of old.

‘This is the way of it,’ she began eagerly. ‘I have been stopping, since I went to England, with my aunt, Mrs. Desmond, and have been doing too much, and, in fact, have been rather worried, what with one thing and another. I felt irritable and nervous, and so, like a sensible person, came home to recruit. Now, my aunt is going abroad, and wants me to have some one to stop with me, for she thinks it is not good for me to be alone. This I will not have. I want to be quiet, and not to be bothered with stupid people I don’t like. Still, I don’t want to hurt auntie’s feelings; so if you would declare that it is absolutely necessary that I am left alone, for the good of my health, I should be everlastingly obliged to you.’

The doctor leaned back in his chair, and looked at her keenly.

‘Indeed, now what you really want is an unlimited course of gaiety,’ said he, in a perfectly grave voice, without moving a muscle.

Patricia looked up at him.

‘It’s laughing at me you are,’ she said. ‘Be the good friend you’ve always been, and do just what I want; won’t you now?’

But she did not win her case so easily; and when she finally left, she had more prescriptions than the one she so eagerly coveted.

‘Here, Biddy,’ she exclaimed as she reached Ballinaghee, tired out with the long day, ‘take these awful bottles, and listen to all the things I am to do, and the other things I am not to do.’

However, she did not regret her day’s work, for with Dr. Macan’s authority she felt safe.

A letter was despatched to Felstead, explaining away everything, and laying great stress on the orders for ‘absolute quiet.’

So, as usual, she had her own way, and the Desmonds set off for the Continent, leaving Patricia to reign alone. She wrote also to Nancy, but never alluded to her abrupt departure. It was a most unsatisfactory letter to Nancy, though loving and amusing as Patricia's letters generally were.

Patricia always declared that she did not live the first two months she was at home, but only existed. She was out in the open air all day, for the autumn was both bright and warm. Often she would steal out, before any one in the house was moving, and they would not see her till night. Over the mountains and through the woods she wandered, wherever her fancy took her, revisiting all her old haunts, and making fresh favourites for herself. When she felt hungry, she knew she was a welcome guest at every farmhouse for miles around, but often she would go all day on a cup of milk and a scone.

Bridget at first remonstrated strongly, and afterwards wept bitterly, declaring that she would kill herself 'thrampin' miles all day, wid niver a bit in her mouth.'

Finding this had no effect, she consulted the Cassidys, and finally made up her mind to lay her troubles before the 'docthor.'

'If you plase, sor,' she said, presenting herself one afternoon at the cottage, 'if it's not throublin' you I am, might I make so bould as to spake wid you a minit?'

'Certainly, Bridget. Won't you sit down?' he said in his kindly, simple way, pulling up a chair for her.

Bridget sat down, and promptly began.

'Tis about Miss Patricia, sor.'

'Yes, Bridget; what about her?'

'Oh, sor, it seems a quare thing entoirely, that she should be out the whole blissid day, thrampin' about all over the counthry, an' niver a bit to eat, barrin' a dhrop av milk and a bit av bread. If the poor masther could but see her! Oh, 'twas the sad day for us all when he was tuk,' and Bridget's feelings proving too much for her, she wept dismally.

'I would not trouble about it, Bridget,' said the 'docthor,' after a little pause. 'It's only a whim of hers, and if you say nothing, I expect she will give it up. Still, it cannot be right to go so many hours fasting. Does she do this sort of thing often?'

'Ivery day in the week, yer honour,' said Bridget.

'She never mentions it to me,' he said. 'Every evening since

she came home, she drops in to see me—about five o'clock generally. Sometimes only for a few minutes, sometimes she will stay an hour or more. But this is the first I've heard of these long rambles. Try not to worry about it, Bridget, and I'll see what I can do. I think she looks much better and stronger since she came home, so we will trust it is doing her no harm,' he said, smiling kindly.

Bridget went away much comforted, and having repeated the conversation to Mary and Michael, all three felt that matters were now as good as mended, for their faith in the 'docthor' was unbounded.

That evening, as usual, Patricia made her appearance at the cottage. The evenings were drawing in now, and the sun was setting behind the hills, as she pushed open the door and came in, her hands full of late roses and a basket of fruit on her arm.

'And how is the padre this evening?' she said, putting down her basket, and sitting down wearily on a stool by her old friend.

He smiled his thanks, and, looking from the girl to the roses, said—

'You did not gather roses for yourself this evening. It is a pale little girl who comes to cheer me up these days. I see you have remembered my favourites'—taking up one of the big pink roses, with their loose, curled-back petals; 'they are the loveliest roses in the world, I think.'

'Yes,' said Patricia; 'they are better than ever this year, though they are nearly over now. But here are some grapes; supposing we have some. I have been a long walk, and am a little hungry.'

'I suppose you took your luncheon with you?' said he absently, pulling some grapes for Patricia.

'I did not want any,' said Patricia, wishing she had not made that unfortunate remark.

The old man looked at her.

'You are very tired,' he said quietly. 'You must have some milk;' and he rose to get it for her.

Patricia sprang up.

'Oh, don't!' she said. 'Please, not for me. Oh, sit down, do; I——'

She was in great distress, for she knew that every step cost him severe pain.

'I cannot let you go away fasting,' he said gravely. 'I promised your father to take care of you.'

Patricia knew it was hopeless to expect he would change his mind, so sat watching him in an agony while he fetched bread and milk, and set it before her.

'Now, little one, eat,' he said, smiling, sitting down again beside her, his face much whiter than before.

Without a word Patricia obeyed, and, while she made her supper, the padre talked to her in his own delightful way.

At last the finishing morsel was swallowed, and Patricia spoke.

'I never will again—indeed I never will ; but why did I need such a sharp lesson? Each step you took, I knew what it cost you.'

'That is right, dear,' he said gravely. 'Health is a precious gift, that we never really value till it is taken from us. See, now, you are utterly worn out, and I doubt, without that little refreshment, that you could have walked up to the house. Don't do it again, Patricia ; it's for your own sake I ask it.'

Patricia leant against the arm of the chair, crying as if her heart would break.

The old man stroked back the bright hair, talking to her soothingly, and as the heavy sobs grew quieter, he said tenderly—

'What is the restless spirit that possesses you? What drives you out over the hills, seeking for peace you cannot find? Why do you shun your old friend, and keep your grief all to yourself? It is not like your ways, Patricia. But perhaps it is something the old man would not understand, or, maybe, it's a grief too deep to share,' and he sighed as he spoke.

Patricia hesitated a minute with downcast eyes, but then met his bravely.

'I will tell you all about it,' she said. 'I've been wanting to, but somehow I could not. Padre, do you remember, when I was going away, how you talked to me, and said I was to be true to myself and faithful to other people always. Well, I have not been either.'

'Can the best of us say anything else?'

'But not like this—not like this ;' and hurrying on for fear of her courage failing her, she told the whole story, from beginning to finish.

It was no easy task, for she valued his good opinion highly, so she looked straight in front of her, not daring to read the disapproval in his face.

But as she finished she forced herself to look at him, and saw

nothing but the tenderest love and pity, and, shining through that, an expression she had never seen before.

‘Poor loving heart!’ was all he said.

And then followed a long, long talk that Patricia never forgot as long as she lived.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM that day there were no more long rambles for Patricia. She took up many of her old pursuits, and was all the better for it. She visited her neighbours, both rich and poor, but steadily declined all invitations, which gave rise to much comment, and people declared that ‘Patricia Tremayne had never got over her father’s death, poor girl, she was so much altered.’ She knew that her solitary state in the big house gave rise to much gossip and conjecture, but she had always had the character of being ‘independent’ and ‘odd,’ so it did not trouble her as much as it might have done. Somehow society, in its worldly sense, bored her, and she avoided most people in her own rank of life as much as possible. For comfort and occupation she turned to her friends in the village, and they gave her both, though there was much to displease as well as please. The people in themselves were delightful—so amusing, so courteous, so kind to one another, and their unfailing good spirits were invigorating. But, oh, the dirt of the little cabins—even the farmhouses! The women were too lazy, and indeed too much accustomed to such a state of things to try and remedy it, and the men were worse. Patricia, seeing the place again after two years’ absence, felt hopeless, as she realised that never would they be clean for the love of cleanliness. All the houses on her own land were weather-tight and quite fit for habitation, but some outlying cabins which had been bought just before Captain Tremayne’s death were in a shocking state. Patricia felt physically sick after her first visit, and on her return gave Michael a bad half-hour for allowing such a disgrace to exist.

‘Shure, Miss Baby,’ said Michael, in self-defence, ‘they loike it. If you was to build them the most beautiful house in the worrld, they wouldn’t be so plased at all. The rain doesn’t come in barrin’ a big storrum, an’ they kape the winder closed up for warmth. It’s miself as has offered to put in a new wan, but Shannon he wouldn’t have it at all.’

'Whether they like it, or whether they do not, that place is to come down,' said Patricia, decidedly. 'It's a perfect disgrace. Let there be no mistake about it.'

'But there isn't an impty house in the place, mam,' ejaculated Michael. 'Ye can't turn them out on the roadside.'

Patricia frowned.

'Are you sure?' she demanded. 'Well, I would not ask any one to take them in, so they must come here. Those rooms over the stable, where one of the grooms used to live, Michael. I dare say Mary could manage something. It's just possible that they may appreciate a dry room and a little light. I'll go and speak to them myself to-day, for that place is to come down before the week is out.'

Michael left the room dejectedly, and went straight to his wife for comfort.

'Miss Baby is loosin' her wits intoirely,' he said, staring at Mary, the picture of dismay. 'She's afther sayin' that I'm to bring them Shannons up here, for the cabin's to come down, an' she is goin' to build them a gran' new house wid a dhrawin'-room and a granehouse to it.'

'You've been dhrinkin', Mike,' said his wife severely; 'at this toime av the mornin' too!'

'It's as thrue as I'm here,' said the bewildered man. 'They are to go in the rooms beyand, over the stable.'

'Glory be to God!' ejaculated Mrs. Cassidy, throwing up her hands in dismay. Then, with a sudden change of manner, she turned on her husband. 'An' if the misthress plase to have the whole place up, what business is it av ours, Michael Cassidy? It's a quare thing for the loike av you to be settin' up to judge Miss Patricia's doin's. It's gettin' too gran' ye are intoirely for this place. Ye'll be ordherin' Mr. O'Kelly next!'

Michael shrunk visibly, and turned to go. 'I'm goin' this minit,' he said.

'An' is it yersel' that will be bringin' them Shannons up anywhere near Miss Baby? Not while I have breath in me,' demanded his wife, slamming the door and setting her back against it.

'Weren't ye afther sayin'——' began Michael again.

'I'm afther sayin' that 'twas the sad day whin I took up wid such a fule,' said Mary in fine scorn. 'Git out of me way, an' let me spake to Miss Patricia, for it's plain to be seen ye've been dhrinkin'.' And she hurried out of the room.

Left to himself, Michael subsided into a chair, smiling broadly, and composedly smoked his pipe, till his energetic wife should bring fresh orders! But Patricia, having consulted the 'docthor,' stood to her determination, and the Shannons were lodged in the empty rooms, in spite of their own and Mary's bitter lamentations.

With all her rushing about, Patricia never missed her daily visit to the cottage, and each time she came away she realised more fully the beauty and holiness of her old friend's life. When she left him two years ago, she was too young, too unconsciously happy to understand or appreciate him fully, though she had always loved him dearly; but now, her understanding sharpened by sorrow, she knew and admired him as she had never done before. Many were the long talks they had, these two. She was never too tired to sing to him, or read to him, or—what he liked best—to talk to him all about her own thoughts and feelings, and the various things that interested or worried her; and he, on his side, used to say he hardly felt the pain, that rarely left him, when she was there to amuse him. Patricia tried to fill his place among the people as well as she could, going in and out, and conquering her repugnance to the sight of physical suffering in order that they should not miss his care. But it was some time before she could bring herself to acknowledge that he was failing fast. It was not indeed till November came to a close, and the first snow fell, that she knew what was coming. But she was learning to bear these things better now. The Patricia of a year ago would have refused to be comforted, and worn herself out with the violence of her own grief, but this new Patricia went about much as usual, the ugly fear and dread hidden bravely. The quiet manner, so different from her old impulsive ways, told of some saddening influence, but her bright smile and ready sympathy were the same as always. She wrote cheery letters to Aileen, who never missed sending a long epistle every week. The Desmonds, after wandering about from place to place, were now at Venice, and likely to be there some weeks. Aileen gave great accounts of the good time she was having, lamenting that Patricia was not with her. Terence also wrote frequently. He was much excited at hearing that Aileen was comparatively close at hand, and there was no more talk of coming to England for Christmas. Patricia wisely forbore telling him Aileen's whereabouts, for, as she wrote, 'There is no earthly use in knowing Aileen's address.

It only means making things much harder for you. Besides, you might give in, and then everything would be undone. Be patient, and wait a little longer before you try your luck.' Of course he fumed and stormed, but in the end gave in, as, to do him justice, he always did in the long run.

But this state of affairs was too peaceful to last much longer, and before long Lady Betty began the same old thing all over again. The thought of Patricia alone in that 'God-forsaken place' was more than she could bear, so with a heroism worthy of a better cause, she offered to come herself. Nothing annoyed Patricia more than to be told she was 'alone,' and she wrote indignantly, saying that with six people in the house and Mr. O'Kelly half a mile away, not to speak of scores of others, she could not see where the solitude came in. Lady Betty sniffed as she read the letter. 'Six people in the house! What can the child mean? Oh, I suppose she means the *servants*! Mr. O'Kelly (for whom she had a great admiration) is another thing, but he is too ill to be of much use. Besides, it's so ridiculous. Every one will talk about it; but Patricia is so unconventional.'

Letters came every day, imploring, insisting, that she should come to Patricia, or that Patricia should come to her. Now, to bring Lady Betty to Ballinghee was impossible, for she would be miserable, with only one post, and the nearest 'people' five miles off; and to leave home was equally out of the question. Patricia knew she was wanted. How could she leave the padre?

'It will not be for long,' she said, sadly. 'They might wait. They must and shall wait.'

She tried to keep the worry out of her face when she went to the cottage that evening, but before very long she was pouring out the trial of having friends, who always thought they could manage your own affairs better than yourself. And then, as usual, she was sympathised with, and drawn out, and managed so delicately, that before she knew where she was, she was promising to think over some plan, instead of negating the whole thing, as she had intended doing.

'If only Nancy would come,' she sighed, as she walked home. 'She always understands, and never worries. But I hardly like to ask her. She is so devoted to her tiresome husband, and of course he could not come. What a worry everything is! I wonder would she come, just for a few weeks!' And in the end, she made up her mind to try at all events.

Patricia's letter produced much consternation at the Vicarage.

If there was one thing Nancy held in abhorrence, it was leaving her husband. She had never done so, indeed, since she was married, and being a young person with strong ideas on the sanctity of the marriage tie, it was almost a matter of principle. But Patricia wanted her, that was plain, and she (Nancy) might possibly be able to help her. So, after much lamentation and a hot discussion, during which Paul Charteris devoutly wished Patricia at the bottom of the sea, it was decided that she should go.

Patricia was both relieved and very grateful, for she knew what it meant to Nancy. She shivered as she read the letter accepting her invitation. 'How she adores him,' she said, 'and yet she will leave him to come and help a tiresome girl she hardly knows. Would I do as much? Not I. I wonder why people are always so good to me. When I do the vilest things, they will not believe it. There is always some "mistake," some "misunderstanding;" it's somebody else's fault, never mine, by any chance! And then, when I ask this girl to leave the one person in the world to her, and come and help me, she comes without a murmur, and appears sweetly glad to oblige me! And yet people will say that human nature is utterly selfish and horrid!'

(To be continued.)

THROUGH PINK GLASSES.

I HAD determined to take a holiday. Once upon a time I composed an essay upon Holidays in General, in which I urged the uselessness of taking any of less length than a month or so—six would be better, if one could attain to such freedom. One should, in fact, let Nature fix the limit, and prolong enjoyment until satiety sets in. With any reasonable man this restriction would be sufficient. It is the fixing beforehand of an arbitrary limit that does the mischief, for sometimes a fortnight may prove too long, while, more frequently, a month will be all too short. I fixed no limit: I merely made a resolution to go away until I wished to come back again, and to read nothing in the mean time except an occasional daily paper. I was very tired of reading, and I imagined that there would be little opportunity for reading at the seaside. However, it was necessary to take the train in order to get there, and the only way of making a railway journey pass—unless you go to sleep—is by reading. I bought a shilling volume, and knew no more until the train stopped, some eighty miles nearer to its destination.

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When once the habit of reading has taken a strong hold on the mind, it is in vain that we form virtuous resolutions. Even at a watering-place (as some people still term them) the habitual reader will still hunger after books: the only difference is that he finds a poorer lot to choose from, and a greater discomfort in the act of reading. It is always pleasant to dream of reading in the open air, of imbibing health and wisdom simultaneously; but I have seldom found the reality anything but uncomfortable. When you lie upon the sand idly, and watch the waves breaking upon the shore, you often feel that there is only one thing wanting to complete your happiness—a good book. Perhaps, if of an energetic temperament, you even go so far as to walk back to your lodgings

and bring one down, if there is one to be found. But, by the time you have returned, everything has changed. A wind has sprung up, and blows the sand into your eyes; or the sun is too hot, and the dazzling white page blinds you; or the book is too heavy, and you cannot hold it in a comfortable position. Reading in the open air is one of those pleasures of the imagination which disappear when subjected to experiment. But the heart of the devotee is ever hopeful, and it is possible to do a good deal with the aid of an umbrella.

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Necessity makes strange bedfellows, and a craving for literature makes one acquainted with singular books. During the last month I have read almost entirely works of a class euphemistically termed "library" books—that is to say, lives of eminent men, reminiscences of actors, authors, and divines, and volumes filled (on some pretence or other) with anecdotes and gossip, sometimes amiable and a little dull, sometimes spiteful and extremely irritating. There are people of my acquaintance who read no other literature than this, but I cannot say that I found it particularly satisfying. There is a considerable demand for it: it is easy of production, and every celebration (such as the recent Diamond Jubilee, or the completion of the Nineteenth Century) calls forth a swarm of recollections of the past, tricked out with the same old stories, retold, or, it may be, mangled by another hand. Sometimes I tremble to think what a burst of retrospect is in store for us when at last we enter triumphantly upon the twentieth century.

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And yet these gossipy volumes are sometimes wonderfully engrossing. The vein of curiosity is strong in most of us, and we read eagerly all that a man has to say—it is commonly very little—when he informs us in his first chapter that he has had the good fortune to meet distinguished men of letters whose names are now household words. I have toiled through reams of rubbish, for the sake of some scanty mention of Dickens, or Thackeray, or Thomas Carlyle, still hoping to light upon a story illustrative of the man's character. Such pearls are not often to be found. The fact is that this mine is about worked out by now, and we probably know as much about these great men as we ever shall. But the reader, having once acquired a taste for books of this kind, is apt to find his appetite for them increasing, against his better judgment. I feel now

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disinclined to return to literature of a more solid, or, let us say, original, character. This is distressing, because there are doubtless many others in the same plight, and the genius of some of us is perhaps unsuited to the production of library books. I honestly believe that people who once acquire a taste for lives, books of travel, and reminiscences, cease by degrees from any other sort of reading. The habit should be checked at its inception; it is dangerous, like dram-drinking, and there is no knowing to what depths of degradation the beginner may not sink in the end. Literary dyspepsia is but the first of a long series of ailments in store for the unhappy man.

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Some reviewers are very fond of girding at those unhappy authors who republish in book form matter which has appeared before in the pages of newspapers or magazines. Hard things were said in certain quarters of Mr. L. F. Austin's 'At Random,' and of Mr. Zangwill, when he polished up his 'Without Prejudice,' and invited the public to read his opinions on things in general for a second time. And republication does, no doubt, afford something of a handle to critics; it is easy for them to urge that the essays, or articles, intended originally to amuse idle readers for an hour or so, may have been good enough in their way and for that purpose, but must necessarily be regarded as ephemeral and unworthy of serious notice. I have read several criticisms lately that began by deploring this growing habit of collecting between boards scraps of ancient journalism, and calling it a book. I do not think this is quite fair. A book should be judged on its own merits, and not condemned unread because portions of it happen to have appeared in the daily, or weekly, or monthly press. And, when you come to consider the matter, there are not many books of essays now extant, from those of Steele and Addison downwards, that have not made their initial appearance in the pages of some periodical. Literature is not necessarily journalistic rubbish because it happens to be printed in a daily paper.

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It has been said that about 'The Platitudes of a Pessimist' there hangs more than a suspicion of the old *Saturday Review* style, and it is true that the essays making up this entertaining volume appeared originally, I believe without exception, in the columns of that paper. The book is very little the worse for that fact, although it seems strange to find the editorial first

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person plural quite so much in evidence, and perhaps some people might raise objection to a certain air of 'smartness' that seems rather out of place in a volume of essays. But the author is a real humorist, and has a touch of piquant satire that keeps aloof from the ferocious. The title is somewhat misleading, for the author does not deal largely in platitudes, and by no stretch of courtesy could his philosophy be termed pessimistic. His essays will not procure him immortality, but the book is well worth reading, and will stand as a sufficient example of the kind of literature that it is worth while to republish in book form. And this although some of the articles are more than twenty years of age.

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Sir Walter Besant's latest book—to the best of my knowledge his latest—was one of those which I perused with some difficulty upon the sands of W—. I do not mean that 'A Fountain Sealed' is, in itself, at all difficult to read: it has all the charm that we are accustomed to find in Sir Walter's novels, and it deals with a period—about the middle of the last century—which he has made familiar to us in such books as 'The Chaplain of the Fleet.' The story which Sir Walter has chosen to adorn this time is the old scandal raised against George III., that model of the domestic virtues, of having contracted a secret marriage with the Quakeress Hannah Lightfoot, before he came to the throne. The history of the courtship of the young prince and Nancy Walden—the name under which the author veils the identity of his heroine—is told in idyllic fashion, and makes as pretty a love-story as need be; while some of the minor characters, as Captain Sellinger, are conceived in the true eighteenth-century spirit. His latest book is quite worthy of Sir Walter Besant's reputation as a master of the craft of novel-writing. There is probably no such adept living as he in the art of conducting dialogue according to the style of the Georgian period.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

FROM MY ATTIC WINDOW.

**The Gentle
Art of
Punishing.**

THE sermons that are said to reside in stones often require the assistance of a pickaxe to extract. But the edification combined with amusement to be got out of a borough account-book is all ready to the hand. Of course it depends on the borough and the account-book. The one by which I have been profiting is contained in the ancient Borough Records of St. Ives, that delightful fishy village, which has huddled itself with such airy disregard of order and symmetry on the neck of a peninsula jutting out into the sea on the wild North-Cornish coast. The items, which to me seemed pregnant with doctrine, mostly concerned the old-time method of dealing with refractory women. The first, under date 1625, runs thus :—

‘Item to one that did whipp the mayde that would droun her selfe, 6*d*.’

Whipping was a summary but doubtless effective way of curing a girl whose love-affairs were entangled, and who therefore wished to end her life. Another item is suggestive to husbands, and instructive to wives. It runs :—

‘1655. Item paid ffor whippinge of William Nance his wife, and another woman then wipte with her, 2*s*. 6*d*.’

Two-and-sixpence does not seem an extravagant sum for such an operation. In these days it is not generally performed by proxy, so the newspapers say in the police-court reports. The last item seems to tell its own tale.

‘1739. Payd to Leggo for mending the stocks broake by Elizabeth Richards, 3*s*.’

I can imagine that scene when Elizabeth Richards broke those stocks. She was a powerful woman certainly, bred in that bracing air on pasties and fish. She probably sold the fish, and I doubt not, took a hand with the boats when hands were short and the weather wild. Until one fell day some one ran amuck of her tongue, and hey, presto! There was a torrent

in that singing but powerful celtic-tipped brogue, which, aided by fists, brought upon her the terror of the law, and the fastnesses of the stocks. But her muscles were in good condition, and the stocks growing infirm. Whereupon there was a noise and brawl in the little square outside the 'Golden Lion,' and the stocks got so injured that 3s. had to come out of the borough funds for repairing them.

In those days the methods of dealing with offenders was short and summary. When a lord and master considered that his wife was growing too independent, that her spirit needed chastening, that she was too high and mighty when she disputed with him, he took her before the town authorities and explained his position, with which they showed great sympathy. The whipping-post was the remedy, and that and the publicity sent her home a different woman. On the whole, I am inclined to prefer that method to the one adopted by the lord and master nowadays, which is more gradual, and does much damage to the crockery and the furniture, besides killing the woman by degrees.

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A Storm
settled in a
Tea-cup.

History's curious knack of repeating itself is probably due to human nature repeating itself, and remaining practically unchanged. Women fought in St. Ives in the seventeenth century, and still fight in London in the nineteenth. But in the latter case they received half-a-crown and a pound of tea apiece. It was in this wise: Sir John Bridge, senior Metropolitan magistrate, who probably has to listen to more accounts of brawls than any other man in Europe, had before him a number of market-women who had been assaulting each other. Seeing that it was probably a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, he gave up the attempt to extricate the truth, and decided to drown the brawl he could not solve. The astonished women, expecting a week with or without hard labour in the neighbouring prison, got instead half-a-crown and advice to drink a friendly cup of tea and bury the hatchet in the tea-pot. This was made easier by an up-to-date tea-merchant, who promptly sent a pound of his 'best mixed' to each of the combatants. This is punishment reduced to a fine art! It will be long before those women are caught assaulting each other again. For very shame they could not face Sir John Bridge another time. They would surmise that it would not be half-a-crown they would receive.

And punishment, to be any good at all, must be a fine art. The object of punishing is to deter the culprit from committing the sin again. It is not, as the average man and woman seems to think, a vent for their own anger. For a child, every fault that needs punishing (many faults arise from ignorance or nervousness, and should be only corrected) should bring its own punishment. The punishment should, in the mind of the child, follow logically on the fault. Every fault has its own particular consequence. It should not depend on the mood of the parent or nurse whether a child is blamed for the same action which at another time is passed over or smiled at. A child's mind is extraordinarily logical, and innately just. And any boy or girl, not determinately wicked, learns in a very short time to discover which things have bad consequences, and to leave them alone. That is the primary foundation of principle. The question is complicated, and the art rendered more difficult by temperament and inherited qualities, health, and other circumstances. But directly any father or mother, nurse, governess, or tutor learns to look on punishment as a thing to be thought out and based on principle, not impulse, the art is half learned. But before they have all learnt that, the millennium will have come.

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**The Point
of the Story.**

How annoying it is that in the stories one reads—true stories, not novels—the very point which would make the whole thing intelligible is always missing. For instance, I read in a New Zealand paper that a young lady in that colony, who had graduated as an M.A. with honour, has committed suicide. All that the paper tells me is that she tried to make a living with her pen and failed. Then she took to coaching students for the University, and, finding it drudgery, came to the conclusion that life was not worth living. So she wrote a letter to a lawyer, and another to a doctor, analysing her mental condition, took poison, and died. Poor girl, was it, one wonders, that you had nobody to love you? Was it that you were overtired or ill? Was your morbidness due to your body or your mind? Evidently, if you had mind and discipline enough to get your M.A., you could with patience have earned a living. Perhaps, though, the secret was, she had no one to make a living for. Earning a living for one is much more weary work than earning a living for two. Ask any man who loves a woman, or any woman who loves a child. They know.

But it is not only of scraps of real life that I read in newspapers, but of real life as I meet it every day, that I want to know just the little more. What is at the back of the life of that dour old man who looks as though he were acid right through. But he catches sight of your jolly inquisitive, bright-eyed boy, and his sour old face changes completely. So he has a story of his own then, which would explain all his life, if you knew it. Then there is a laughing pretty dream of a girl who passes this window of mine nearly every day. Sometimes she looks up and smiles—her face is like dimpled apple blossoms—I thought I knew her right through, and that her life was all sunshine, but yesterday I saw her in a path-field, and we could not help meeting. Her face was white and old, and the eyelids all swollen with tears—even she has kept the point of her story secret. So it is everywhere, and with everybody, if one has eyes to see. In the omnibus and the streets, in the train and the drawing-room, you jostle against men and women whose faces tell you that there is something behind, which is the real mainspring of their lives. But it is just that one thing they will not speak about; and so one really knows very few of one's fellows. The point is always missing.

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**The Morality
of Darning.**

An awful rumour has been creeping about, one of those rumours which wreck reputations, and plant discords in happy homes. Its source has been traced to an old gentleman, who doubtless cared nothing for the mine he was setting underneath the foundations of our national and domestic happiness. He merely made the statement in a tentative, modified way, but it has grown in the transit until it has actually been stated in print that since the New Woman (two capitals, please) was invented (she mostly is invented, she is very rarely to be seen), women have lost the art of darning! This is a very serious charge, and the old gentleman who first made it ought to be found and brought to book. He took a very frivolous method of ascertaining how far his beliefs were true. It was at some festivities when he made his appalling assertion, and when the excitement it occasioned had lessened, he offered a prize for a ladies' 'potatoe race,' each competitor to remove her boots or shoes. While the race was in progress, he busied himself in taking snapshots, and collected a fine selection of heels and toes to prove his point. And supposing his point proved, where are we? Supposing that darning is not what it was—an art to

which a large part of the life of every woman must be devoted. Are we necessarily a poorer race? It is good to have garments whole, and to be at least tidy, if one cannot be smart. It is good that every lady should learn how to mend her garments satisfactorily when there is a need. But some lives seem filled up with work which is even more important than darning. If they arrange to do their share of the world's work well, even nobly, shall we allow them to pass on their darning—the duties which for centuries have been consigned to women—to others who can darn, and have no call to do other things? I for one am not prepared to judge women by the standard of the excellence of their darning.

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**Helping
the Untrained
Poor.**

The Americans have a knack of seeing what is wanted and supplying it. This is especially the case with social difficulties, and we might often get a wrinkle from them and be glad. For instance, what more difficult case has to be dealt with than that of the poor woman at the door, who begs for food and clothing? She generally has a large family, always a small, wizened baby, a worthless husband, or none at all, and has never been trained to do any work. One's heart generally gets the better of one's judgment, and food, if not money, goes for 'the family at home.' But all the time there is a surreptitious suspicion that it is not the best way of helping, it is so very temporary in any case. Probably the family at home is a myth, and the woman one who would not work if she had the chance. In New York they are coping with this particular problem in this fashion. They have opened large workrooms for unskilled labour, to which any one who has tickets may send women who apply to them for relief. There they will receive food and clothing in exchange for work; their cases will be investigated by those used to investigation—a great point—and suitable, permanent help will be given. Books of tickets are sold to any one who will buy them, the money thus obtained keeps the rooms going, and enables every one to help the poor women who really need help. When the women present these tickets at the workrooms they are entitled to a day's work, a hot dinner, and groceries and supplies to take home, the amount varying according to the thoroughness of the work done. The work on which they are employed is remaking and renovating old clothes, making rag carpets, patchwork quilts, and anything else which can be desired. Those who

have never learnt will be taught to sew, and if already skilled better work is found. It seems to me it would be such a relief if one need not carry every helpless-looking, broken-down woman about on one's heart. I have neither time nor skill to investigate their individual needs, and I believe hundreds of other folk with heads and hearts feel as I do.

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Patches and Pennies. 'How can I earn money and live at home?' girls and older women are always asking. It is a very difficult and 'chancey' task, unless you can move your home to your work. But there are a few, a very few ways in which money, not wealth, but a decent little living, may be earned without going out of the house very often. If the idea came from America, I beg America's pardon, because I think it originated with a lady in England, and I have been told of one girl who is successfully carrying the idea out in this country, and there may be others. It needs enterprise, as every novelty does, skill in needlework, but very little else except common sense. It is, in fact, to become a professional mender. There is a certain number of persons who cannot do the mending and patching and darning that needs doing. Some women have other kinds of work which keeps them busy; some have families and households too large for leisure; some are bachelors, poor things! who live in lodgings. But every one makes holes, and every one wants them mended. So this girl, who lived at home because of an invalid mother, conceived the idea of doing their mending for them. She got a certain number of friends and neighbours and strangers to promise her their mending. She called or sent for it on a certain day each week, supplied thread, buttons, and darning wool, charged according to the amount of work to be done, and by the month's end found she had a decent little pile of shillings. I give the suggestion out to those whom it may concern.

ANNIE GROSER HURD.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p. 480.)

FIRST SHELF.

1898.

Our competitions for next year are beginning to exercise the mind of Chelsea China. She will be very glad to receive suggestions from any correspondents who have new ideas on the subject. The Search Questions will be made a little more elastic, and started on rather wider lines than before. The old Varieties had better, we think, continue various, as they give us the best chance of airing our ideas, and often bring out our very best papers. The 'Prose Composition' has been very successful and popular, but we think that now a little change would be desirable. Chelsea China has several brilliant ideas, and will receive any others with an open mind. The secrets of the magazine are not supposed to be revealed in the China Cupboard, but Chelsea China may mention in confidence that the author of 'An English Squire,' and the author of 'A Loyal Heart' will both contribute serials during 1898, besides a writer, new to our pages, though well known elsewhere. There will also be serial papers of an interesting kind, so that both old and new readers will, it is hoped, find something to their taste.

Holiday time is nearly over, and we shall all be settling in for our winter work. It is perhaps easier to settle in to six months' steady occupation, when we know that the summer will bring a break, than to begin what may go on indefinitely. What with University Extension and Church Reading Lectures, National Home and G.F.S. Reading Unions, there is now no lack of companionship and help for those who wish to study, while all towns and most villages offer classes for cookery, dressmaking, and ambulance.

All the parochial institutions too come to life in October, and Choral Classes, Social Evenings—which have the improvement of others for an object as well as our own—will spring up in most places. To help girls to help others has surely been one of the chief objects of our 'Packet' from its earliest days. Some of our older readers will never have forgotten the 'Hints to Sunday School Teachers,' which showed them long ago that they were not alone in their difficulties nor in their efforts to overcome them. Now, just as teaching others was one of the first ways in which girls living at home were able to use their advantages for the sake of other people, it seems now that in these Reading Union Circles there is a great opening for being helpful through studying with others. Even a 'circle teacher' need not be up in her subject beforehand, or if she is, if she can find two or three bright girls who will study with her, shyer and duller ones will readily join with them. And *apropos* of helping others, or of not hindering them, let Chelsea China refer again to the Bicycle question. She hears, by a side wind, that near

London the stock of Sunday School teachers is seriously diminished because the girls in business, who used to come forward, take long rides on Sunday afternoons, and are no longer available. Now, it is not our place to be severe on those who have no other time for fresh air and exercise, but how many girls there are in these suburbs who have all the week to play in, and can well afford to give up their Sunday to work for others, to work, we may well say, in the service of God. Many move in circles where the point is settled for them, but there are many who have to decide for themselves, and this generation has a great responsibility laid upon it in having to decide rightly points as to which formerly there was no question.

BOOK NOTES.

The Christian, by Hall Caine (W. Heinemann, 6s.).

The title of this book has created a great deal of interest among people who perhaps otherwise would not have thought of reading it, and, as it has appeared in a popular magazine, and has excited a great deal of discussion, we wish to say a few words about it, though we are far from wishing to recommend it, and, indeed, consider it quite unsuitable for our younger teachers.

It is a vivid book, containing powerful writing of a rough kind, and is, no doubt, written with the best motives as a protest against hypocrisy and vice, and in favour of what the author regards apparently as true Christianity. But no one, trained in the 'sober standard of feeling of the Church of England,' could possibly consider that the violent, unbalanced character of the hero, driven by the wind and tossed, subject to almost insane impulses of desperation, offered any true picture of what God's grace can do for a faithful and struggling soul. The followers of Christ do not so cleanse their hearts in vain, nor wash their hands in innocence to no purpose. The heroine is a much more real person, but, noble as she often is, she has only herself to thank for all the temptations that befall her. She runs into them with her eyes open.

Then, however carefully the author may have got up his subject, either he states facts, or he does not, about Canon Wealthy's church and 'Martha's Vineyard.'

Either there *is* a church where a fine ceremonial is combined with powdered footmen in yellow stockings for vergers, and a hospital with such peculiar hours for its nurses, or it is foolish to invent them. Mr. Hall Caine says he has represented no existing institutions, and we are bound to believe him. There are, no doubt, worldly clergy and selfish Boards, but that either would give themselves away, as they are represented here as doing, we decline to believe. The book, like all Mr. Hall Caine's work, is vivid and vigorous, it recognises, as many present-day books do not, the force of spiritual influences, but it lacks the fine touches that make a picture true to life, and suffers much from its misleading title.

VARIETY SUBJECT FOR AUGUST.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S TREATMENT OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

Greta, *Holly Leaf*, and *Miranda* have sent very careful papers on this interesting subject, but *Feu-Follet* takes the prize for a most full and excellent piece of criticism. It would, we think, be true to say that Mrs. Oliphant was the first person to show vividly the probable effects on ordinary modern folk of occult experiences, and to this is due the peculiar fascination of her treatment of it. *Holly Leaf* should notice that the pretty story of 'Christmas Eve' which she contributed to our pages was not intended for a literal statement of possible facts, but for a thrilling suggestion of what the inrush of the Spirit of Love *might* do if our souls were really open to its softening influence.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S TREATMENT OF THE SUPERNATURAL

'Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark.'

So begins the greatest supernatural epic this western world has ever known. How admirable it is! The keynote of romance, of mystery, is struck at once in 'the forest dark,' most fitting theatre for all wonders, and, though it was perhaps only a statement of fact, with what insight was the age of the speaker chosen. There is something so human about the 'midway of our life,' that dramatic moment when we stand halfway from the great deep to the great deep—dramatic, yet so often passing almost unnoticed in the burden and heat of the day. It is an intensely real moment, far more real and human, somehow, than the more poetical (and much more hackneyed) youth or age.

It is this same mingled note of reality and romance, of humanity and mystery, that Mrs. Oliphant seizes hold of in her supernatural romances. She is no Dante, of course, though she, too, sent a Pilgrim journeying through the Unseen. She is only a woman, and a modern and, to some extent, a hack-writer; yet, for all that, she could touch a note of another world in a way which was unaccountably real and convincing.

Mrs. Oliphant's supernatural romances may be divided into three classes: the novel in which supernatural machinery is used, as in the 'Wizard's Son,' and a short tale on much the same subject, called 'The Secret Chamber'; the ghost-story, pure and simple; and, finally, that strange class of tale—half allegory, half intensely real *imaginings*—in which she is the lineal descendant of Dante and his mediæval forerunners.

The first class, the romance with supernatural figures introduced, may be dismissed very briefly. It is not particularly well done, though nothing Mrs. Oliphant touched was ever ill-done or uninteresting. Walter, Lord Erradeen, is a feeble Faust, a boy Faust minus Faust's knowledge, and who would fain resist his family Mephistopheles if he could. He is finally rescued by his Oona, because she is both Una and Britamart, so pure that evil cannot touch her, so strong that she dare fight the devil and all his works. The young man's struggles are not well realised; there is far more stress and horror in the earlier story whose hero, Lord Lindores, is a much stronger character than his later incarnation. Both tales would seem to be the outcome of a well-known Scottish legend.

The ghost-stories proper are all written from the ghost's point of view. An intense pitying sympathy, with the limitations of the wandering spirit, pervades them all, and comes to a focus in that most pathetic tale of 'Old Lady Mary.' In this, the other side reached, the soul realises the wrong her careless selfishness has left behind on earth. And through pain and tribulation she wins her way back only to find that there is indeed a great gulf fixed between living and dead, and that she, the very same Lady Mary, cannot reach those she would aid, and is an object of fear to those who once knew her best. 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' and so it does in the tale, yet the feeling of isolation is so strong that the pity of it is long to pass.

All the ghost-stories are intensely real, so much so perforce one takes the writer for one who believes in the possibility of the lifting of the veil. Yet was she? In reading the life she has written of the great mystic of the family, Laurence, she appears to entirely disbelieve in the supernatural phenomena both he and his wife believed they found around them.

Her strong Scottish good sense revolted against the hocus-pocus of Harris and the *sympneumata*, and also against that dual consciousness by which the two evolved a book of mystic philosophy which they both declared to have been beyond their separate power to have written. Into Laurence Oliphant's fancies after his gifted wife's death, as to his constant communion with her,

Mrs. Oliphant also does not enter with sympathy, and this, as it seems to me, largely from her belief in the non-alteration of the spirit in another state. It is impossible, she says several times, to imagine that the sweet orderly nature of Alice Oliphant could translate itself into the twitches and other physical freaks in which her husband thought he refound her, and of which the chief effect seems to have been to render him incapable of doing aught else in this world. Alice could not have so changed, she argues; she must have remained reasonable.

All Mrs. Oliphant's supernatural beings act with perfect orderliness, and a higher reason than in life. Good or bad, they know what their object is, and go directly, and with an awful order, to work to gain it. From this, it is surely fair to conclude, that a perfect sanity (if I may be allowed the expression) is in her idea a leading characteristic of the denizens of the other world. The tricky spirits of a crazed spiritualism were nothing to her.

The last class of stories, and by far the most remarkable, is that we have called allegories. But are they all allegories? Have they an inner spiritual meaning in the same sense that 'Spenser's Færie Queen,' or the 'Vita Nuova' have one? The 'Beleaguered City' comes the nearest to these perhaps. It takes its name, perhaps also its idea, from Longfellow's poem:—

'I have read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.'

Longfellow explains and develops his allegory. Mrs. Oliphant leaves her to be understood of her reader as he will. Longfellow makes his spectres doubts which beset the soul, while the other's 'Beleaguered City' is taken and held by the holy angels. The story is unequal, and drags in part; but, beside the excellent character-drawing found in it, there is that most characteristic intense feeling of—something. We have no word which expresses it exactly, though we all feel its presence. The Unseen Mrs. Oliphant chose to call it, while Laurence Oliphant named it the *Other Side*. Something—intangible, yet most real, that we touch and it eludes our grasp, and which is most truly shadowed forth in this and the other tales of the Supernatural. The 'Beleaguered City' is the only one of the tales which can properly be called an allegory.

The strangely sweet story told a year or two back in the 'Monthly Packet,' and called, I think, 'Christmas Day,' belongs to the same class, but is in no sense an allegory. It is an *imagining* pure and simple, a fancy of what this world might be were God's kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven. It teaches, but it is no allegory. It is quite perfect in its own way, in its simplicity, its insight, and that note of exultation and exaltation which runs right through it, and which, thanks to its brevity, never has time to decline.

The 'Little Pilgrim' is a vision like the visions of Dante and of Thomas Aquinas; a fancy one would call it, did it not treat of matters too great and high to be fanciful. To say it is reverent and in good taste, epithets which seem to belong to it, proves, perhaps, that it is not of the first line. We don't use these words in speaking of 'Paradise Lost,' or the 'Divine Comedy.' Yet is its lesson all of the soul taught by Pity, Fear, and Love. And through it all runs the same belief that Browning speaks of in his 'Old Pictures at Florence':—

'There's a fancy some lean to and others hate—
That—when this life is ended, there begins
New work for the soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins.'

Though perhaps Mrs. Oliphant might have echoed the further lines :—

'Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen
By the means of Evil that good is best,
And, through earth and its noise, what is heaven's serene,
When our faith in the same has stood the test—
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
The uses of labour are surely done ;
There remaineth a rest for the people of God :
And I have had troubles enough for one.'

FEU-FOLLET.

PRIZE WINNER FOR AUGUST.

Miss A. M. Mercer, Arreton House, Maidstone.

SUBJECT FOR OCTOBER.

Give all the information possible about a wayside hedge.

[N.B.—The hedge itself, not the flowers on the bank.]

SECOND SHELF.

PROSE COMPOSITION FOR AUGUST.

Describe a sky and a landscape with figures. Prize given for the best use of epithets.

As usual, the choice of the prize has offered difficulties, but *Miranda*, with very few epithets, has produced a very distinct picture. She is a most regular and faithful correspondent. We add *Honora Guest's* as a contrast both in subject and treatment.

The heat of the day was over, and a fresh breeze was springing up as I left the golf-ground, and set my face homewards. Leaving the main road, I turned up a steep, narrow lane, which in a few minutes brought me out on the banks of the canal. Yes, I know that it sounds prosaic and uninteresting, but if you had strolled along it with me, you would share my opinion that few more beautiful walks are to be found, even in this beautiful West Country.

Although we were in August, and the glory of the summer had departed from hedgerows and fields, its edges were still gay with willow herb and pansy, the air was full of the fragrance of the meadow-sweet, while on the opposite side the 'wet-shod' alders dipped their broad dark-green leaves into the water. Now and again a heavy barge 'trailed by slow horses,' came in sight, now the silence was broken by merry voices, and a boatful of young men and girls came round a curve, or a punt, paddled by a lad in gaily coloured cap and 'blazer,' shot past me.

I had reached one of the little white bridges which at intervals span the canal, and, sitting down on its edge, my chin propped on my hands, I looked into the valley below me. All the country was bathed in the tender changing evening light ; here the meadows showed emerald-green after the recent showers, here the waves of golden corn were gently rippled by the west wind, here and there a red-roofed cottage, its porch bright with late roses or purple clematis, made a spot of glowing colour in the landscape.

From the golf-ground the voices of the players were faintly borne to me, and farther off I caught the sound of a church-bell.

As I gazed, the sun began to set, his last rays lingering on the oak-covered sides of the hill opposite me, lighting up the exquisite green and red of the Lammas shoots, and showering with glittering spangles the stream running down it. The sun sank behind the hill, and in a few moments all the western sky was full of rosy clouds, every shade from the deepest crimson to the softest blush pink, while on the horizon was a long stretch of pale daffodil, flecked here and there with dark purple.

With a sigh I rose and went on. The great hill which guards our valley was all in shadow now, his broad shoulders standing out sharp against the dark-blue heavens, which were only now and then crossed by a fleeting cloud.

As I reached my own gate, I paused and looked upwards. The stars were coming out; it would be a magnificent night. I lingered, loth to leave all the beauty and the glory, and watched them appearing, till there were a goodly number hung in the 'golden galaxy.' Suddenly a meteor flashed across the sky, leaving a long trail of light behind it.

'St. Lawrence is shedding his tears,' said I to myself as I went in; for it was the 10th of August.—MIRANDA.

SCENE ON THE IRRAWADDY, UPPER BURMA.

A sunset sky—first of all blue, blue of the deepest and most intense, melting on the horizon into a hazy vapour;—then the sun dips suddenly and disappears behind a line of long, low, purple hills, and up into the misty blue steals a shade of primrose, passing into tender green.

Great shafts of rose-coloured light shoot up into the heavens, transforming them, the sky blushes red, and lovely intermediate hues of amber, saffron, salmon, and pink, gradually deepening to puce, lilac, violet, and purple, seem to meet and fuse. All this rich mass of colour is mirrored in a wide river, whose broad bosom is all aglow with reflected glory.

Flat, sandy shores, continuing on one side as far as the eye can see, and ending abruptly, after miles of barren-looking country, in the ridge of distant hills, now showing black and clear-cut against the lambent sky.

On the other bank of the river the ground rises gradually, the sand being replaced by coarse grass, and great trees with strange foliage, backed by groves of slender palms, cast lengthening shadows over a motley crowd, who have come out to enjoy the cool of the day.

To the right the mat-roofs of a Burman village are visible, and native carts, drawn by patient oxen, and giving forth plaintive shrieks as their clumsy wheels revolve, are seen creeping, in single file, along a white dusty road.

Down by the water's edge are a number of brown boys and girls, some bathing, some washing clothes, others filling earthen water-jars; and higher up the bank sit their elders, squatting on their heels, smoking huge white cigars, and clad, men as well as women, in the gayest of silk or cotton skirts, pink, green, red, and sometimes with all the colours of the rainbow blended in one tissue.

Fat, brown babies guiltless of any attire, and with their heads shaved excepting for one small lock left upon the crown, tumble about, and add to the cheerfulness of the scene.

Here and there among the roofs, and dotted about on the wooded heights above the village rises the gilded dome of a pagoda, and the passing breeze wakes a little tinkling murmur from the bells hung round the spire.

Now and again from the distant pagodas sounds the sweet, solemn note of a prayer-gong, vibrating through the evening air, and dying away in silvery echoes, as if reluctant to depart.—HONORA GUEST.

PRIZE WINNER FOR AUGUST.

Miss M. Partridge, 5, Westmoreland Road, Bayswater.

CLASS LIST FOR AUGUST.

DISTINCTION.—*Winifred Spurling, Sir Bors, Brown Linnet, Vig.*

CLASS I.

Saule, Daughter of the Soil, Trilby, No. 7, Lag-last, Colonel, Holly-leaf.

CLASS II.

Matador, Lilian, Lindum, Lygmy, Mary and William Parkinson. These two last are very nice and painstaking.

SUBJECT FOR OCTOBER.

A Pair of Friends. A sudden cause of Dispute. A Discovery. A Reconciliation. Combine the incidents into a story of not more than five hundred words.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. Why is it said that evil spirits do not 'lose all their virtue,' and what virtues are they specially said to keep?

2. Explain the following allusions, and say where they occur:—

- (1) 'Fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn.'
- (2) 'the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet.'
- (3) 'Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè.'

3. Where are these words to be found? 'No age can restore a life, whereof there is, perhaps, no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which all nations fare the worse.'

4. What is meant by

'Every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale'?

5. Who sat

'Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave'?

6. What is 'the spur that the clear spirit doth raise'?

ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

(From the works of JOHN MILTON.)

1. (a) 'Lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.'

(b) Courage, faithfulness to each other and the common cause,—'firm concord.' ('Paradise Lost,' bk. II.)

2. (1) The horn of Amalthea, the nurse of Jupiter, said by some writers to have been a goat. It was a 'horn of plenty,' scattering fruits and flowers. ('Paradise Regained,' bk. I.)

(2) Some lines by Euripides, which were repeated by a Phocian when Lysander took Athens, saved that city from destruction. (Sonnet, When the assault was intended to the city.)

(3) The 'Tuscan artist' is Galileo, who studied the moon from Fiesole, through the newly invented telescope. ('Paradise Lost,' bk. I.)

3. In 'Areopagitica'—a plea for unlicensed printing.

4. 'Tells his tale,' means 'counts his flock,' though the mistake is often made that it means 'tells his love.' ('L'Allegro.)

5. Sabrina. (Song from 'Comus'.)

6. Fame. ('Lycidas'.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

A. C. R., *Aspley Guise*, *Cymraes*, *Dianora*, *Double-Dummy*, E. T., *F. R. D.*, *Heather*, *Helen*, *Mesech*, *Nigra*, R. V. H., *The Bratchet*, *White Cat*, W. Adey, 36; A. E. L., *Melton Mowbray*, Scott, 35; *Athena*, *Few-Follet*, L. F. H., 34; *Irnham*, *Malaprop*, M. R. A., 33; *Εγκραεια*, *Findhorn*, *Isolda*, 32; *The Questing Beast*, 31; *Cavalier*, *Eleanor*, *Isabel*, *Lenore*, *Sophonisba*, *Syndicate*, 30; *Alert*, 16; *Honeylands*, 11.

All-Fours cannot be credited, as she omitted to write 'Search Questions' on her envelope.

Fourteen Streams is credited with 36 marks for July.

R. V. H.—You gave no answer at all to No. 1 of the Wordsworth Questions.

Isis.—As a beginner, you are allowed 36 marks; but please read the rules.

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

(From the works of two poets.)

1. What tree

'Wreathes its old fantastic roots so high'?

2. Who did two ladies consider might lie under a tea-cup or

'creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio'?

3. Who

'rode sublime

Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,

The secrets of th' abyss to spy'?

4. Who were (a) 'pensive Selima,' (b) 'young Misagathus,' (c) 'my Lady Squeamish'?

5. What happened because

'a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear'?

6. On what kind of stool did the immortal Alfred sit?

THIRD SHELF.

QUERIES.

Lily would be glad if any one would give her the names of suitable simple dialogues or other recitations, amusing and moral, for children in a country school.

ANSWERS.

Daughter of the Soil.—Old postage-stamps are used in the manufacture of *papier-maché*, but they are wanted in very large quantities (not less, I believe, than a million are received!), and a very small sum is given for them.—MURHOPI.

Thanks for correction. *Cecilia* was the young lady whose guardian disguised himself as a sweep. *Evelina* went to stay with vulgar relatives. Both novels are by Miss Burney. Omitted last month by mistake.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Chelsea China inserts this letter, as she welcomes all interest in a most interesting subject; but she thinks the writer in accusing the 'Christian Socialists' of 'Materialism,' has entirely overlooked the prominence which they give to high sacramental doctrine. The combination of this with the application of Christian principles to social and political matters is surely the aim set before them.

Chelsea China hopes next month to give their terms of membership.

DEAR CHelsea CHINA,—I should be very grateful if you would allow me space in the 'Monthly Packet' to draw attention to one of the tendencies of the present day. I must begin by telling you that I do not belong to that school of Church thought to which I think most of your readers do belong, but perhaps you will not on that account refuse to give me a hearing.

We have heard much in the past few years of the 'Christian Social Union' movement, and most of the pioneers of that movement have been such noble and self-devoted men—such as Canon Barnett, of Whitechapel, for instance—that one feels it almost wrong to say a word against it; but among the younger Oxford clergy, with whom it has now become rather the fashion, it does seem, to be degenerating into a terribly materialistic view of Christ and Christianity. Surely the presentment of Christ as a Socialist, which one often hears from these men, is leaving out of the account altogether our Lord's Divinity. To me, personally, it seems almost blasphemy, but I know it is not so meant; and I know too that it has a very real meaning to them, to speak of Christ as the Saviour of the *world*. Still, it seems to me that they often preach Christ as the Saviour of the *body* till they forget that He is also the Saviour of the soul; it seems to me, sometimes, too, that personal holiness, which surely is Christ's idea for each of us, is entirely neglected in this creed.

Another matter is the teaching that a man's character is entirely dependent on heredity and environment. I sympathise most fully with their efforts to secure to every one in this country the means of living a decent and comfortable life; and I know too well, from many years' work in a slum parish, how hard it is for many there to resist temptation—but I know, too,

as all must who know our great towns, that it can be done, and is done by many ; and to those who do live good lives in spite of their environment it is a fatal thing to hear a clergyman preach a lower standard than they themselves believe in, and have tried to live up to. It is the more fatal because those of our working classes who have any religion at all have usually a very strong sense of *individual responsibility*—at least it is so in the north of England. One fears lest this movement should end in losing sight of this altogether, and in obscuring, not only the Divinity of Christ, but also (if I may use the expression) the Divinity of human nature.

I suppose any new movement must be, to a certain extent, one-sided, because almost all new movements are really the emphasising of some one half-forgotten truth ; but when these clergy say, as some do, that the *only* part of the Bible which they regard is the Sermon on the Mount, and the Epistles of St. Peter and St. James, one feels what a very small part of the Christian teaching this really is, and, though very important, yet certainly not intended to be brought into prominence to the exclusion of everything else.

I see the Bishops' Encyclical has called attention to the importance of *forming character* in any work among the masses. I do not know whether they have the feeling I have tried to express.—I am, yours faithfully, META.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—I wonder if the observer from 'The Attic Window' has read Mrs. Steel's 'Red Rowans' ; from her remarks on the authoress in the July number, I imagine she has not. I have just read it myself, and like it better, and think it even cleverer than 'On the Face of the Waters,' and should like to know if others agree with me.

I hope you will excuse my trespassing on your time, and will allow me to suggest a 'Variety Subject' which very likely isn't new ; it is—

'Who do you consider the greatest man of the nineteenth century, and why?'

That is very badly expressed I am afraid, but you will understand what I mean.—With humble apologies for troubling you, I remain, yours sincerely, MAID MARION.

Our attention has been called to a new little quarterly published by Messrs. Mowbray, St. Aldate's Street, Oxford. It is called *Work for the Far West*, and is set forth in the interests of the Diocese of New Westminster. Any one wishing for a special sphere of missionary interest would find much to do in connection with this diocese. Mrs. Mercier, Kemerton, Tewkesbury, will give any information on the subject. We hope next year to give a little space in the China Cupboard to missionary topics, under the guidance of our old friend Bog Oak. This little quarterly seems livelier and better got up than is often the case with missionary literature. It costs sixpence a quarter.

London Society for the Extension of University Teaching.—Hon. Sec., Miss Rees, 84, Finchley Road, N.W. We have been asked to call the attention of our London readers to a course of lectures on Robert Browning, by Owen Seaman, at the Marylebone Lecture Schools ; and also to a Greek language class ; as to both of which Miss Rees will give detailed information. The subjects look interesting, and just now winter work is going to begin.

ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION.

CLASS LIST FOR AUGUST.

CLASS I.

Gem, 37 ; *Oka*, 36 ; *Thames Valley*, *Pansy*, and *Double-Dummy*, 34 ; *Cobwebs*, 31.

CLASS II.

Green Mantle, 28 ; *Maiden Aunt*, 25.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The questions were easy this month, and the few answers sent in were on the whole good. It was not always recognised (Question 2) that the importance of the Good Parliament lay in what it claimed the right to do, rather than in what it actually accomplished. By impeaching Latimer and Lyons it established the principle that ministers are responsible to Parliament. The answers to Question 3 were generally thoughtful, especially *Gem's*, which was very good, and obtained full marks.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. What were the causes of the war with France in the reign of Henry V.?
2. What was the effect of the war upon England generally?
3. Describe the Battle of Agincourt, with plans and criticisms.
4. What character did Shakespeare give Henry V., and how far is it true to history?

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

CONGRESSES AND CONFERENCES.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

33. What is the constitution and what the powers of (a) A Diocesan Conference, (b) A Church Congress, (c) A Pan-Anglican Conference? and how do they differ from Synods?
34. What Pan-Anglican Conferences have been held? Give date, President, and one or two subjects dealt with, and a longer account of any one Conference.
35. A short account of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.
36. Half a dozen lines on each Victorian Archbishop, with a longer account of one.

(Juniors may omit the last clause of 33, and the 'longer account' in 34.)

Books recommended:—Perry's and Hore's *Church Histories*; *Life of Wilberforce*; Dr. Ball's *Reformed Church of Ireland*; Bound volumes of the 'Guardian.'

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, Industrial school, Andover, by Nov. 1st.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address CHELSEA CHINA on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

CHINA CUPBOARD PRIZES—

A. Variety Specimens. Prize, monthly, 5s.

Search Questions (Who, When, and Where). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1s.

Prose Competition. Monthly Prize, 5s., or 10s., according to merit.

RULES for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case. (6) There are no entrance fees. (7) Prizes cannot be taken by the same person twice in a half-year.

B. English History Competition. Prize, for six months taken together, £3 3s. Farther prizes only if the Editors are satisfied with the keenness of the competition.

RULES.—(1) Answers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (2), (3), (4), (5) and (6) as above, under section A. Be very careful to put 'English History' *outside*.

C. Church History Society. Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

RULES.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1s. II. Questions are set each month.

No China Cupboard papers can be returned.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

LAWRENCE CLAVERING.

BY A. E. W. MASON, AUTHOR OF 'THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER.'

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CHAPTER XXII.

REPARATION.

THE Guildhall stands northwards of the cross in the market-place, and I remember that I paused when halfway up the steps betwixt the pavement and the portico, and turned me about for a second to glance down upon that open space, and men coming and going about it as they willed in the warm sunlight. Mean houses enclosed it, shambles disfigured it; but I noticed no more than its width and spaciousness. How wide and free it seemed! And of a sudden my thoughts flashed me away beyond these houses, and beyond the gates. The market-place vanished before my eyes like a mirage. I was once more marching from Kelso to Preston, across the moors with the merlins crying overhead,—between the hedges,—under the open sky; and it seemed to me so swift was the passage of my memories, that I traversed in that brief interval all the distance of our march.

But many of the townsfolk were mounting to the court, and one that passed jogged against me with his elbow, and so waked me. I raised my head. Well, here was the court-house, within sat the judge; and though the sunlight beat upon my face, the shadow of the building had already reached about my feet.

The little court was nigh upon full, and I pushed into a corner beneath the gallery, where I was like to escape notice, and yet command a view of what was done. There I stood for the space of ten minutes or so, watching the townsfolk enter by twos and threes in a trickling stream, thronging the floor, blocking the doorways; and I know not why, but gradually a great depression, a dull melancholy, overtook my spirits. It was just for this moment that I had lived for many a week back, I assured myself; my days had been one prayer for its coming, my nights one haunting fear lest it should not come. Yet the assurance, repeat it as I might, had little meaning at the outset, and less and less at each repetition. My blood would not be whipped; I felt inert, in some queer way disappointed. I was like one quit of a fever, but in the despondency of exhaustion. I saw the prisoner set in the dock. I noticed the purple hollows about his eyes, the thin, flushed cheeks, the nervous gripping of his fingers on the rail. But the spectacle waked no pity in me, though I was conscious I should feel pity; aroused no shame, though I knew I should be tingling with shame. And when Anthony Herbert sent his gaze piercing anxiously this way and that into the throng, I wondered for a moment who it was for whom he searched. I saw Jervas Rookley seated at a table; he turned his head so that the bruised scar upon his face was visible from cheekbone to chin—and I, for all I felt towards him, might have been looking at the face of an inanimate statue. I saw the judge take his seat, his robes catching the sunlight and glowing against the black panels of the wall, like some monstrous scarlet flower. I was as one who contemplates a moving scene through a spy-glass, knowing it to be very far away. The actual aspect of the court became dreamlike to me, and when the clerk of the Crown cried out ‘Anthony Herbert, hold up thy hand!’ it seemed to me that the curtain was but now rung up upon a puppet-show.

In this listless spirit I listened while the indictment was read. It set forth that ‘Anthony Herbert, as a false traitor, not weighing the duty of his allegiance, did with other false traitors conspire, compass, and imagine the death of his Majesty, the subversion of the Government, and to introduce the Romish religion; and for the effecting thereof, the said Anthony Herbert did conspire to levy war upon the kingdom and bring in the Pretender.’

Thereupon, the indictment being read, the jury was empannelled, which took no short time, for of a sudden Herbert, doubtless primed for the work by Nicholas Doyle, challenges one of them—John Martin, I remember, the man was named.

‘Are you a freeholder of forty shillings a year?’ he asked; and the judge taking him up, he was allowed counsel to argue the point, which was done at great length and with much talk of a couple of statutes, one dating from Henry V., the other from Queen Mary. It seemed that they contradicted one another, but I do not know. I only know that the sunlight, pouring through a high window on the east side, shifted like the spoke of a slow-revolving wheel, and was already withdrawing up the wall beneath the window when Jervas Rookley was called to give his evidence.

To this evidence I lent a careful ear, and could not but perceive that though there was little fact in the recital, yet innuendo so fitted with innuendo that it might well have weight with a jury already inclined to believe. But even this observation I was conscious of making rather as a matter of general interest than as one in which I was so intimately concerned. Rookley told of Herbert’s coming to Keswick, how immediately he made Lord Derwentwater’s acquaintance and was entrusted with the painting of Lady Derwentwater’s portrait—a work which carried him daily to the house on Lord’s Island. Then he proceeded to tell of his own journey to Paris, and how he found me a novice in a Jesuit College. The journey to Bar-le-Duc he omitted, but said that I had given him advice to wait for me in Paris, and so had ridden off for close upon a week. The journey, said he, aroused his suspicions; on my return I had openly professed to him my adherence to the Stuarts, and had informed him that I had travelled to Commercys and had seen the Pretender. He went on to describe his discovery that I carried a letter and his failure to possess himself of it.

‘Then you knew Mr. Clavering was a Jacobite so long ago as that!’ interrupted Anthony Herbert. ‘How comes it you waited so long before you moved for his arrest, unless you had a finger in the Jacobite pie yourself?’

‘The witness need answer nothing that would incriminate himself,’ interrupted the judge, quickly. ‘Besides, your turn will come. Let the King’s Counsel finish!’

‘There is no reason why I should shrink from answering it,’

said Jervas, readily. 'There was some plot on foot, so much I knew. But what the plot was I knew not nor ever did; and had I laid the information against Lawrence Clavering then, I should myself have closed the avenues of knowledge.'

'And what have you to say to that?' asked the judge of Herbert. 'You will need more discretion if you are to save your neck.' And he wagged his head at the prisoner.

'My Lord,' answered Herbert, in a heat, 'I shall not want for discretion so long as I do not go begging for justice.'

I could see Mr. Doyle in the body of the court, nodding and frowning at his client in a great fluster. But it was already too late for his signs to have their effect.

'Justice!' roared the judge, turning to the jury. 'Sirs, the fellow cries for justice as though it were a stranger to a jury of Englishmen. Nay, but justice he shall have, full measure. I am here to see to that;' and he sat glowering at the unfortunate prisoner.

For myself the outburst was no more than I expected, and I listened to it as to an oft-told tale.

Jervas took up his story again. It may have been the heat, it may have been sheer weakness, but though I saw his face flush from expression to expression, the sound of his voice seemed to me no more than a dull droning, duller with every word; and yet every word I heard and clearly understood.

He told of my coming to Blackladies, of Lord Derwentwater's suggestion to me concerning Herbert, of my daily visits to the painter's apartment, of my subsequent journeys about the country-side, and the inquiries I made as to troops and munitions.

Even to me hearing the story, it almost appeared that Herbert was inextricably linked in the business, with such ingenuity was it told. The faces of the jury already condemned the prisoner, people nudged one another about me as each detail was added, and Herbert himself seemed to lose hope at the sight of the tangle in which he was coiled.

'I am for nothing in all this,' he cried, but now in a very wail.

'And this too, I doubt not, is for nothing,' said Mr. Cowper, the counsel, with a mocking irony, as he held up the medal which King James had given to me at Commercy. He turned to Rookley—

'You have seen this before?'

'In the prisoner's lodging at Keswick.'

‘Will you describe it?’

I bent forward. Rookley began to speak again. He described the head of King James struck upon the one side, the British islands upon the other, and made mention of the two mottoes: ‘Cujus est?’ and ‘Reddite!’

Rookley paused, and there was a buzz of voices from the gallery, from the doorways, from the floor of the court. The medal was passed up to the judge. He turned it over in his hands, and had it carried to the jurymen. I saw their heads with many a wise wagging come together over it. I leaned yet farther forward, looking at Rookley. For the first time that day I felt a pulse of excitement. Had Rookley chanced to glance my way, he must have seen me, so openly did I crane my head over my neighbour’s shoulders. But he stood with downcast eyes in the meekest humility—the very figure and image of unconscious merit. Had he more to say about that medal? Every second I fancied I saw his mouth open and frame the words I dreaded. The murmurs of the throng increased; I could have shouted ‘Silence! Silence!’ I feared that he would speak and I miss the words; I feared that the very noise about him would remind him, would suggest to him, would disclose to him, anyhow would unlock his lips. But he had no further details to give, and it seemed to me that already the fresh air fanned at Herbert’s face.

‘You saw the medal in the prisoner’s lodging?’ resumed the counsel. ‘When?’

‘More than once,’ replied Rookley, and took up his tale again, and again my excitement died away. I remarked with some curiosity that he made no mention whatever of Mrs. Herbert from first to last, and I remembered how I had noticed before that the story fell into two halves, whereof each seemed complete without the other. He spoke, it is true, of a pretext by which he had lured Herbert to Blackladies, but did not define the pretext, nor did the counsel examine him as to it; while I felt sure that Anthony Herbert would be the last to start that game.

‘Now,’ said the judge, turning to the prisoner, ‘it is your turn, if you have any questions to ask of the witness.’

Herbert gathered up his papers.

‘You saw this medal in my lodging?’

‘Yes!’

‘Do you know the purpose for which I had it there?’

Rookley straightened his shoulders, and facing Herbert, said very deliberately—

‘I suppose it was a token which would pass you as trustworthy amongst the Jacobites.’

‘Did you never see it before you saw it in my lodging?’

‘Never! My lord, I swear it upon my oath—never. The prisoner has no doubt some cock-and-bull story, but that is the truth. Upon my oath—never.’

‘The prisoner has no cock-and-bull story,’ answered Herbert, leaning fiercely over the dock, ‘but only what he will prove with witnesses.’ And so he turned from the subject.

It seemed to me that Rookley turned a trifle pale and for the first time lost his assurance. He glanced anxiously round the court; I drew closer into my corner. He knew that story of his about the medal to be false; he must needs have expected Herbert would press him closely concerning it. But he did not—he did not. There was reason for alarm. I saw the alarm gather on Rookley’s face.

‘You were at great pains to effect my arrest secretly,’ continued Herbert. ‘And why was that?’

‘I would not alarm Lawrence Clavering and his friends,’ he replied, ‘until I had a ripper knowledge of their plots.’

‘But you laid the information against me with Mr. Fuller the magistrate on August 21st, and against Mr. Clavering on the 23rd; what was it made you change your mind between those dates?’

‘But this is nothing to the purpose,’ said the judge, testily.

‘I pray you, my Lord,’ said Herbert, with a certain dignity, ‘all this goes to the witness’ credit; I am here for my life. I am allowed no counsel to defend me. I pray you let me go on with my questions!’ And he turned again to Rookley. ‘Did you intercept a letter from Lord Derwentwater to Mr. Clavering on the afternoon of the 23rd?’

‘A letter?’ asked Rookley, with the air of a man hearing the matter mentioned for the first time.

‘A letter,’ continued Herbert, ‘wherein Lord Derwentwater wrote that the French King was dying, and that Lord Bolingbroke counselled all thought of a rising should be deferred. And did you not thereupon, that same day, lay the information against Mr. Clavering?’

‘But to what end is this?’ interrupted the judge. ‘Clavering is not here. Were he here I should know how to deal with him.

But the indictment is not drawn against Clavering. It is drawn against you, and you had best look to it.'

'My lord, it is all of a piece,' replied Herbert. 'I was an innocent, an unconscious instrument of Rookley's hatred of Mr. Clavering.'

Thereupon he proceeded to question Rookley as to the reason why he had been disinherited, and if it was true that he had robbed his father and ever proved a troublesome and disloyal son. To these inquiries he got nothing but evasions for replies; but I observed that the witness's anxiety increased, as I could understand. For doubtless he little expected to have these facts arrayed against him, and began to wonder whence Herbert's knowledge came.

The Court rose at the conclusion of his evidence for a short space, so that when it returned, the sunlight was pouring on to the floor of the room through the western window.

Other witnesses were called, amongst them one or two Whig gentlemen who spoke to seeing Lady Derwentwater's portrait.

'You infer from that that I am a traitor?' said Herbert to the first.

'I thought it a strange thing an artist should come so far as to Keswick,' he replied.

'But, my lord, is it a crime for a man to come to Keswick?' cried Herbert. 'I came thither for the landscapes.'

'And therefore painted portraits!' sneered the judge.

'Nay, but a man must live,' answered Herbert.

I noticed that Blackett, my servant from Blackladies, was summoned to give evidence as to messages which I had despatched him with to Herbert. But I cannot say that I paid great heed to what he said. For that spoke of sunlight moved upwards from the floor towards the roof, changing as it moved from gold to red, and my weariness gained on me. I felt my limbs grow heavy beneath me and my head nodding, and the words which were spoken came to me muffled and drowsy, as if through a woollen curtain. At last Herbert was enjoined to make his defence. The sunlight streamed in a level blaze through the windows at the height of the gallery.

'My lord and gentlemen,' he began, 'I have nothing but innocence to plead. I cannot take the jury or the Court with oratory, but I declare in the presence of Almighty God that what is sworn against me is all a fiction. For rebelling against the established Government or attacking that precious life of

his Majesty King George—I never had such a thought. You have heard a great many innuendoes and suspicions, but very little fact, and I cannot be condemned upon suspicions. Moreover, I shall call a witness to prove to you that Jervas Rookley had the best of reasons for fitting those suspicions together. It is Blackladies that he covets, the estate from which his father disinherited him, and he seeks to regain it as a reward for his zeal by pursuing me to my death, though it cost him perjury. There is but one fact alleged against me, my Lord, in all this, that I had possession of the medal. But it never belonged to me, and that Jervas Rookley knows. I shall call a witness to prove to you that it belonged to Mr. Clavering, and to explain why it was discovered in my room.'

'Well, call your witness!' said the judge.

'I do, my Lord,' said Anthony Herbert. 'I call Lawrence Clavering.' There was a quick movement all through the court like a ripple upon still water, and then, absolute silence—the silence of a night frost-bound and empty. There floated into my mind a recollection of the street beyond the barricade at Preston. The sunlight blazed ruddy upon motionless figures. Had a woman fainted, it seemed you might have heard her breathing. Then quick and sharp rang out a laugh. I knew the voice; I understood the relief in it. It flashed upon me of a sudden that here was I failing again, and this time irretrievably. I shook off the weariness which hung upon my limbs, the mist which was wrapped about my senses; I pushed aside the man who stood in front of me.

'I call Lawrence Clavering,' repeated Herbert, the certitude of his tone weakening to a tremor.

From somewhere in the gallery I heard a sob, half-stifled—a sob as though a heart was breaking, and I knew, too, the voice which uttered that.

'Here!' I shouted, and thrust against the shoulders in front of me. A lane was carved as though by magic, and I advanced to the table.

'My lord, he is a rebel and a papist,' said Rookley, starting up, his face livid, his eyes starting from their sockets.

'Doubtless I shall answer for both those crimes,' said I, 'in the law's good time. I am here this day to prevent a wrong.'

Thereupon I was sworn and bidden to take my stand in the witness-box, which I did, being so placed that my back was towards the windows and the setting sun.

'My lord, the witness laughs,' said Mr. Cowper; 'I pray your lordship warn him that he swear truly.'

But the witness was not laughing with any levity for the task to which his hand was set, and composed his face upon the instant. The gallery ran round the three sides of the hall; the sunlight, as I say, poured in from behind me and beat upon the gallery in front. I was looking to that part of it over against me from which I had heard a sob; and a face looked out from the rosy glow of the sunlight and smiled at me. It was at that face—the face of Dorothy Curwen that I smiled back. For my heart was lifted within me, exultant, rejoicing. I did not think then of the danger she ran, though the thought pressed heavily enough upon me afterwards; I did not even consider by what means she had come here. She *was* here. And this time I had not failed.

My musings, however, were interrupted by the judge, who warned me very outrageously that since nothing now could save my body, so I need not trust the saints would save my soul, if they caught me prevaricating from the truth.

'My lord,' I replied humbly, 'I was at Preston and escaped. I could have fled out of England and got me safe to France; I am not like to have thrown away my life that I might tell a lie.'

I shall not be particular to recount all the questions which Herbert put to me. He put many, and I answered them truthfully. I saw the judge's face cloud and grow sterner and sterner, for every word I spoke was a link to fetter me the more closely to my death; but the face up there in the gallery grew brighter and brighter; or so at least I imagined. It was to the gallery I looked for my judge, and there I saw myself acquitted.

'You have seen this medal?' asked Herbert.

'It belongs to me,' said I.

'Belongs to you?' said the judge.

'It was given to me at Commercy by him whom I must ever regard as my King.'

'How came it, then, in the prisoner's lodging?'

'I took it there myself that it might be painted in my picture.'

'We shall need proof of all this,' said the judge; 'and prithee, friend,' said he, with a biting irony, 'consider the oath thou hast taken!'

'Proof there is, my lord,' I cried, 'and a sure proof—the picture itself.'

Thereupon the portrait was exhibited. And since the court-

house was now falling to darkness, a couple of candles were brought and set in front of it that it might be the better seen. It was the horriddest picture that ever was seen ; and the glare of the candles made it start out from the gloom like a thing alive. It was not, however, at the face I looked for any great while.

'There, my lord,' I cried in excitement. 'On the breast! There the medal hangs.'

And to his good fortune Anthony Herbert had painted that medal with all his minute elaboration. From where I stood I could distinguish the head of King James, and when the picture was held close one could read the motto, 'Cujus est?'

I looked up to the gallery while the judge and the jury were inspecting the picture. The last rays of the sun glowed tenderly about Dorothy's face and died off it whilst I looked.

'But the face!' exclaimed Mr. Cowper. 'My lord, this is no simple portrait. We are not at the bottom of the matter.'

'The face I have painted since I was in prison,' replied Herbert; and explained in some confusion, 'I blamed Mr. Clavering for my arrest.'

'Then,' said the judge, 'we shall need proof that the medal was not painted in when you were in prison too.'

But that proof he had, and subsequently produced in the person of his landlord and the landlord's wife with whom he had lodged at Keswick.

Meanwhile he continued his questioning of me.

'You have heard Jervas Rookley describe the medal?'

'Yes.'

'Is it the true description?'

'But incomplete,' I answered, 'for there are marks upon the medal. Upon one side is the face, but there are scratches upon that face, when it fell one day upon the stones. The forehead is indented, there is a mark lengthening the curve of the mouth, there is a scratch where the cravat meets the neck beneath the ear.'

'How came these scratches?' asked Herbert.

'I dropped the medal out of my fob,' said I, 'when I was thrown from my horse on Coldbarrow Fell, the first time I came to Blackladies, and Jervas Rookley picked it up and gave it back to me.'

There was a murmur amongst the spectators.

'It is not true,' said Rookley, but in a voice so shaken that it belied the words.

The judge took the medal and examined it.

'I cannot see,' he said. 'Bring more candles.'

The candles were brought; the judge examined the medal, and handed it to the counsel.

'My lord, the jury would like to see it,' and the voice was that of the foreman.

How eagerly I watched their faces while they clustered once more about it!

'The marks are there,' said the foreman, 'as the witness has described them.'

'I should know,' said I. 'I tried to rub them off so often.'

'And Jervas Rookley picked it up?' asked Herbert.

'He held it so long, turning it over in his hand, that I had to ask him thrice before ever I could get it back.'

I spoke with all the earnestness I had, and it seemed to me that the jury believed my words. But I could not tell, and I waited, while the judge summed up and the jury were away considering their verdict, in a fever of anxiety. How long they were! how slowly they filed into the court! I looked up to the gallery: a row of white faces bent on the rail, all gazing towards the jury-box, save one, and that one gazed at me as I sat by the table in the court. I was indeed still returning that gaze when the verdict was announced, and I think it was Herbert's hand grasping mine which first informed me what the verdict was.

That night I slept in Carlisle prison, but as I came out upon the steps of the court-house between my guards, I saw, by the light of the lamp swinging above the door, Herbert and his wife standing side by side; and a few yards further, the sergeant who led the way turned his lanthorn on one side and showed me the little figure of a girl and a face which peeped from out a taffety hood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAST.

FOR, standing in the roadway there, she seemed to me the forlornest figure that ever a man set eyes upon. There was something more than a drooping sadness in the attitude, something strangely like remorse, as though unaccountably she blamed herself. But I was not so curious to unravel her thoughts at this

moment, as I was fearful of the risk she ran. She had sat alone in the court-house; no one had so much as spoken to her, and she stood alone in the streets of Carlisle. The knowledge of her danger rushed in upon me, and I had but one hope to lighten it. I remembered that she had spoken to me of a Whiggish relative who had given her shelter, and I trusted that she would find a refuge with him.

And so it indeed proved. For I had not lain more than three days in the castle before this very gentleman was admitted to see me, and after a prosy exhortation on the nature of my crimes, he proceeded:

'I have thought it my duty to say this much to you, but I come at the instance of a poor misguided friend of yours, who is anxious you should have no fears for her safety.' The worthy gentleman scratched his forehead in some perplexity. 'I cannot repeat to you all that this friend said. A woman in tears—a man in delirium, they both say a great deal which is not to be repeated. But her messages were of the friendliest—of the friendliest. For the rest the *Swallow* lies off the mouth of the Eden, with your friend's father on board. It appears that the ship sailed up the coast from a spot you maybe know of better than I do. Our friend returns to it to-night, and it sails forthwith to France.' At the door he stopped, and scratched his head again. Then he rapped for the turnkey to let him out.

'The messages were of the friendliest,' he repeated, and as the door was opened at that moment, assumed a judicial severity, and so marched pompously out.

Left to myself, I fell straightway into a temper of amazing contradictions. For whereas I had before been moved by the thought of Dorothy's danger, now I was troubled that she should be in such haste to use her liberty.

'This very night must she go?' I asked of myself indignantly. 'Well, there is no reason why she should stay. She will be safe in France,' and so came perilously near to weeping over myself, who must remain behind in prison. But to that thought succeeded another, which drove the first clean from my head. Dorothy in tears! There was matter in that notion for an indictment against the universe; and the indictment I drew, and supported it with such arguments as I felt sure must enforce conviction. From that pursuit I came very naturally to a speculation, in the nature of those friendliest messages. I

construed them by the dictionary of her looks, as she had sat in the gallery of the court-house. It was a task of which I did not tire, but drew great comfort from it, and found it very improving.

The next day, however, I was taken out of the castle and sent forward under an escort, to join my co-rebels who were being marched by easy stages to London. I caught them up at St. Albans, and coming to Barnet we had our hands tied, and halters thrown about our horses' necks, and so were carried through the streets of London to Newgate gaol. Such a concourse of people came to view us as I have never seen the like of. The town was dressed for a holiday; and what with the banging of drums, the hurraing for King George, and the damning of the 'Pretender,' the air so rang with noise, that it was as much as you could to hear your neighbour speak. One sturdy Whig, I remember, planted himself in our way, and with many jeers and imprecations lifted up a jackdaw tricked out with white roses, which he carried on a warming-pan, and so paced backwards and in front of us, until a soldier cracked him on the chest with the butt of his firelock, and toppled the fellow into the gutter.

In Newgate, there I remained a weary while, though this period was made as light for us as well could be. We had the liberty of the Press yard, and were allowed to receive visitors and to visit one another—no inconsiderable privilege, one may think, if one counts up the number imprisoned there. There it came about that I saw much of Charles Ratcliffe, Lord Derwentwater's brother; and though he was not of his brother's amiable and endearing disposition, grew to some intimacy with him. He thought me, indeed, a great fool for running my head into the noose at Carlisle for a beggarly painter, and never scrupled to tell me so; but I think it was just that action which inclined his friendship my way. There were other consolations came to me, and one of them was lighted with a glimmering of hope; for one day came Sir William Wyndham to see me, and informed me that Lord Bolingbroke was very active in my behalf, urging upon his friends in England to make representations for my release, or, if that failed, to concert measures for my evasion. I set no great reliance upon either alternative, but Sir William Wyndham came again in March of the year 1716, after the rebellion had closed in Scotland, and Lord Bolingbroke had been dismissed from the service of King James.

‘Mr. Secretary Stanhope encourages your kinsman,’ said he, ‘in the hope that he may be pardoned. In which event something might be done for you. Meanwhile, I have a message to deliver to you from him. “Tell Lawrence,” he says, “that here in Paris I am much plagued and pestered by a young friend of his, who tells me that unless I unlock Newgate, I do not deserve to be related to him.” I am greatly humiliated by so much scolding, but will do what I can.’

It was not very much, however, that he could do ; and on the 8th of May I was arraigned with Charles Ratcliffe at the Exchequer Bar at Westminster, and tried there on the 18th, and taken back again a few days later to receive sentence.

‘But we shall not be hanged,’ said Ratcliffe. ‘You will see.’

Indeed, he ever had the greatest confidence that he would escape. I recollect that on the occasion when we were being carried from Newgate to receive sentence at Westminster, our coach was stopped in Fleet Street to make way for King George, who was setting out upon his first visit to Herrenhausen since he had come to the English throne. We stopped opposite a distiller’s, and Ratcliffe, leaning from the window, very coolly called for half a pint of aniseed, and drank it off.

‘There is some merit in the Dutchman, after all,’ he said with a laugh, ‘for I was in great need of that.’

The events, however, justified his confidence. Never shall I forget the weeks which followed our condemnation—the intrigues with our friends outside, the timorous bribing of the gaolers within. One day the plan would be settled, the moment for its execution appointed, and the next thing maybe we saw was the countenance of a new gaoler, and so the attempt must needs be deferred and the trouble begin again. Or at another time news would be brought to us that we should receive the clemency of the Crown and only suffer transportation to the colonies ; or, again, that we were to be granted a free pardon ; or, again, that the sentence was to be carried out within a week. So that now we kicked our heels upon the pinnacles of hope, now we sank into a bog of despair, and either way we shivered with fever—all of us except Charles Ratcliffe.

It was with his usual serenity that when at last all arrangements had been made, he invited those of us who were in the plot to a grand entertainment in a room called the Castle, in the upper part of the prison.

‘There are thirteen of us besides myself,’ said he, as soon as

the supper was served and we were left alone. 'The rest must shift for themselves. Mr. Clavering, do you help me with this file, and do you, gentlemen, be sufficiently ill-mannered to make as much clatter with the dishes and your talk as will drown the sound of it.'

Whereupon he drew a file from his pocket, and I crossed over with him to a little door in the corner of the room; and while the others talked and clattered, I went to work with my file upon the screws of the plate which held the lock to the door. When I was tired and my fingers bleeding, Ratcliffe took my place, and after him another, until at last the plate came away.

'Now,' said Ratcliffe, 'the passage leads to the debtors' side. We have been to solace our good friend Mr. Tiverton, who has been most unkindly committed by his creditors. Mr. Tiverton—pray do not forget the name, gentlemen! For even the most obliging gaoler might cavil if we forgot the name.'

We followed him quickly along the passage, across the yard to the porter's lodge.

'Poor man!' says Ratcliffe, 'it is very barbarous and inhuman that a man of genius should go to prison for lack of money.'

'For my part, sir,' says the gaoler, throwing open the wicket, 'I pity his tradesmen.'

'But some men are born to be gulled,' says Ratcliffe, with his tongue in his cheek. 'And here's five guineas for you;' and he stepped into the street.

We followed him quickly enough, and once there scattered without so much as a single word of farewell. Each man had his own plant, no doubt. For myself, I knew that a certain sloop was waiting for me on the Thames, and I hurried down to the water's edge below London Bridge. A boat was waiting by the steps.

'Lawrence,' cried a voice which sent my heart leaping.

'Hush!' I whispered, and jumped into the stern.

Dorothy made room for me beside her.

'Push off,' she said; and in a moment we were floating down the river, in and out between the ships.

'Give me the tiller,' said I.

'No,' said Dorothy; 'it was my doing that you were brought into peril. Let me steer you out of it.'

The number of ships diminished. Before they were about us like the trees of a forest, now they were the trees of an alley

down which we passed ; and ever the alley broadened and the trees grew scarce.

‘I saw you that night at Carlisle,’ she began, ‘when you were taken to the castle ;’ and at that she broke off suddenly and her voice stiffened.

‘My kinsman came to you at Carlisle. What did he say?’

‘He said that he was charged with the friendliest messages from you.’

‘Is that all?’

Now, there was something more, but I thought it wise to make no mention of it.

‘He did not repeat the messages,’ was all I said, and she sat up as though her pride was relieved, and for a little we were silent. A ship was anchored some way ahead of us, and a lantern swung on its poop.

‘Is it the *Swallow*?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ said she ; and then, ‘Before I left Carlise I saw her.’ For a moment I wondered of whom she was talking.

‘I saw her and her husband.’

Then I understood.

‘She is very plain,’ said Dorothy in a whisper.

‘Oh no,’ said I, ‘indeed she is not. You do her an injustice.’

‘But she is,’ repeated Dorothy, ‘she is.’

It would have been better had I left the matter thus, but I was foolish enough to seriously argue the point with her, and so hot became the argument that we overshot the ship.

‘That is your fault,’ said Dorothy, as she turned the boat.

We rowed to the ship’s side, a ladder was hoisted over, and a lantern held. By the light of it I could see Mr. Curwen, and behind him my servant Ashlock. I rose to give a hand to Dorothy, but she sat in the stern without so much as a pretence of movement.

‘Come, Dorothy,’ said Mr. Curwen.

Dorothy looked steadily at me.

‘She is very plain,’ she said, and then looked away across the river, humming a tune.

I was in a quandary as to what I should do. For I knew that she was not plain ; but also I knew that Dorothy would not move until I had said she was. So I stood there holding on to the ladder while the boat rose and sank beneath my feet. I have been told since that there was really only one expedient which would have served my turn, and that was to tumble incontinently

into the water and make as much pretence of drowning as I could. Only it never occurred to me, and so I weakly gave in.

Dorothy stepped on board. The boat was hoisted, the anchor raised, and in the smallest space of time the foam was bubbling from the bows. Overhead the stars shone steady in the sky and danced in the water beneath us, and so we sailed to France.

'Dorothy,' said I, 'there is a word which has been much used between us—friends.'

'Yes,' said she in a low voice, 'it is a good word.'

And so it was many months afterwards before I came to her again in Paris and pleaded that there was a better.

'I would you thought with me,' I stammered out.

Dorothy, with the sweetest laugh that ever my ears hearkened to, began to sing over to herself a verse of 'The Honest Lover.'

'Dear heart,' she said, 'I called you an owl, but it should have been a bat.'

Jervas Rookley I never came across again. But I know that he did not win Blackladies, though whether a suspicion of his treachery is accountable or the avarice of the Hanoverians, I cannot tell. I have heard, too, that at one time he was the master of a ship trading in the South Seas ; but of this, again, I have no sure knowledge.

(The End.)

PLUTARCH'S HEROES.

CHAPTER V.

CONQUERING HEROES.

ONE of the most interesting duties appertaining to the literary art is the selection of titles. The heading of the present chapter has been chosen for the sake of uniformity. Unfettered by this consideration, the writer would have preferred another and more significant title—'Warriors of God.' Students of the Bible will recollect that when Gideon was threshing wheat by the wine-press, an angel saluted him with the words, 'The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.' The converse of this instance is Sisera, lord of many chariots and pride of the Gentiles, of whom, in her lay of triumph, Deborah sang, 'They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against heaven.'

These examples will illustrate what perhaps needed no illustration, the simple and primary meaning of the phrase, 'Warriors of God.' We hasten to add that the phrase, good or bad, is none of our coining. It is borrowed from a sonnet of Tennyson, which we propose to quote presently *in extenso*. Meanwhile, we wish to introduce the reader to a sort of Roman Gideon—Camillus. It is possible that the character of this commander has undergone a good deal of idealising at the hands of subsequent historians, for if it be true that there are abounding proofs of the unhappy tendency of the fathers to stone the prophets and the children to build their sepulchres, there may be instances in which the coevals of great men have been neither so stupid nor so unjust as we in our generous resentment are disposed to find them.

These remarks are suggested by the circumstances of Camillus's departure from Rome after achieving a splendid triumph over Falerii—a triumph, as it is represented to us, not so much of arms as of righteousness. Now, the poorer citizens regarded war somewhat in the light of a commercial enterprise. They

gave their services, and then, if Rome happened to win, they expected to enrich themselves by the spoil of the enemy. The voluntary surrender of Falerii, completing, if all be true, one of the noblest passages in history, baffled this expectation; and the sordid and savage campaigners made Camillus a scapegoat. They accused him, gentle and good man, of peculation; and in the existing state of feeling his condemnation was assured.

This being so, Camillus assembled his acquaintance, his comrades-in-arms, and brother magistrates, and appealed to them not to stand by and see him punished on an infamous charge. His friends consulted together, and finally made reply that, while they did not propose to assist him with regard to his sentence, they would help him to pay the fine. Thereupon Camillus—figuratively, at all events—rent his clothes, and in great wrath resolved to quit the city.

The spectacle of these politic friends gives us pause. It is a sorry picture of selfish knaves seeking to bargain themselves out of a plain but hazardous duty, and rejoicing perhaps over the fall of a distinguished comrade, while hypocritically tendering their purses. But is it authentic? We think of Marlborough, his brilliant intellect, his undaunted courage, and his mean soul, and are tempted to read between the lines. Perhaps he was guilty, and they knew it; knew also that all his assumed indignation was mere stage-play. But he was their friend, and he had rendered priceless service to his country. They could not save him from the shame of his own deed, but they would do what in them lay to mitigate the penalty.

This last version by no means tallies with the portrait of Camillus given in the pages of Plutarch, where, to tell the truth, he cuts a particularly noble figure. But, whatever experience may teach of the instability of human friendships, it is depressing to think that, out of a large circle of acquaintance, not a man was brave enough to side with Camillus—supposing him to have been innocent—in his hour of trial. The case of Manlius recorded later shows us what might have happened, and how much depends on the bias of the historian. At present let us follow Plutarch.

The general's leave-taking was of a kind well calculated to impress the popular imagination. Having embraced his wife and son, he advanced as far as the gate in silence; then, halting and turning, he stretched out his hands towards the Capitol and besought the gods that if his punishment were not just, the

Romans might speedily repent. The answer to this prayer, according to the general belief, was the invasion of the Gauls.

The first entry of this people into Italy had occurred many years before, when, after crossing the Alps, they had formed a regular settlement between the mountains and the Po, driving the Etruscans southwards. Still pushing on in their career of conquest, they besieged the town of Clusium, the inhabitants whereof applied for help to the Romans. In response, the Romans sent three envoys of the famous Fabian clan to the Gaulish king Brennus, demanding of him what evil the burghers of Clusium had done that they should receive such treatment at his hands. The 'barbarian's' reply is charmingly frank, being simply that 'might is right.' He declined to allow any moral superiority on the part of the Romans, and appears to have quoted Wordsworth, unless, indeed, Wordsworth quoted him in the lines—

'The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.'

This explanation failed to satisfy the envoys, and one of them leading the Clusines in fight slew a huge Gaul. Brennus, recognising his late interlocutor, waxed very indignant at this breach of the law of nations; sent to the Romans, demanding the offender for punishment; and, raising the siege of Clusium, advanced slowly in the direction of the city.

The senate, urged by the priests to surrender Fabius in expiation of what was also a crime against religion, referred the matter to the popular assembly, and the popular assembly, spurning the counsels of the hierarchs, appointed Fabius tribune. Brennus, on receipt of this intelligence, no longer hesitated, and marched in hot haste upon Rome. The citizens came out to meet him. They were for the most part raw levies, and met with a crushing defeat on the banks of the Allia. As the survivors of the battle were unable to defend the entire circuit of the walls, they decided to concentrate their forces in the Capitol, and the city was evacuated. When the Gauls arrived, they encountered no resistance, but were surprised to find sitting in the market-place a number of distinguished old men, who did not choose to outlive the ruin of their country, and were awaiting massacre. Alas! it was soon *fuere* with them.

Camillus, the embodiment of the old spirit of religion which

his compatriots had seen fit to flout, was now at Ardea. In whatever way he might interpret the defeat of the Romans—and it is conceivable that he did not in that hour forget his own prayer—he was not the man to witness unmoved the utter triumph of the barbarians. But by this time the Gauls had won a formidable name, and Camillus experienced no small difficulty in getting soldiers to look them in the face. The ruling element at Ardea flatly declined to sanction his proposals; but, undeterred, he raised a private expedition and swooped upon the Gauls when overcome by too copious draughts of that liquor which is said to have first attracted them to the peninsula.

This success revived the spirits of the Romans, and that section of them which had taken refuge at Veii, created him dictator. But Camillus, though glad to serve his country, identified that phrase, not with the fugitives of Veii, but with the gallant band still holding out in the Capitol. Accordingly, it was resolved to communicate with the garrison, and a young man called Pontus Cominius undertook the desperate task of making his way through the midst of the Gauls, and up the side of the precipitous crag. The attempt prospered, and the besieged warriors willingly confirmed the choice of the exiles.*

A change came o'er the spirit of the dream, and the prospects of the Gauls became more and more gloomy. Disease and famine decimated their ranks, and their minds were filled with vague misgivings on account of the mystery attending the movements of Camillus. Brennus, therefore, made overtures to the garrison, offering to withdraw on payment of an indemnity. The garrison agreeing, the business was almost concluded when, as if by witchcraft, Camillus appeared at the gates. The commander was soon on the spot, and having stated that he, the dictator, was the person with whom to treat, swiftly repudiated the transaction. A brief skirmish followed this speech, ending in the retirement of the Gauls. During the night Brennus led out his forces, and encamped them alongside the Gabinian Way, where, on the morrow, he was assailed by Camillus, and after a stubborn engagement, defeated beyond possibility of recovery.

The ravage of the Gauls necessitated the rebuilding of the

* It may be mentioned that the Gauls, having discovered traces of this ascent, endeavoured to scale the height in darkness, and were only baulked of their hope by the cackling of the sacred geese. The intervention of these reverend fowl is described by Plutarch in a passage of rich, though perhaps unconscious, humour.

city; but, after a time, matters resumed their wonted course. Party conflicts and border wars occupied public attention, and in both Camillus proved himself a man Rome could not do without. Many years passed by. Camillus was old and weak, and the city he had so nobly saved was torn by dissensions from which he preferred to stand aside. Suddenly the dreadful tidings smote upon the ears of the citizens that the Gauls were approaching. The dismay, however, with which the news at first affected them, was tempered by the knowledge that they had Camillus yet with them, and for the second time he justified their confidence in his leadership. In a great battle by the Anio he encountered the hosts of the invaders and overthrew them, and from that moment, though the memory of the siege was never erased from the national remembrance, the prestige of the Gaul was effectively broken, and the future of Rome as an imperial state secured. And now for the sonnet—

‘Warrior of God, whose strong right arm debased
 The throne of Persia when her Satrap bled
 At Issus by the Syrian gates, or fled
 Beyond the Memmian naphtha-pits, disgraced
 For ever—thee (thy pathway sand-erased)
 Gliding with equal crowns two serpents led,
 Joyful to that palm-planted, fountain-fed
 Ammonian Oasis in the waste.
 There in a silent shade of laurel brown
 Apart the Chamian Oracle divine
 Sheltered his unapproached mysteries:
 High things were spoken there, unhandled down;
 Only they saw thee from the secret shrine
 Returning with hot cheek and kindled eyes.’

There is a Miltonic ring about some of these lines which, of course, refer to Alexander the Great. Now it is easy to see in what sense Gideon deserved to be called ‘Warrior of God.’ We can see also, though somewhat less easily, how, by a sort of metonymy, if that is the word, Camillus, pagan as he was, might be similarly distinguished. But Alexander the Great! What was the late poet-laureate dreaming of? As well extend the list: Julius Cæsar, Osman, Napoleon Bonaparte. That is precisely what we propose.

We do not know whether or not it is necessary to credit Tennyson with any profound intention in inditing this sonnet. Possibly he was writing merely from the point of view suggested by a perusal of Plutarch, or some other authority,

in what Plato might have called an ecstasy. However, we have looked out the passage in Plutarch's life of the hero, and find that the object of Alexander, in visiting the shrine of Ammon, was to ascertain whether any of his father's murderers had escaped. He was informed that all the murderers had been accounted for, but that his father was not King Philip, nor any other mortal. The next question was concerning empire ; was it given to him to be master of all? The reply being favourable, Alexander rewarded the oracle with sumptuous gifts and went his way rejoicing.

The 'high things,' then, were handed down? Perhaps, as in the case of some Cabinet secrets, there was a leakage. Alexander, it seems, wrote a letter to his mother, in which he averred that mystical prophecies had been made to him, which, on his return, he would tell to her alone. This version, apparently, Tennyson, resisting all pretence of enlightenment, preferred. In this love of obscurity we cannot follow him, being fully committed to the task of elucidating his phrase 'Warrior of God.'

In the Life of Camillus we look on at the struggle of an infant civilisation against odds which seem to threaten its extinction. In the Life of Alexander the combatants are adult powers, and the incidents comprised therein make up a chapter of the secular contest between the 'unchanging East' and the restless, progressive West. Early in the fifth century before Christ, Xerxes had marched his countless troops against Greece, but had been forced to retreat with every circumstance of ignominy. Alexander's was a return-call. Of this fact we have many reminders in Plutarch's narrative ; and, though the King of Macedon might swagger in Eastern countries about his descent from Zeus, in his relations with the Greeks he made it his aim to be, as far as possible, the incarnation of Hellenism, and the essence of Hellenism was sobriety, moderation.

In the whole range of historical literature, we doubt whether there can be found a more vivid battle-piece than the picture which Plutarch draws of the terrific encounter at Arbela, or, as he tells us we ought to say, Gaugamela. On the eve of the engagement, Alexander's senior colleagues, among them Parmenio, stood gazing at the plain between Mount Niphatus and the Gordynaean Hills, which was illumined from end to end by barbaric lights ; and there arose from the camp a confused tumultuous roar, as from an immense sea. The numbers startled

them, and, conferring with each other, they agreed that it would be a well-nigh hopeless task to beat back so vast a host, if they encountered openly. Turning to the king, as he drew near from sacrificing, they counselled a night-attack. Alexander replied, 'I don't steal the victory.' This answer was regarded by some as an exhibition of childish vanity, as mere toying with danger, but others saw in it a proof of extreme sagacity. If the Persians sustained a disaster through a sudden onset in the darkness, they might be tempted to rally and try fortune once more. The truer way was, if possible, to teach these Orientals now and finally the necessary, the immeasurable superiority of their foes. Anyhow, the issue of the next day's engagement was such as to confirm Alexander's opinion respecting the ability of his troops to cope with the enormous masses opposed to them. The battle of Arbela finished the campaign. The Macedonian's subsequent career, though his star remained in the ascendant, possesses few features to excite admiration or respect. His drunken orgies seem strangely inconsistent with the title bestowed on him by the poet, and we think, on the whole, it will be expedient at this point to draw the curtain—concealing the vices of his prime by the shining virtues of his youth.

The conquest of Asia by Alexander was in the nature of a triumphal progress, a pageant, a romantic dream; there was nothing stable about it. His empire was transitory, evanescent, because it was bound up with himself. The Roman empire was something very different. It was based, not on the talent and ambition of an individual, but on the genius, the destiny of an intensely practical race—a race which estimated its triumphs not merely by the glory which they shed on victorious generals, but by permanent national aggrandisement. The Romans sought to perpetuate their successes by the destruction of other nationalities, and by substituting for communities divided by fealty, religion, and language, a world-wide organisation radiating from the Imperial City. It was a grand ideal in its way—though, we must concede, not wholly free from the taint of vandalism—and it found its highest expression in the character and achievements of Julius Cæsar.

As a hero, this great man is doubtless a trifle prosaic, and his career strikes us as being in a sense cut-and-dried. He was probably at no time governed by sentimental illusions, and followed the course marked out for him as a Roman aristocrat with an even appreciation of its advantages and risks. Perhaps,

then, he never gave a thought to Brennus or reflected that his presence in Gaul, like that of Alexander in Asia, was a return-call. But we know of another, in some ways more interesting, parallel. The position of Cæsar in the lands beyond the Alps has been aptly compared to the early triumphs of Napoleon.

‘From this moment,’ says Schlosser, ‘the history of Rome presents a striking parallel to the condition of the French Republic during Bonaparte’s first campaigns in Italy. In both cases we see a weak republican administration in the capital involved in continual broils, which the rival factions are more interested in fostering than in securing the tranquillity and peace of the empire. In both cases we find a province of the distracted republic occupied by a general with unlimited power—the uncontrolled master of a territory which, in extent and importance, is equal to a mighty kingdom—a man of superior understanding, desperate resolves, and, if circumstances rendered it necessary, of fearful cruelty ; a man who, under the show of democratic opinions, behaved like a despot, governed a province at his pleasure, and established an absolute control over his soldiers by leading them to victory, bloodshed, and pillage.’

In other words, his career was only a reproduction on a larger scale of the race already run by Marius and Cinna ; and Cæsar, with this knowledge before him, might well have speculated upon the end—save that such speculation would have been waste of time to a man held as in a vice by his own tenacity of purpose and the logic of events. Anyhow, it is the end which rivets the attention of us moderns. Cæsar had mounted to the very pinnacle of earthly power and glory. He challenged the envy of the world ; and envy, in one of its guises, struck him down. His fall, and the manner of it, has never failed to waken the awe and pity of mankind.

It is well known that Shakespeare’s sole authority for the play of *Julius Cæsar*—which treats exclusively of the end—was Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch’s ‘Lives,’ a translation, we may remark, not made from the Greek, but from the French of Jacques Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre. On the subject of Shakespeare’s obligations to Plutarch, no account could be better than that of Archbishop Trench in his ‘Four Lectures,’ a work we are glad to mention, and of which we would willingly quote more.

‘But his relations with Plutarch are different—different enough to justify, or almost to justify, the words of Jean Paul, when in

his "Titan" he calls Plutarch "der biographische Shakespeare der Weltgeschichte." What a testimony we have to the true artistic sense and skill which with all his occasional simplicity the old biographer possesses, in the fact that the mightiest and completest artist of all times should be content to resign himself into his hands, and simply to follow where the other leads!

'His *Julius Cæsar* will abundantly bear out what I have just affirmed—a play dramatically and poetically standing so high that it only just falls short of that supreme rank which *Lear* and *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, claim for themselves, without rivals or competitors, even from among the creations of the same poet's brain. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole play—and the same stands good of *Coriolanus*, no less—is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare, indeed, has thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own; but of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North.'

And now at last, the way being prepared and all subsidiary questions having been disposed of, we come to the grand crux—that title. By way of introduction we may observe that the problem is closely related to a deeply interesting subject with which we hope to deal on some future occasion—namely, the transmigrations of the classic heroes in the writings of the Middle Age. The old romancers, it is easily understood, thought no small things of Alexander. To them he was the first of knights, the morning star of chivalry. This is how one of them writes—

Li rois qui son royaume veult par droit gouverner
Et li dus et li comte ki terre ont à garder,
Tous cil doivent la vie Alixandre escouter :
Se il fu crestiens, onques ne fust tel ber !
Rois ne fu plus hardi, ne mius scéut parler.
Onques puis qu'il fu mors, ne vit nul hom son per.

Julius Cæsar also had no reason to complain of the terms in which he was spoken of by those warm-hearted bards. Now, when people can believe, or pretend to believe, as did the author of that romance, the name 'Warrior of God' may be considered to fit Alexander extremely well. A peerless monarch, who governs justly, is brave in fight, and right eloquent in speech, may, without presumption, be judged worthy of the approval of the Most High; even though, as the poet deplures, this particular

ber ('hero') was not a Christian. We do not, however, intend to approach the subject from this side, but briefly to restate the argument of Dante's famous treatise 'On Monarchy.'

A year or two ago Mr. Frederick Harrison published a volume of essays entitled 'The Meaning of History.' We may or may not choose Mr. Harrison for a guide ; but, at any rate, we thank him for the phrase. What, then, *is* the meaning of history ? What is the explanation of the oceans of blood that have been shed in gigantic wars of conquest, with all the accompanying horrors ? Behold here a singular contrast—Voltaire and Dante. Voltaire, whose redeeming virtue was his humanity, denounces in scathing language that 'scourge and crime which includes all others,' but regards it as 'an inevitable scourge.' Dante, on the contrary, with apparent complacency accepts war as an honourable means to a supremely excellent end. He appears to have in view the mediæval rite of 'trial of battle,' over which God Himself was imagined to preside. He assumes that 'thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,' and that this purpose is the eventual establishment of a world-wide empire. This notion involves the existence of an imperial race ; what race, can be decided only by the arbitrament of arms. According to this theory, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Osman, Napoleon, all empire-makers, are, in proportion to their success, Warriors of God inasmuch as they are working for the fulfilment of the Divine ideal.

F. J. SNELL.

(To be continued.)

MADEMOISELLE JACQUELINE.

BY MRS. ORPEN, AUTHOR OF 'PERFECTION CITY.'

SHE was a little body, with pale face and black hair. There was nothing remarkable about her, save her large dark eyes, that had a wonderful fire and pathos about them, reminding one of the eyes of a dumb animal that had something it wished to tell, and yet was unable to speak. She dressed soberly, did Mademoiselle Jacqueline, generally in black, but always neatly, and she spoke but seldom. She was niece to Madame Lecour, and Madame Lecour was a great personage : the head, in fact, of our boarding-house. She it was who sat at the top of the long table, and liberally dispensed the economical soup to her hungry boarders, and, by a glance of her eye to Joseph and Victor, signified to those overworked waiters which way the roast chicken was to circulate, so that the wings should come to the favourites. Mademoiselle Jacqueline, on the other hand, never came to table, but when the boarders streamed out of the dining-room after the *déjeuner*, they would sometimes catch a glimpse of her pale face, with two unusual pink spots on her cheeks, at the door of the kitchen : hence they argued that she must be assisting at the preparation of the repast.

'My little niece,' madame would say, tossing back the strings of her red cap, with a fascinating twirl of her fat fingers, 'my little niece is shy : she has the customs of her country : she is of Picardie, and the fashions of Paris fill her with alarm ; therefore she begs to be excused from dining with messieurs and mesdames.' A most comprehensive smile, designed to include the whole twenty-five boarders, accompanied this observation, which was received in silence for the first half-dozen times it was uttered. But one day, when madame's smile had reached the end of the table where the general sat, it was arrested on her lips by his observing, 'Perhaps if madame commanded the attendance of mademoiselle, her niece, once or twice at dinner, the young lady would overcome her shyness. She would find

us very like people in Picardie, and most pleased to have her company.'

Madame's smile changed into a frown at this observation, in marked contrast to her usual custom, which was to smile with all her teeth at anything and everything that Monsieur le Général said.

'I hope she won't come to dinner,' said Louisa, a little English girl, the only child in the boarding-house, and one to whom much was forgiven, owing to her supposed inability to speak and understand French very well.

'And why, *mon enfant*, do you not wish Mademoiselle Jacqueline to dine with us?' inquired the general, slowly, and with distinctness, addressing the small English child.

'Because then there'll be no more omelette soufflée,' replied the child, vigorously; 'and I like omelette soufflée. Mademoiselle Jacqueline is making one for dinner to-day, isn't she, Victor?'

But Victor's whole soul was engrossed in handing salad with his left hand, while signing to Joseph with his right to remove the roast chicken before any one asked for a second helping; therefore he did not hear Miss Louisa's question, at least he did not reply to it.

The guests ate away in silence, while madame talked with frightful rapidity.

'See, here comes the omelette soufflée!' cried Louisa, when the dish appeared. 'Isn't it good, Monsieur le Général?'

'Very good,' replied the general, shortly.

Since that day Madame Lecour never referred to her niece's phenomenal shyness about dining with messieurs and mesdames.

Monsieur le Général was Madame Lecour's most distinguished boarder, and the one for whom she felt an admiration not unmingled with awe. He was a stately gentleman, who always held himself erect, and spoke with the air of one accustomed to command. He was a chevalier in the Legion of Honour, and the breast of his old tunic glittered with medals and decorations. He had the best rooms in the house, and spent his days in the leisurely quiet of one who had done his life's work and done it well. Every one liked Monsieur le Général.

Mademoiselle Jacqueline used to come into the salon of an evening, when the boarders assembled after dinner, in order to talk and play cards. She usually came in late, and seated herself quietly in the corner. Whoever happened to be near her would speak to her, but she generally was too sad-looking

and too tired to invite conversation. Miss Louisa was too young to notice the manner of Mademoiselle Jacqueline, and, feeling an eager kindred with the person who was nearest herself in age of all who lived in the house, used to engage her in conversation whenever she could.

‘Mademoiselle Jacqueline, do tell me who it is that plays the violin. This morning early, before any one was up, I heard the most lovely music. At first I thought it was a street organ, only they don’t play at a quarter before six, do they?’

‘Not often,’ answered mademoiselle, with a smile.

‘Who was it, then?’ asked the little girl; ‘for I know I was awake, and it was not a dream.’

‘Shall I tell you, *chérie*? It was I.’

‘Oh!’ cried Louisa, in astonishment, and so loud that several people turned round.

Madame la Comtesse, who was interrupted in her one story of the Revolution, asked tartly—

‘What have you, mees, that you exclaim?’

‘It is nothing, madame,’ replied Mademoiselle Jacqueline, quietly.

‘Yes, but it is something,’ persisted Louisa. ‘Mademoiselle Jacqueline——’

But Mademoiselle Jacqueline put her hand softly upon the child’s lips, and said—

‘Hush! my little cat. You may not tell to the world what I say to you.’

Louisa was proud of the confidence thus reposed in her, and promised to be silent. She was, however, eager for more information concerning this secret upon which she had unexpectedly stumbled.

‘Won’t you please let me come to your room, and let me hear you play?’ she begged.

‘You are in my room now,’ answered Jacqueline.

‘No, I mean your bedroom,’ explained Louisa.

‘This is my bedroom,’ said Jacqueline.

‘What? Here in the salon?’

‘Yes.’

‘Where do you sleep?’

‘On this sofa where we are sitting. When everybody has gone to bed, I open that box over there, and get my blanket and go to bed on the sofa.’

‘Oh!’ cried Louisa, again very loud.

'Young mees,' said Madame la Comtesse, severely, 'your exclamations are vivacious. Calm yourself. You disturb me.'

'Pardon, madame,' said Jacqueline, in her gentle manner; and then turning to the child, she observed—

'Make not so great a noise, my little cabbage, for Madame la Comtesse has begun her history of the Terror, and if she is interrupted she will go back to the beginning every time; and since she never goes away until it is finished, I shall not get to bed to-night—seest thou?'

'I'll whisper ever so softly,' promised Louisa. 'Where is the violin now?'

'In that box lying upon my pillow,' answered Jacqueline, her large dreamy eyes resting lovingly upon the box which contained her treasure.

Louisa sat silent in deep meditation; she was revolving a plan in her small mind, and it required her most concentrated attention. The result of this deep thought was apparent next morning, when after *déjeuner* some of the boarders retired to the small garden to smoke and read the papers. Thither retired also Miss Louisa.

'Ah! behold the mees!' exclaimed the commandant, an elderly gentleman who employed himself in studying English and playing the flute badly. 'She comes at the moment to hear the new phrase of English that I learn even this morning.'

'No, I don't,' she answered, with insular abruptness; 'I am come to talk to Monsieur le Général.'

'Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol qui s'y fie,'

chanted the commandant, dolorously. 'Behold now the young mees! She abandons me for Monsieur le Général. 'Tis the superior rank which carries the day, see you. What will you? she is but a woman!'

Nobody, however, paid the slightest attention to his lamentations, least of all Louisa, who was talking to the general.

'You asked me to come and pay you a visit to-day, monsieur,' she was saying.

'True, *ma petite*, I recall that this is the day, and I do not forget to provide a bonbon to celebrate the occasion. What say you to a chocolate, perhaps a marron glacé?'

'Oh, how lovely!' cried the child, smacking her lips in anticipation; 'but I wanted to ask you to do something for me.'

'I have but to receive your commands,' replied the general, with quaint courtliness.

'Invite Mademoiselle Jacqueline too, and let her bring her violin.'

'Hein!' exclaimed the general, 'her violin!'

'Yes; she has one, and I want to hear her play, and she hasn't any room. Just fancy! She works all day in the kitchen—oh yes, I know it; I see her there every day—and at night she has no bed, only the sofa in the salon.'

'*Par exemple!*' cried the general, with unusual vivacity.

The result of this conversation was that Mademoiselle Jacqueline was invited to accompany the young English girl to the general's little sitting-room, where they presented themselves at four o'clock. Mademoiselle Jacqueline carried her violin under her arm, and the general greeted his visitors with hospitable *empressement*.

'This is a great fête for me,' he said, 'when two ladies come to see me. To begin with, we eat a bonbon, and then perhaps mademoiselle will give us some music.'

The feast which the general modestly summarised as a bonbon was a much more elaborate affair than either of his guests had anticipated. Indeed, the excellent gentleman seemed to have collected every possible sweetmeat and toothsome delicacy that the mind of woman could imagine or the hand of man construct, and to have spread them upon his table. He was in despair, too, when they could eat no more, but indemnified himself to some extent by tying up two large parcels of the most agreeable sweetmeats, and laying them aside as a parting gift to the girls.

'And now, mademoiselle, the moment has arrived that Mademoiselle Louisa and I have been longing for. You will play for us.'

The young Picardian girl immediately took her violin with grave gentleness, and, placing herself at one end of the room, drew her bow once or twice softly across the strings.

'Monsieur le Général, I am not a great player,' she said. 'I know best the chansons of our country. Shall I play them?'

'Pray do, mademoiselle; I prefer them to elaborate music which I could not understand.'

And so Mademoiselle Jacqueline played for the general and the little child. She played the sweet, sad melodies of her native land. She played an air in quiet and stately measure,

and then when the music had got entangled in her hearers' memories she sported with it through a thousand playful fancies. Ever and anon the air would creep back, and for a moment hold its own on the strings, as if in contest with her eager fingers and the flying bow, but only to be routed by a sudden rush of sound that seemed to carry all before it. And yet ere the hurry of it was well passed, there was the soft melody back again plaintively sighing forth its notes. The general and Louisa were charmed, and sat in a perfect transport watching the player.

Suddenly the first dinner-bell clanged angrily through the house. Jacqueline dropped her bow with a start.

'Oh, I have forgotten myself,' she cried in distress; 'I should have been in the kitchen long ago.'

'In the kitchen?' exclaimed the general. 'What have you to do in the kitchen?'

'Yes, but I have much to do there,' remarked Jacqueline, putting her violin rapidly into its case as she spoke.

'I should think so,' said Louisa, indignantly. 'Fancy, monsieur, she does all the cooking now, for the cook has been sent away since she came, and she has not even a room of her own to practise in! I think it is a wicked shame of Madame Lecour, and I should like to tell her so.'

Louisa's anger impelled her to speak fast, but her ignorance of the language prevented her doing so in a very intelligible manner; consequently the general looked rather bewildered, and turned to Jacqueline with an interrogatory 'Eh?'

'The reason of it is this,' explained Jacqueline. 'My aunt asked me to come to Paris when I had no longer any home. She knew I was anxious to come here to study music, but could never have afforded it. She said I might live with her, and she would not charge me anything for my board if I helped her in the work of the house.'

'And she came,' interrupted Louisa, 'only to be made the cook.'

A hasty knock at the door. Victor's face, wearing a look of real concern, followed close behind the knock.

'Mademoiselle! Oh, heavens! The dinner! We consume ourselves with despair. We find you nowhere, and the moment of ringing the second bell even now approaches. Madame is desolate! She is not even *coiffée* yet! And it is the hour! Mademoiselle, imagine to yourself!'

Victor vanishes.

'Behold, madame, behold. I arrive, I arrive!' he is heard to shout, descending the stairs three steps at a time. 'Mademoiselle Jacqueline also hastes to arrive.'

'Ah, mon Dieu, monsieur! What will become of me? my aunt is angered!' exclaims Mademoiselle Jacqueline, as she too hurries downstairs after the frantic Victor.

Dinner was late that day at the Pension Lecour, and madame was in a rage—so black that she could not even talk, a sign of the deepest internal commotion. Monsieur le Général, on coming into the salon after dinner, took up his seat on the violin-box beside Louisa, with whom he held a lengthy and low-toned conversation, under cover of the noise attendant upon three games of cards and two political discussions. He talked exclusively about Jacqueline, a subject of which Louisa never grew tired, and he learned much of the daily life of that poor girl, which distressed him, while it would perhaps have vexed her to know that it was being talked about. For example, of how she was the first up in the morning and the last to go to bed at night; of how she did the cook's work without the cook's wage; and how all this was put down to madame's goodness in boarding her niece for nothing while the latter studied music in Paris.

From this time forward, whenever it was possible to arrange it, Mademoiselle Jacqueline and Louisa used to spend an hour in the afternoon together in order that the former might play her beloved native songs. Sometimes the practice took place in Louisa's room, whenever her mother, who was an invalid, felt herself able to have it, and sometimes they all adjourned to the general's little parlour. Those days when the ladies came were red-letter days with the general, who used to look forward to them with the eagerness of a child. He loved Jacqueline's music; it seemed to him more beautiful than any other he had ever heard, and there is no knowing how long these pleasant practices might have continued but for the sudden catastrophe of an interruption from Madame Lecour. It was on one of the days when Mademoiselle Jacqueline and Louisa went alone, for at the last minute the latter's mother felt unable to accompany them, being prostrated by one of her nervous headaches. But she sent down the two girls to keep the engagement, with apologies from herself, saying there was no reason why they should not go as had been arranged. The light but delicate repast the general always offered his guests

was over, and Mademoiselle Jacqueline was in the midst of her playing, when there came an aggressive rap at the door.

'*Sapristi!*' cried the general, annoyed at the interruption. 'Come in.' And Madame Lecour came in.

There was an evil look in her face, and a wicked gleam in the white teeth exposed by a smile so ample and so fixed that it looked like a snarl.

'And so it is here you spend your time, or, rather, my time!' she sneered.

The young girl stood pale and trembling, clasping her violin in her arms, as if it was a babe she was sheltering from the storm. Louisa jumped to her feet, and went to her friend, like a small terrier ready to spring at any foe, as soon as she was convinced that Jacqueline was being attacked. The general also rose and knit his shaggy brows ominously. There were all the elements of a fine quarrel assembled, and it needed only a touch to set it a-going. Madame gave that touch with no uncertain hand.

'Infamous girl! what are you doing here?'

'Mademoiselle Jacqueline and Mademoiselle Louisa did me the honour to pay me a visit,' answered the general, instantly, in a clear, cutting voice. 'They have several times done me the honour to come in company with the mother of Mademoiselle Louisa, and also sometimes without her. I have not invited you, madame, to my sitting-room to-day, but if you desire to enjoy the music of mademoiselle your niece, pray be seated, and be silent. Mademoiselle Jacqueline, pardon this interruption; will you please recommence that *motif* you had just entered upon when madame so violently knocked at the door?'

The general had spoken rapidly and with decision, so that no one had a chance to say a word, but when he appealed to Jacqueline to continue playing, she answered him in a low voice.

'Ah, no, monsieur. I can play no more now. I have forgotten all my music.'

'Very well, my child. I shall not press you,' he replied kindly. 'Musicians are delicate organisms, and must not be handled roughly. Mademoiselle Louisa shall arrange with her mother the day that we shall continue our little concert.'

'It is idle to arrange the future, Monsieur le Général,' said madame, savagely. 'Jacqueline leaves my house to-day. I'll have no such girls here!'

Jacqueline gave a gasp; the general started with an angry scowl at his landlady, but it was Louisa, the little terrier, who now saw her opening.

'Come along, Mademoiselle Jacqueline,' she cried, seizing her friend eagerly by the hand. 'We'll go to mamma; she will take care of you, and see that you are not driven out by that horrid Madame Lecour.'

But Madame Lecour held to her purpose, and Jacqueline left the boarding-house the same day, not desolate and homeless, however, as that estimable relative had hoped, but in company with Louisa and her mother, who settled her in another house pending some future arrangements.

Monsieur le Général met them on their return, and was full of inquiries as to Jacqueline's fate. Indeed, he seemed to think of nothing else but Jacqueline. The forlorn loneliness of the girl touched his kindly heart, and filled him with pity.

'It was on account of me that the poor child was driven away from her aunt's house,' he said remorsefully to Louisa's mother. 'I cannot forgive myself for having brought her to such a pass.'

'I can forgive you quite easily,' replied the English lady, 'for she was a complete slave here, and never could have been anything else, whereas now there is a chance of her getting some situation where she will be better treated. In fact, I think I know of a place in England I can get for her at once.'

'Ah! but I do not like that idea at all,' cried the general, promptly. 'I cannot let her go to England, for how should I ever see her then?'

The lady smiled archly at him.

'I really should feel most desolate,' he continued earnestly, 'if I were never to hear the sound of her violin again. Her music is very sweet to me.'

'I thought of the situation of governess in England for her,' said the lady; 'perhaps you might think of some other situation for her which would not necessitate her leaving France.'

The general remained silent, deeply pondering. He lowered his brow in concentrated thought, and stroked his heavy grey moustaches.

'I should like her to study music with thoroughness,' he explained. 'There is a soul of sweet melody in her—do you not find it so, madame?—and it is ten thousand pities not to give it expression.'

'I quite agree with you,' replied the lady; 'but to study music requires money, and Jacqueline has no money at all, and since her grandfather died she has no relative except Madame Lecour. Do you think that she is likely to give her money to enable her to devote herself to her art?'

'*Parbleu!* No, madame,' replied the general; 'but it seemed to me that perhaps other friends might help her.'

'She has few friends able to help her, monsieur, and perhaps still fewer willing to do so.'

'She has one, at least,' cried the general, impetuously. 'I would gladly—oh, so gladly!—give her the money she needs, if she would allow me to do so.'

'I doubt if she would,' said the lady. 'Jacqueline is an independent little creature, and does not like to be helped. She is even restless under the trifling obligation she has incurred to me, and vehemently declares that it is only a loan, which she will repay as soon as she gets a situation and makes a little money.'

'If I adopted her as my daughter, and made her my heiress,' suggested the general, 'perhaps then she would permit me to take care of her.'

'Tut, tut, monsieur! you are not old enough by twenty years to adopt young ladies with impunity.'

The general blushed a dark bronze under his sunburnt skin, and raised his hat, while a curious smile gathered about the corners of his kindly mouth.

Perhaps it was that word which put an idea into the general's head; perhaps it was there before. I cannot say. But certain it is that from this day forward it was never absent from his mind for a moment. One day he went to see Mademoiselle Jacqueline, and when he came back there was a wonderfully beautiful look of happiness on his face. It seemed to radiate joy.

'I know where you've been,' said Louisa, promptly, as she happened to meet her friend upon the stairs. 'You have been to see Mademoiselle Jacqueline.'

'Yes, my child, I have indeed been to see her; but how didst thou know?'

'Oh, because I saw it in your face. You look so happy—just the way you always look when she plays for you.'

'Ah, little witch! thou seest much. Come, and I will tell thee something.'

Louisa followed the general into his little sitting-room, and took a seat opposite to him, her small face set in all the lines of the utmost curiosity.

'You must know,' said the general, after a moment's hesitation, 'that the friends of Mademoiselle Jacqueline have been very anxious about her, and desirous to make her happy.'

Louisa nodded her head emphatically.

'Now, it seemed to one of her friends—the one that thinks constantly about her—that if she was able to give herself to her beloved music, that would perhaps make her a little bit happy. So this friend did not know for a long time how to do it. At last he found out.'

'Oh, it is a *he*, is it?' broke in Louisa, catching the pronoun.

'Yes, it is a *he*,' assented the general, with a smile. 'He thought that if Mademoiselle Jacqueline would only let him take care of her, and do everything she wanted, that it would make him very, very happy, because he loves her dearly—you understand?'

'Yes, I understand,' said Louisa.

'Well, he asked her to-day if she would let him take care of her as long as she lived, and she consented to do so, and thus he became the happiest man in Paris, *ma petite*.'

The general ended with quite a triumphant throb in his voice.

'I know all about it,' said Louisa, gaily. 'You, Monsieur le Général, are the good friend who loves Jacqueline so much, and now she is going to live with you——'

'And be my little wife,' interrupted the general, hurriedly.

'Eh?' cried Louisa, jumping off her chair in her astonishment.

'Yes, it is true; she promised me to be my dear wife.'

'And is Mademoiselle Jacqueline going to marry you, Monsieur le Général?'

It was the general's turn to nod now.

'And will Mademoiselle Jacqueline live with you, and have a nice room to practise in?'

A nod from the general.

'And have a lovely new violin?'

Another nod.

'And be Madame la Générale—a greater person than even Madame Lecour?'

A series of emphatic nods.

'Oh, monsieur, I am so glad!' exclaimed Louisa, springing

towards him, and throwing her arms around his neck and hugging him soundly.

They kissed each other in a tumult of congratulation and joy, and then Louisa flew upstairs to tell her mother the surprising news. But her mother was not one whit surprised, having expected it for some time, and they were all very pleased and very happy.

There was a quiet little wedding, at which Louisa was by far the most excited assistant. In fact, from the moment she heard that she was to act as sole bridesmaid, she felt that the whole burden of Jacqueline's wedding rested upon her shoulders. The general put on his old faded uniform, with the medals he had worn in many a stately review in years gone by, and Jacqueline could hardly take her eyes off him, he looked so handsome and so gracious. She made a very sweet little bride in a soft grey dress, and was quite tearfully happy when her friends surrounded her and offered their congratulations. And everybody, even Madame Lecour, was her friend, when she became the wife of so great a personage as Monsieur le Général.

The general adored his wife, and spent his whole time devising little delights for her. But their chiefest happiness was derived from the violin. It was a beautiful sight to see the general sitting in his armchair watching Jacqueline while she played. He seemed to have no greater joy than to follow her flashing fingers and watch the flying bow, as it drew out music from the chambers of the grand old violin which he had given her as a wedding-present.

The dear, kind gentleman used often to say he knew now what it was to be quite happy; in fact, he told Louisa privately, that he thought he must have died without knowing it, and that this was Paradise.

THE CELESTIAL HIERARCHY OF THE 'DIVINA COMMEDIA.'

THE order of the Celestial Hierarchy is given by Dante with some detail in the 'Paradise,' canto xxviii. Here he divides the nine orders of Angels into three companies, containing three ranks in each. All these revolve around the Throne of God (symbolised by a distant Brightness) in circles of fire, of which the nearest to the Centre is the swiftest and most brilliant.

Each Circle of Angels occupies that of one of the planets in space. In the physical world, according to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy current in Dante's time, the earth was the centre round which all the planets turned, the Circle of the mysterious substance known as the *Primum Mobile*, being the furthest from the earth, and the swiftest and largest of all. In the Angelic Circles, on the contrary, that is the swiftest and most glowing which is nearest to the Centre, because, as Beatrice explains to Dante, who is puzzled by this want of analogy, the Centre of the Celestial Hierarchy is not Earth, but God; and those nearest to Him, the Source of all power and happiness, are most swiftly impelled by love, and glow most brightly with its reflection ('Paradise,' canto xxviii. 43). Therefore, it is that of the nine orders of Angelic Beings, the Seraphim, who are nearest to the throne of God, are represented both by poets and painters as being fiery-red in colour—they *glow* with love to their Creator.

The first company of the Hierarchy consists of Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones; the second, of Dominions, Virtues, Powers; and the third, of Princes, Archangels, and Angels. These orders Dante derived from Dionysius, who was believed to have learnt them from St. Paul; whilst Gregory, who somewhat varies the arrangement, was wrong, so Dante says, and saw his error when he was admitted to heaven.

It is worth notice as an illustration of the clearness with

which the Florentine poet sees everything of which he speaks, as opposed to the less defined vision of Milton, that the former never confuses one order with another, whilst Milton does so frequently, speaking of Raphael, for instance, at different times as a Seraph, an Angel, or a Virtue ('Paradise Lost,' book v. 404, 277, 371); and ringing the changes on the orders as they best happen to fit into his verse—'Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers' (book v. 601), 'The Mighty Regencies, of Seraphim and Potencies, and Thrones,' etc.—in a way which would have been impossible to Dante's exacter mind. Ruskin has noticed this characteristic in contrasting the descriptions given by the two poets of the Inferno, and says that whilst Milton strives to make it *indefinite*, Dante tries to make it *definite*; and for clearness and originality he gives the palm to Dante. 'Milton's vagueness is not a sign of imagination, but of its absence' ('Modern Painters,' part iii. chap. xiv.).

The Seraphim, who stand nearest to the throne of God, have six wings, and dwell in the Highest Heaven, in His immediate Presence. Their great function is that of adoration, necessarily springing from their intense love to God. Milton's description of one of these Angels is full of splendid beauty. Raphael is—

'A seraph winged. Six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his thighs and loins with downy gold,
And colours dipt in heaven; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky tintured grain.'

'Paradise Lost,' book v.

Dante himself is more impressed with the fire of love which fills these glorious beings than with their outward aspect. To him the seraphs are expressive beyond all else of the burning love of heaven, being filled with celestial ardour, and happiest of all the heavenly host because they press the nearest to the Eternal Throne. It is a splendid thought. One of our own early English poets, writing long before Dante, has something like it—

'All around the Throne of God, thronging they are eager,
Which of them the closest, may to Christ the Saviour,
Flashing, play in flight, in the garths of peacefulness.
(*'The Christ,'* about eighth century, A.D.; S. A. Brooke's translation.)

Illumined with love, the Seraphim know much, but not *all*. They cannot understand the *whole* mystery of the Divine decrees. This Dante indicates when he makes the soul he has questioned declare that it cannot answer him—

‘The seraph who on God most near doth gaze,
To solve thy question never could come near.’

‘Paradise,’ xxi. 92 (Plumptre).

The Cherubim are most fully described in the ‘Purgatory,’ canto xxix. 88, where Dante refers also to the description of them by Ezekiel and St. John, and which he evidently follows—

‘Four animals, each crown’d with verdurous leaf.
With six wings each was plum’d, the plumage full of eyes.’

With Milton the Throne of God is—

‘Convoy’d
By four Cherubic shapes ; four faces each
Had wondrous ; as with stars their bodies all,
And wings, were set with eyes. With eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between.’

‘Paradise Lost,’ book vi. 752.

Dr. Plumptre thinks the eyes to be symbols of their knowledge of Past, Present, and Future. The Cherubim are always considered as the Spirits of Wisdom, and they are sometimes taken also as the representatives of nature as a whole. Their several faces—of a man, an ox, an eagle, and a lion—seem to confirm the latter idea, for though they stand in art and poetry as symbols of the four evangelists, yet they are first described by Ezekiel, long before such symbolism was possible. Dante places them in the Circle of the Stars, and the flaming Sword of the gate of Eden is usually held to be their attribute. So Milton has—

‘High in front advanced
The brandished Sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet.’

‘Paradise Lost,’ book xii. 627.

Their greatest and grandest function is, however, that of being the bearers of the chariot of God ; so in the Psalms, ‘He rode upon the Cherubim and did fly’ ; and in his vision of the coming of the mystic Gryphon, Dante sees them in this capacity—

‘The space, surrounded by the four, enclosed,
A car triumphant.’

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‘Purgatory,’ xxix. 102.

Milton often refers to this idea—'He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime,' etc. Perhaps the thought was originally derived from the position of the Cherubim of the Tabernacle and Temple. In many ways they are the most mysterious of all the Angelic Beings; and the thought of the poets in regard to them seems to waver between the mystic forms of Ezekiel and St. John, and that of the excluding Angel of Paradise with his fiery sword. So Milton makes Zephon a Cherub as well as an Angel ('Paradise Lost,' book iv. 844).

Dante keeps to the first idea, except in one instance, when he makes 'a cherub dark' contend with St. Francis for the soul in the 'Inferno,' canto xxvii. 109. The cherub heads of painters are merely, as Mrs. Jameson remarks (Sacred and Legendary Art), a degraded form of 'the Greek representation of a Seraph as an intelligent face, surrounded by wings, symbolising spirit or swiftness.'

The last of the three ranks in the first group of orders are the Thrones—

'Gazing the God-Head next
Are Thrones.'

'Paradise,' canto xxviii. 95.

The special function of the Thrones appears to be the reflection of the Divine Mind to the lower orders of Angels and Spirits—

'We decry above
Mirrors, ye call them Thrones, from which to us
Reflected shine the judgments of our God.'

'Paradise,' ix. 60 (Cary).

They are appropriately placed in the Circle of Saturn, the planet of contemplation.

Milton mentions this order, but only in enumerating the different Angels. The idea of the Thrones as reflecting the Divine Decrees is, I believe, peculiar to Dante.

The next company—

'The other Trine that with still opening buds
In the eternal spring-tide blossom fair . . .
Rejoicing Dominations first, next them
Virtues, and Powers the third.'

'Paradise,' xxviii. 104

—are those of which less is known than of any other of the Angelic Divisions. They rejoice in eternal spring, and are placed, the Dominations in the sphere of Jupiter or Jove, the

Virtues in Mars, and the Powers in the Sun. The Circle of Jupiter is the heaven of those souls who had been righteous rulers upon earth ; that of Mars contains the mystic Cross of the warriors who had fought for God in the world—the ancient leaders of the Hebrew wars, and of the Crusades ; the Sun being the sphere of Theologians.

Nothing seems to be ascertained respecting the Angelic orders who presided over these spheres, unless Dante intended the Virtues who surround the Gryphon in 'Purgatory,' xxix. 116, to consist of the second rank of the order. They are, however, more probably merely personifications of the four Natural, and three Spiritual Virtues.

The remaining company contains the ranks—

'Of Princedoms and Archangels, with glad round
To tread the festal ring ; and last the band Angelical.'

The Princedoms have several functions, for they are Protectors of Nations, as in Daniel ; Leaders in War, as in Revelation ; and perhaps also the Movers of the Spheres, in Dante. They have their Circle in the third heaven of Venus. It is not very clear whether the Lights described in 'Paradise,' canto viii. 29, are those of Angels or of souls. They seem to lay claim to the former rank—

'We are they
To whom thou in the world erewhile didst sing,'

the reference being to Dante's fourteenth Canzone, 'To the angels of the third heaven,' 'Ye who with wisdom high the third heaven move.' Yet there is no *decisive* identification in the lines that follow—

'In one orb we roll,
One motion, one impulse, with those who rule
Princedoms in heaven.'

'Paradise,' canto viii.

This may only mean that they inhabit the same sphere, and the one who, parting from the rest, speaks thus to Dante, is clearly a glorified human soul—Charles Martel. Those beings who are referred to in the Canzone are certainly angels, and Charles Martel as certainly is not one ; but we can only point out the difficulty without explaining it. It would have been thoroughly unlike Dante to confuse glorified *human* spirits with angels ; and, as a matter of fact, this is the only place where he even appears to do so. The idea of the moving of the spheres,

that is, of their due control in their several orbits, as being entrusted to angels, is very curious and thoroughly Dantesque. He refers to it more than once, notably in the lines—

'These powers and motions of the spheres that turn . . .
Must needs wheel on, by blessed movers borne.'

'Paradise,' ii. 127 (Plumptre).

To Dante the whole universe was alive with Spirit, and the mechanical theories respecting it which have been held by men of science in our own days, and which are now beginning to be discredited, would have been utterly alien to his mind. As usual, the poet has had more insight than the theorist. 'The number of the moving Angels is great, but unknown' ('Paradise,' xiii. 90), and Dante may have thought of the special Angels of each sphere as performing this office towards it, though he only mentions the Princedoms.

Michael belongs both to this order and to the next, for he is called a Prince in Daniel, and an Archangel in Jude. His special work it is to lead the hosts of God in war; and Milton treats him accordingly as the great Warrior of Heaven. Dante never mentions his name except incidentally.

The Archangels are also Captains and Leaders, and are not very clearly to be distinguished from the Princes. They are only mentioned twice in the Bible; once as Angels of the Judgment Day (1 Thess. iv. 16), and once in Jude. Milton calls Raphael, as he would probably have called him a Seraph, an Angel, or any other celestial name which happened to suit him at the time, the 'affable Archangel,' and Caedmon speaks of the 'white host of Archangels;' but Dante seldom mentions them, and never in detail. It is noticeable indeed that he never attempts to describe fully any of the Angelic Hierarchy who are higher than the lowest class—that of the Angels—at which we are now arrived.

The individual Angels of the Inferno and the Purgatory may perhaps be separately considered in future, and the only one to be studied here is the Angel Gabriel in the Paradise. He is glanced at in the 'Purgatory,' canto x. 31, amongst the sculptures of humility—

'The angel who came down to earth
With tidings of the peace so many years
Wept for in vain.'

When the blessed Spirit speaks to Dante in 'Paradise,'

canto xiv. 33, it is with a 'gentle voice and mild,' such as perhaps—

'The angels' once to Mary.'

And the Pope, who should have pondered the Divine Life of Christ, cares little to think of Nazareth—'Where Gabriel once, with wings wide open, came' ('Paradise,' ix. 138). As a devout Roman Catholic, Dante was, of course, a worshipper of the Virgin, and he gives especial honour to the Angel of the Annunciation in consequence.

The fullest description which Dante gives of Gabriel is that in the 'Paradise,' xxiii., and glitters with mysterious splendour. He is seen falling from the sky, as a 'cresset,' according to Cary's, and as a 'little flame,' according to Plumptre's, translation. He circles round the star of the Virgin, and his song is so rapturous and so beautiful that the most glorious melody of earth would seem but as 'broken thunder' compared to it. Another reference to him is given in canto xxxii. 109—

'All joy and valour bright
That in or angel's or man's soul is wrought,
To found in him.' (Plumptre.)

The picture of the Angel Gabriel which Dante gives is very beautiful, and clings closely to his connection with the Annunciation.

It is curiously suggestive of the difference in thought and feeling between the two poets that Milton never mentions this, and never speaks of Gabriel as the herald of the great Event of all the ages. In 'Paradise Lost' Gabriel is the Watcher of the Earth before the entrance of Satan—

'Betwixt the rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroic games,
The unarm'd youth of heaven,' etc.

'Paradise Lost,' iv.

And it is Gabriel who rebukes Satan when he is found in Paradise, 'disdainfully half-smiling.' The idea is a fine one, and as specially the Angel of the Earth, it is not inappropriate to Gabriel. We are reminded of the Angel Watcher of Browning—

'Twas the last watch of night,
Except what brings the morning quite,
When the arm'd angel, conscience clear,
His task nigh done, leans on his spear,

And gazes on the earth he guards
Safe one night more through all its wards,
Till God relieve him at his post.'

'Easter Day,' xviii. (Browning).

In comparing the ideas of Milton and Dante on this subject, it must, of course, be remembered that Milton is describing a period long before the Annunciation, yet we can hardly imagine that Dante would have done so without a forward glance to the great event which Gabriel was to announce. The contrast between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant view comes in here. To Milton, Gabriel is simply a Warrior Angel like Michael; to Dante he is pre-eminently the Angel of the Virgin. In the book of Daniel, Gabriel is spoken of as a young man, elsewhere in the Bible always as an Angel. With his usual precision Dante follows the last of these examples; but with Milton, Gabriel is at least once a Cherub ('Paradise Lost,' book iv.).

When we turn to consider angels in general, we find the 'Purgatory' and the 'Paradise' alike, full of their presences, often described only by a passing touch, but giving a marvellous sense of unearthliness to Dante's wondrous vision of the unseen world. It is they who sing the gloria when Dante passes through the gate of Purgatory, and when a penitent gains his release from the mountain, it is they who repeat the benedictions of the Circles, and who give examples of virtue and warning to the envious and the gluttons.

Dante's Angels are all ministering spirits, and this, which is their great function, is described by nearly all poets who have touched upon them, notably by Spenser—'And is there care in Heaven, and is there love,' etc. ('Fairy Queen,' canto viii. 1). They are placed in the sphere of the Moon. Dante gives several scattered notices of them in the 'Purgatory' and 'Paradise.' In the former it is apparently Angels who are the cause of the 'sudden lustre' which runs across the forest in canto xxix., and who sing when the 'sweet melody rings through the luminous air.' It is not clear what the mystic trees or tapers of gold are intended to represent, but they may stand for the Angels of the Churches of Revelation ii. After Dante has passed through the cleansing fire at the end of Purgatory, he sees 'A hundred ministers and messengers, Of life eternal,' and it is they who scatter lilies and sing to welcome him. Every-where there is the same note of angelic sympathy. When

Beatrice reproves the poet with such awful severity ('Purgatory,' canto xxx.), it is the Angels who sing to encourage him, and whose compassion melts him to tears. The words with which he describes their voices—

'That with the chiming of Heaven's spheres,
Still in their warbling chime'

—and also the description in the 'Paradise,' canto xxiv. 110—

'Through the high celestial court
Resounded all the spheres, "Praise wé one God!"
In song of most unearthly melody'

—refer to the old and beautiful idea of the music of the spheres. Shakespeare has it—

'There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,
But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubim.'

'Merchant of Venice,' act v. scene 1.

And Milton, speaking of the 'starry spheres' of the planets, 'And in their motion harmony divine' ('Paradise Lost,' book v. 625). The thought of this music of creation is wonderfully grand, and is as old as Plato.

Beatrice, standing as type of Heavenly Wisdom, is Dante's chief instructor in Angelic lore. She bids him remember that the wonders shown to him are but symbols, as near as can be given to a mortal of Eternal Things, which in themselves transcend all that even Dante can imagine. It is she who explains the mysteries of the nine orders, and who tells him that though St. Jerome held that the Angels were made before the creating of the worlds, he was wrong in thinking this to be the case. Both the Angels and the planets were created together, for as Angels were the 'movers of the spheres,' they were at once needed for this function—a curious piece of reasoning, which is worthy of notice. The rebel Angels, according to her, rebelled very shortly after their creation. Milton, with more apparent probability, extends the time; but the point cannot be pressed, for, strictly speaking, there is no time in heaven. St. Thomas Aquinas had taught that Angels have thought, will, and memory, like men; but in truth, Beatrice declares, they need neither, for they see all things in the vision of God.

The whole vision of Dante has been marked throughout by such splendid imagery, that it seems to us as we read that the limit must surely now be reached. But the thoughts of the

poet grow still more wonderful the further we accompany him. Here in the Highest Heaven he sees a Shining River, either that of Life (Rev. xxii. 1), or, as Dr. Plumptre thinks, the grace and love of God. The banks are gemmed with flowers, full of fragrance—these are the souls of saints. Strange lights or sparkles of ruby and gold rise from the river and visit the flowers ('Paradise,' canto xxx. 65), and these mystic brilliances represent the Angels ministering to the righteous in happiness, as they had done on earth in sorrow. The images seem strange to us, but, as Beatrice says, this is but due to the spiritual weakness of sight, which must embarrass those who, while yet mortal, seek for such deep knowledge of Eternity—

'This stream, and these, forth issuing from its gulf,
And diving back, a living topaz each,
With all this laughter on its bloomy shores,
Are but a preface shadowy of the truth
They emblem; not that in themselves, the things
Are crude; but on thy part is the defect;
For that thy views not yet aspire so high.'

We can but see 'through a glass darkly,' while the mists of Time are still about our eyes. Dante bathes his face in the River, gaining, as he does so, greater clearness of vision; and the scene changes. The stream becomes a sheet of wide-spread water—the sea of glass—and what had before appeared to him but flowers and sparks of light, he sees now to be the Saints and Angels—'Before me either court of heaven display'd.'

Then the vision flows into another of the great Rose of Heaven, made up of countless Circles of the Saints arrayed in snowy white, and in the centre, as was so natural to a Roman Catholic, are thousands of Angels surrounding the Virgin, whilst many others of these celestial messengers fly backwards and forwards between the Rose of Saints and heaven, 'the steadfast dwelling of their joy.'

'Faces they had of flame, and wings of gold,
The rest was whiter than the driven snow.'

The great band of hovering Angels cast no shadow upon the Rose, although they are between it and the Light of God's Presence.

'For through the universe
Where-ever merited, celestial light
Glides freely.'

The Beatific Vision of God is granted to all who are pure in

heart, and knows no material hindrance. It is a marvellous picture, and there is nothing like it in any other poet. Dante has almost shown us what mortal vision cannot see. If he has not actually lifted the veil between us and the unknown, or actually recorded for us the songs and splendour of that Unseen Universe, he has come nearer doing so than any other poet of the Western world. Milton has something of the thought of Dante's Rose of Light in his Ode on the Nativity—

‘At last surrounds’ their sight
A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed.
 The helmèd cherubim,
 And sworded seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display’d’—

but he does not *see* his visions in actual and vivid reality as Dante does. It is a small but subtle characteristic of the vagueness we have so often noticed, that he gives the sword—the special attribute of the Cherubim—not to them, but to the Seraphim, to whom it does not properly belong.

We cannot but feel, as we read the wonderful visions of the ‘Paradise,’ that to compare them to those of any other poet is absolutely futile. They stand out in glorious isolation, and nothing save the visions of the Hebrew poets can approach their fulness and splendour. And in spite of all we have heard and read of Dante's sadness and exile, there is no one else who so fills his heavenly world with gladness and with light. ‘And joy was in the eyes of all the blest.’ Truly we may well be grateful to Dante for such a glimpse of the happiness of the Unseen World. It is the man of whom we usually think as so severe and stern who has given us the tenderest pictures of Angels we possess, and has filled the grave with a joy so great that, as he says himself—

‘Whoso at thought of dying feels annoy,
 To live above, be sure he does not see
 Th’ eternal showers of gladness they enjoy.’

ALFREY PORTER.

COMPLETED.

I.

SHE was leaning over the little old shabby desk in the school-room, with a half-written sheet of paper before her, and a new steel pen in her hand. She had come down here alone this evening, wrapped in a shawl, with the express purpose of scribbling off the lines that had been running in her head all day, and, instead, here she was idly writing down a few names over and over again, on the margin of her blotter. What a fascination there was for her in the foolish occupation, and how strangely the name stared at her in the familiar handwriting—Christabel—Christabel *Muir*—Christie Muir. She looked fur-tively round, as she pressed the pad over the aggressive words, as if to make certain that no one was laughing at her, and then she drew out the half-written sheet again, and looked at it. It was a long, ballad poem on the martyrdom of the saints, and there were sweet lines in it, and a charming play of fancy. All day she had told herself that to-night it should be finished, and now, instead of finishing it, her idle pen was freakishly running off at a tangent in quite another direction. After all, who could wonder at it? The strange signature would be true to-morrow, and Christabel Fearon would be Christabel Muir. What wonder that the tears of excitement and vague sorrow rose to her wonderful grey eyes, as she looked round the shabby, comfortable room, and took in the evidences of much wear and tear. Yes, there had been a goodly group of them—brothers and sisters—separated now; the girls married, the boys making their way in the world, but in this room the marks of them were all about her. There was the print of the 'Birkenhead' that Martin had presented to the assembled family with so much ceremony the day before he went to sea. There was the silver racing mug that Arnold had auctioned the last time he was hard up, and that Esther had bought in with all her money out of the Post-office Savings Bank. Here were the useless footstools

Mildred had worked, and the battered armchair across whose seat Paul has nailed strips of webbing. Here, on this very desk, were the twined initials 'C' and 'M,' cut in with a firm knife, that Mary had insisted on doing the very week before her sudden death. Poor old Mary. Her untidy papers, her slates, and blotted copies used to be the worry of Christabel's methodical life; but now, she remembered nothing but the pleading blue eyes, and remorseful words, and the sweet, unselfish temper. To-morrow they would all come—except Mary. This last wedding in the family was a great event, and even if Christie was not doing particularly well for herself, in a worldly point of view, she was marrying for love, and who were they that they should blame her?

She took up her MS. with a sigh, and locked it into the desk. It was absolutely useless trying to concentrate her mind on the martyrdom of the saints to-night. In the new life, in the pretty country village, when the honeymoon was over, she could work at it again. Here there were so many calls on her time; but afterwards, of course, there would be nothing to do, and vistas of finished works and agreeable publishers filled her mind's eye; for Christabel had made a small success with her verses, and her little world was in a ferment. More than one editor had printed her effusions, and had even gone so far as to speak of talent; one even called it genius, and six months ago Christabel had quite made up her mind to devote herself to literature as a talented old maid; but that was before Doctor Muir had come on a visit to the neighbourhood, and had fallen desperately in love with the grey eyes and the shining auburn hair, and had asked her the surprising question which altered all the story of her life.

As she tossed away her shawl, and ran upstairs to the drawing-room, she looked as bright as a sunbeam, and the smile on her mother's lips changed to a half-reluctant sigh.

'Well, Christie?' she said, inquiringly.

'It's no use, mother.' Christabel had thrown herself on to a footstool, and had drawn the caressing hand on to her hair. 'The schoolroom is full of them all to-night. Mary especially, do you remember how she always mocked at my poetry and misquoted it? And her parodies! That one I was so proud of, about the woman who outlived all her family—

"She was a woman who could not die."

I was never allowed to forget that line, was I? No, I couldn't

write a word. I was cold, and I wanted to be with you, mother. And the "Martyrdom of the Saints" seemed so inappropriate.'

She laughed musically, and sat on the stool, with her slim little hands clasped round her knees.

'But I have a future before me, mother, haven't I? I don't mind how hard I work, if only I *arrive*. But I am going to give myself a holiday for this month; when we settle down, I shall go steadily to work.'

Her mother looked at her with uncritical love. A future? Yes, certainly; but, after all, how impossible it was to probe the mystery of the coming years; and Mrs. Fearon found a traitorous wish rising in her heart that their first and fairest gift might be happiness, not fame.

II.

THE wedding was over, and Christabel had begun the new life with a light heart. It was all perfect. The pretty village, and the old-fashioned house, with its lawn and walled garden, in which the roses overlapped the cabbages, and the sweet peas straggled against the raspberry canes, and where Christabel sat and dreamed through most of the long, hot summer, ready to spring up at a moment's notice at the long-drawn cry of 'Christabel! Christabel!' that was always calling her back from dreamland and the roses. The practice was sufficiently large to make life easy, and not too large to interfere with Dr. Muir's ambitions, scientific work, to which he applied himself with enthusiasm. What matter that it did not pay? He was young, and earnest, and in love, and he had never felt the pressure of necessity.

And Christabel was quite happy. When the summer was over, and the yellow leaves were whirling across the lawn, and they laid her baby in her arms, she felt as if her heart would break for happiness. Her delicate, impressionable temperament made a poem of the large, healthy baby; but she was quite surprised to find what a superfluity of wants a baby had, and what a hole he made in the housekeeping money. Even Dr. Muir began to see the necessity of keeping his vagrant fancies in a money-making groove, and harnessing his Pegasus to a perambulator. His researches cost money, so it was, after all, Christabel who economised, by dismissing the smart parlour-maid and teaching a young and rather tiresome little maid to

replace her. What was it to her, as long as her heart leapt at the tread of a foot on the stair, and she had her household duties, and the care of her pretty wedding-presents, and for amusement—her baby?

The others laughed at Christabel's baby, and overwhelmed her with charming gifts for the nursery. Martin, in a hasty visit between two voyages, was bribed into standing godfather, and presented his little namesake with a really handsome mug, with Neptune and his trident clambering up the handle, for which the bill came in so persistently to Christabel that she eventually paid it.

'It was so like Martin,' she said. 'He was so generous, but he never had any ready money.' When he married an heiress later on, and he *could* have paid for his presents, somehow or other he had lost the habit of giving.

It was a very happy household at Great Fenton, but it did not grow any richer. The practice continued small, whilst the children came quickly, and Christabel's gentle arms grew tired. Her husband loved her, and she was the adored mistress of the family, and she asked for nothing more. But the burden of care and of responsibility fell on her. The one nurse had her hands always full with the newest baby, and Christabel's slight figure, which kept its girlish slimness, looked over-delicate for the work demanded of her. Of necessity she lived a nursery life, and the gifts of her girlhood made her a paragon among mothers. Five years after her wedding-day, when she took the youngest little grandson to her mother, her smile was still as sweet, the auburn hair still as plentiful, the wonderful grey eyes still looked young. If there was a little anxiety hidden away behind the smile, her mother was the last to be surprised.

'There *must* be work to do in a home like yours, darling,' she said to Christabel. 'Your father will help you a little; but, after all, the best help will be a perfect holiday; so old nurse shall come and take charge of this young gentleman, and we will grow young again together.'

Christabel laughed, and held the baby closer to her.

'*You* are the best of tonics, mother,' she said. 'But can things ever be the same again? Now, when I am happiest, there is always Aleck tugging at my heartstrings, and little fidgets about the children.'

'You must forget the children for a month,' said her mother.

'Ah, mother, I see you dare not tell me to forget Aleck.'

In the old, old way she knelt up, and pulled her mother's caressing hand on to her hair.

'What a lifetime ago it all seems,' she said, still kneeling; she had gathered the sleepy baby in her arms, and was hushing him with a lullaby. Suddenly she looked up, and spoke in a whisper. 'That is a song of my own, mother. I used to scribble, you remember?'

'Scribble!' said Mrs. Fearon, indignantly. 'You wrote sweetly, dear. 'Do you never do anything in that way now?'

'Oh no. I have no time,' said Christabel. 'I had forgotten that I ever did. Somewhere I believe I have a sort of epic poem locked away, half finished.'

'"The Martyrdom of the Saints,"—you meant to finish it that last night, but you did not. You said it sounded inappropriate.'

A small sigh echoed the words, so faint that it passed unnoticed.

'I use my talent more usefully now,' said Christabel, hastily. 'I am a famous hand at nursery stories. All very moral, and with justice doled out impartially; and, as I told you before, my songs are all lullabies.'

Mrs. Fearon bent down, and took the small, sweet face between her two hands.

'If I were a fairy godmother, and could wish for you, Christabel,' she said, 'I should wish you never to be tired. Your spirit was always stronger than your body, dear—you are happy, darling?'

The abrupt question was flung out breathlessly, after a moment's pause; but there was no pause before the answer.

'Quite happy, mother; as happy as I think it is possible for a woman to be.'

'Aleck is good to you?'

'Oh yes.'

'There is nothing I can do for you?'

'Nothing, darling; only I am sometimes tired. I like being tired—for them.'

The rest from household matters, the comfort of the quiet old home, the restfulness of the shabby schoolroom, lay with a soothing touch about her; but, in spite of all, she was glad to go back again to the strong shelter of her husband's love, to the small, crowded rooms, and to hear the music of pattering feet upon the stairs.

But as the years flew on, the fight grew harder. More babies, and the almost incessant care they demanded, and still the modest income, that refused to expand itself in any way. One by one, Dr. Muir had to drop his unremunerative theories, and grind on steadily at the details of his profession, which meant, at least, food and clothing for Christabel and the children. He grasped at any chance work that brought in money, so that he was less and less at home, and perhaps hardly realised how Christabel was overtaxed. With half returned strength, and chilly fingers, she would sit up, night after night, in the silent house, mending the torn garments with tired hands, or measuring, cutting, contriving to make new garments out of old. There was no word of amusement now, no question of luxuries; the only thing that life demanded of her was to make both ends meet, whilst the dreadful question of education stood up, as a hideous background to her thoughts, and would not be pushed aside.

One night, the children being in bed, and her husband out, she sat in the shabby chair beside the drawing-room fire. A worn stocking was on her hand, but she was not working; somehow, in an inexcusable manner, she had fallen asleep.

In the dead silence of the house, the rasping cough of a croupy child came at intervals, and with the force of long habit, stirred her in her sleep, but did not waken her. Her small, pale face had grown a little faded, and the auburn hair was duller than it had been; but, even in sleep, the smile still lingered on her lips. Her husband opened the door softly and came in; he stood for a minute with his back to the fire, looking down with a curious intentness on the tired lines under her eyes, and the slight gracious figure thrown restfully back; then he stooped and touched her.

‘Christabel!’

She wakened wide in a moment, with a smile, and sat up, holding to his hand. The ghastly pallor of her face struck him, and he spoke hurriedly, bundling the half-mended garments back into the basket.

‘Christabel, you are to go to bed at once. I insist on it. You are worn out. When did you last have a night’s rest?’

‘Indeed, you needn’t speak in that tragic voice,’ said Christabel, in a tired voice. ‘I don’t believe I could do anything but go to bed, if I tried, Aleck,’ speaking with more energy, and pushing back her hair so as to see her unshaded face in the glass over

the chimney-piece. 'I am thirty to-day ; how do I look ? I have been married twelve years ; what do you think of me ?'

She stood before him, with her arms hanging, looking slighter than ever in the black dress she wore for her mother. A faint pink colour had flushed her cheeks, and those wonderful grey eyes, which had won the doctor's heart, looked up at him through black lashes. With a passionate movement, he drew her to him and held her against his heart.

'How did I dare do it?' he said. 'You, who should have been guarded from every rough wind. Sweetest, I ought to ask your forgiveness.'

'For what?' she said. 'For having given me twelve years of perfect happiness? Do you propose to cast me out now into idle luxury, to take away my babies, to break my heart?'

'It is too late,' he said, mournfully. 'I made you a drudge ; but you know, Christie, how I hoped at first, how ambitious I was—what dreams they all were.'

'This is the reality,' she said.

'What?'

'Your home—and your wife.'

'Well, go to bed and to sleep, my wife. If you value my love, it is yours—what else have I to give you?'

But when he followed her upstairs, an hour later, the bed still lay cold and smooth, and with a pained feeling at his heart, he went on up the narrow nursery stairs, to the room at the top where the door was open and the light turned low.

Nurse was asleep, and snoring, and the regular breathing of the two little boys filled the silence with sound, but Christie was sitting in a low chair by the dying fire, with a child in her arms, who moaned fretfully, whenever the soft, low singing ceased.

'Christabel!' said the doctor, reproachfully.

She turned her bright eyes to him, and spoke in a whisper. 'I am not a bit sleepy now, it is so soothing sitting in this dark room, and nurse was worn out. John is still croupy, and he will not rest ; but I am going to wake nurse at three, and have the rest of the night.'

'Let me have the child,' he said.

'Oh no, he is not accustomed to your arms, and you have so much to do to-morrow, you ought to rest.'

For all answer he took the fretful baby from her lap, and smiled into her eyes. She rose unwillingly, and crept downstairs, and lay for a while, with staring eyes, listening for the piteous

little cry. But the baby was still, and the house was dark and quiet, and by-and-by she fell asleep, and slept almost as peacefully as the children.

III.

DR. MUIR never made any literary or scientific success. Hampered, perhaps, by the necessities of a safe investment and quick returns, and dragged back by the petty economies of his position, he relegated his researches more and more into the background of his life, and devoted himself with the whole force of his nature to the drudgery of his profession. He owed to Christabel, to the children growing up into girls and boys round him, to make money his first consideration, and the bugbear of education made increased demands upon his time and strength. There were six children, bright, happy, high-spirited creatures, who insisted on their rights, who were always at the top of their classes, or the captains of their school, and to whom scholarships were the bread and butter of life; for they were clever, of course; no one could look at the doctor's keen, intelligent face, at the alert eyes, and firm mouth, and doubt that he had talent to transmit; and as to Christabel, even her own little narrow world never did her the injustice to imagine her stupid.

'My dear,' the rector's wife had said more than once, 'you have talents devoted to your home which would save an empire from ruin!—your power of organisation; your tact, which amounts to genius; your sweetness of temper—are all the talents of a leader; and the sons of a woman like you are the salt of the earth.'

Her sons! Christabel's smile faded as she looked at the little band of her loyal subjects, for whom she had given all she possessed. Martin, who wanted to go to Woolwich; Paul, who had been obliged to leave school, at sixteen, to go into the county bank, but who sat up far into the night, with a wet towel round his head, improving his mathematics and working at shorthand—dear Paul! who kept £1 a month for himself out of his pay, and poured the rest into the family treasury; John, who was solemn with the solemnity of a decided character, who at fourteen saw the world at his feet, was discontented sometimes, and irritable from the knowledge of powers for which there was no outlet; then Guy and Desmond—and Geoffrey!

They were all at the High School except John, whose scholarship had taken him to Helstead, and Paul in his office; and in the evening they all used to gather on the hearthrug about Christabel, and scramble for the places next her. Slight as ever, with the exquisite small hands, and the shabby dresses that seemed never to be renewed, she ruled over her little kingdom with endless love and patience. Nothing in the world had power to stir her heart, like the sight of these boys of hers, for whom she had borne the burden and heat of the day, and who had already repaid her a thousandfold. There was no time now for visits to the scattered brothers and sisters, who were still bound together by the tenderest of ties, and who helped Christabel in many nameless ways. Sometimes useful bales came, amid great rejoicing, to supply those endless suits, sometimes a boy was invited for the holidays, sometimes even welcome gifts of money reminded Christabel of her birthday; but, after all, it was on her alone that the burden fell; no one could share the daily worries and anxieties—the fears for one, the sympathy for another—that they all demanded; and it was Christabel alone who sat far into the night, planning that future for Martin which she was tempted to think was his right.

Hour after hour she sat with pencil and paper before her, planning reductions in the expenditure, calculating the expenses of Woolwich, what she could do without that would not affect the general happiness; but, do what she would, an extra £100 a year seemed always the inevitable result!

She had pushed the paper and pencil away one night, and was sitting with her face in her hands, brooding. It seemed as if the crisis had come, and for one moment money was to her the one definite good in the world. She still felt the thrill of Geoff's arms, as he had edged himself on to her knee, and had clung to her, in spite of the elder boys' expostulations. It ended in a sort of bear fight, and Geoff had clung to her so doggedly that when the others haled him off they had dragged her out of her chair too before they could make the small clenched hands let go. She had laughed as much as Geoff did, and the tears on her cheeks now were still partly hysterical, but they made her impatient of her useless calculations, and for once in her life her poverty was depressing. Even when her husband came in, and she lifted her head, and moved to make way for him, the smile which shone through the tears was pathetic.

'Crying, Christabel?' he said, in a surprised voice. 'What has gone wrong?'

'Everything has gone wrong,' she said, with a sobbing laugh, 'just because Martin ought to go to Woolwich, and we can't afford it. One can't make money out of figures.'

Dr. Muir looked at her with tenderness. There was a little stoop at the shoulders and his hair was iron grey, but he had a young air about it, and his eyes had the gentleness of a lover. He drew the half sheet of paper towards himself and the pencil.

'Let us look at your suggestions,' he said. 'Don't sit and worry yourself alone; two heads are better than one, and perhaps we can think of something.'

He jotted down figures, multiplying and subtracting, and then he rose impatiently and paced the room.

'I could take over the almshouses, as they suggested—that means thirty pounds a year more—and I could give up my wine.'

'And I?' said Christabel, eagerly.

'Well,' he said, regarding her critically, 'I don't see what you have left yourself to give up.'

Christabel sighed—as Alexander may have sighed when there were no more worlds to conquer.

And, all at once, to her alert brain, there flashed a remembrance of those little songs and ballads that she had written as a girl—the shabby schoolroom, where she had found inspiration, and where with flushed cheeks and beating heart her talent had found expression. She had made money then, when she did not need it—surely she could make some now. Thought after thought flashed across her small, expressive face, until she did not look tired any longer, and with eager hands she folded the scribbled sheets together, and threw them into the basket. Her husband caught her hands and held them.

'What is it, Christie? Some idea has come to you? You have the most tell-tale face in the world.'

But Christie shook her head.

'Have I an idea, Aleck? I hardly know—it is so faint and small. I shall not tell you what it is. I am a great general; I only mention my successes, not my failures.'

But the next night, when the boys had gone to bed, and had left her sitting with that never empty basket at her feet, and one of Geoff's football stockings in her hands, she suddenly pushed the work from her knee and went over, almost stealthily,

to the escritoire between the windows and fitted the key from her watch-chain to the tiny lock.

There it lay, a neat, flat sheaf of manuscript with her tidy girlish writing staring at her with tiring eyes. Almost with awe, she stooped and gathered up the papers and glanced over them, until she became absorbed. Time passed, and the finished pages fluttered back into the desk, and Christabel's faded cheeks flushed and her lips quivered. She was certain there was power in the verses and pathos, and a whole vista of possibilities stirred the leaping pulses of her heart.

'Please God, I will finish it,' she said.

She moved the candle, and drew a chair against the desk. 'The Martyrdom of the Saints.' The very title had an inspiration in it! The saints were to her no longer dim, historical personages, who by some vague, miraculous power had triumphed over tortures and death, but living, breathing, nineteenth-century men and women, who had walked to their palm leaves and their crowns along the common road of this very life, which she had found so tiring, but so divinely beautiful!

Her pen flew over the paper. She wove her tears, her dreams, her despair into the magic of her verses, and God knows what hopes filled her heart, as, with trembling hands, she folded and sealed the little packet, and sent it forth through the prosaic medium of the post.

It was a whole month afterwards that Geoff threw a packet into her lap at breakfast, and a letter. For a minute, she literally could not see the address, or make her trembling fingers tear open the envelope. The letter inside was very short.

'DEAR MADAM,

'We regret to return your manuscript, as the verses are charming and original, and show an unusual amount of talent. We must impress upon you, however, that there is absolutely no demand for work of this kind, unless by well-known poets.

'I have, however, enclosed a dozen first proofs of coloured pictures for a child's book of verses, and if you will oblige us by writing short, cheerful verses to these pictures, of not more than sixteen lines each, and not less than eight, we shall be glad to offer you three guineas for the set. We are also open to

offers for very up-to-date nonsense verses, of which we enclose a sample, and

‘We remain, madam,

‘Yours faithfully,

‘(pro) DIGGS, DIGGS, AND EMERY.’

‘What is it, mother?’ said Paul, curiously. He had cut the string of the parcel, and was examining the contents. Enclosed between the loose pages of the ‘Martyrdom of the Saints’ were twelve gaudy pictures in embryo colours, all showing the most unlikely animals, doing the most unusual things. In one, a crocodile was building a house of cards—in another, two canaries were playing badminton on the top of a house. Christabel took them one by one from Paul’s hands, and looked at them through a mist of disappointed tears; whilst the boys roared over them light-heartedly. The colours, the ideas, the suggestions, made her feel almost sick, but her hands were steady again, and the boys were demanding breakfast.

‘But what are they, really, mother?’ Geoff asked, eagerly; ‘are they advertisements?’

‘No, Geoff. I—I have been asked to write some verses for those pictures.’

‘But not that rot,’ indignantly.

‘They will give me three guineas for it.’

‘But you couldn’t write rot like that,’ again indignantly. Geoff had a discriminating taste in literature.

‘They want nonsense verses, too, Geoff; and they will pay me for them.’

‘Is this the style?’ said Martin. He was holding up the type-written sheet, and declaiming the sample—

‘There was a young man from the Cape,
Who always wore trousers of crape;
When they said, “Don’t they tear?”
He said, “Here and there;”
But they keep a most beautiful shape.’

‘Disgusting!’ said Geoff, with his mouth full.

‘Oh, come, my fastidious young poet,’ said Martin, ‘it isn’t so bad, after all. I can help you at that, mater. I’ll just set all the chaps in our room at it, and I’ll bring you home lots. I think three guineas for that sort of thing is splendid pay.’

‘You *can’t*, mother,’ said Geoffrey, appealingly.

But Christabel's small face had cleared, and the accustomed smile was back on her lips.

'I have to make £200, Geoff, and one can't despise the means. You will all help me, and we shall manage somehow.'

'And is this something more funny?' demanded Guy.

He was handling the rejected manuscript, and screwing up his face over the title.

'The—the what? Oh, martyrdom——'

'Of the crocodile?' shouted Martin.

'That is nothing,' said Christabel, hastily—'only a silly thing of my own—give it to me, please, Guy; and hurry, boys—it is time for you all to be off. Father started an hour ago.' She went quietly out into the drawing-room, unlocked the escritoire, and deliberately pushed the roll of papers back into the drawer. There was a whole act of renunciation in the way she did it, and also in the way she laid the sickening canaries face upwards on her blotting pad.

Certainly *all* the saints have not yet received their palms and crowns.

IV.

So once again Christabel took her talents, and, by the alchemy of her love, transmuted them into gold; not giving them with the unwillingness, which renders such gifts worthless, but royally, and without grudging, so that the very degradation of her talents was a title to honour!

And, as so often happens in life, reward came unexpectedly. Somehow or other she managed to achieve a trivial success, and orders for the like work flowed in upon her. She grew tolerant, interested, absorbed, as the little store of cheques and gold rewarded her labours; and the happy evening hour grew to be a sort of literary symposium, in which they all shared. Christabel's fastidious pen wandered into by-paths sometimes, but it was always sternly recalled by the unimaginative editor, and the too-subtle verses were expunged, and Christabel laughed. Yes, it had come to that—that she could laugh over her self-sacrifice. But, at any rate, life was easier, and the doctor took out his own manuscripts again, and re-wrote, and studied, and type-wrote, and finally arrived at publishing—and, suddenly, he too found himself famous.

Every one was surprised, except Christabel, and perhaps the doctor himself; but now the way was clear, and there was no further difficulty about Woolwich—no reason why the younger boys should not have a good education. So, one by one, they drifted into public schools, till only Geoff remained, and the noisy, happy, over-crowded home grew mournfully still.

All through the long days of autumn and early winter Christabel and her husband were alone together; and, in the evening, when Geoff came home, the doctor often smiled to see the young auburn head so close to the silky grey hair, that still kept its dainty wave and rebellious curls. There was time to rest now, and when Christabel's work fell on to her lap, as if her very hands were tired, the doctor told himself that she was only resting. He reiterated it, almost fiercely, later on, when, evening after evening, he found that she had taken to a strange, new habit of lying idly on the couch—always ready with a smile in the beautiful grey eyes, that kept, like some mysterious secret, the fire and the intentness of youth.

'I am growing old,' she used to say, in answer to his uneasy questions; but there was a pang at his heart, when he looked at her, that old age could never have brought. Wherein the change exactly lay he could not quite determine, but it underlaid every conscious thought of his heart. The soft eyes still looked smilingly out on to a world that had been hard to her, but always kind, and the soft footsteps still went and came, with a little drag in them—the voice still answered the call, which had been the watchword of her married life, 'Christabel! Christabel!'

He had hardly time to notice the constant, little dry cough, hardly time to be alarmed, before the end came. She had had influenza, the prevailing epidemic, very slightly, and, on the first day of the holidays, at her urgent pleading, her husband allowed her to come to her own little corner in the drawing-room amongst the boys.

In the bright lamplight her face was pale, but there was a look of perfect content about her, as she turned first to one and then to the other. Some knitting was in her hands, and they flew as she talked, but, in the middle of a sentence, they fell rigidly on her lap, and her eyes closed.

In a minute her husband was by her side.

'Christabel! dearest! you are tired?'

Wide and shining, her eyes opened again for one breathless

moment, and her hands fumbled with the fleecy wool—then they lay still.

‘Yes—I am *tired*,’ she said.

The heavy lids fell softly, and shut out from her sight for ever the young, awe-struck faces, the dear home life, the love that had been as unfailing as the dew.

It was as if, at the setting of the sun, she had fallen asleep!

V.

BUT, in the night-time, it all seemed to Geoff unbearable. The three younger boys slept in the large attic, and, after a miserable hour, Desmond had fallen asleep, with his face pressed into the wet pillow. Guy was sitting up in bed, hugging his knees and gazing blankly at the cold moonlight and the snow. But Geoffrey could not rest; whenever he laid his head upon the pillow he thought he heard her calling, and presently he slipped out of bed and on to the landing, where the gas had been left burning, and where the stillness of the house was oppressive. Still following an almost unwilling impulse, he crept, with small, bare feet, over the oilcloth on the nursery stair, to the first landing and the study, where they had laid her.

Through the terrified beating of his heart, he heard the monotonous footsteps walking restlessly up and down, in the room beyond; there, for the first time, the doctor called to deaf ears, that were out of hearing. To him it seemed so absurdly impossible to bear any sorrow without Christabel. Geoffrey had a strong impulse to turn and rush madly out of this awful silence into nurse’s warm, loving embrace, that was comfortable to think about; but, suddenly, it seemed to him that he had passed the rigid bounds of possibility, and if he could only see her, he would find that she was real still, and alive, and that this horrible dream had ended.

With a desperate effort he turned the handle of the door and entered. A gust of cold wind met him, and a curtain flapped noisily. The two candles flickered wildly, and as he flew across the room, he was conscious of a movement of the white sheet upon the bed, as if the quiet sleeper stirred.

But Geoffrey was afraid no longer. After all it was *mother*—the dear companion, of whose face he remembered nothing but the smile. Was she smiling still there, by herself, beneath the sheet? With trembling fingers he moved the Christmas roses,

and pushed down the sheet. There she lay—the dear, dear face—the little tender smile upon the mouth—the thick, smooth hair—the quiet hands.

It seemed to him that there was something strange about the hands. He leant over them, and smothered them with his own small, sunburnt ones; and looked at them, until tears fell warm and fast upon their whiteness, where shone the gold circle of the wedding-ring. He realised now what it was that made them look so strange. It was only that they lay so still. Never before could Geoffrey remember seeing them without some work in them, for others. So often he had unconsciously noticed the rings flashing in the firelight—the tired fingers mending, making, contriving—until they seemed as much alive as the beautiful grey eyes.

He crept a little closer to her on the bed, and tried to fancy what it would feel like if her folded hands unclosed and held him tight. Quick memories flashed through his brain of little jokes they had had together—of that day when the boys had dragged him off her knee, and he had held on to her so tightly that they could not loosen his hold. Dead! What was dying? Could it possibly mean that she would never *laugh* again? It was horrible—absurd—to think so. He touched her hands. They felt so curious and cold—and again, so strangely still. Words seemed to float into Geoff's brain in a sort of rhythm and rhyme; he pushed them angrily away, but they came again—clamouring to be remembered. He slipped off the bed, and crept over to the shrouded table. Somewhere under the white drapery there must be paper and a pencil. What would the boys say? Then, in a breath, 'But there is nothing *wicked* in it. I *must* write it down, and then it will go away; mother wouldn't mind.'

He came creeping back to the bed, and climbed on to it again, holding the paper in his small, cold fingers. Slowly, and with chilly carefulness, he set down the words in his cramped, schoolboy writing. It was only *her hands* he had to write about—the touch of them, the stillness of them, of which he was so strangely conscious, even though he had folded the sheet again above her face. The window was still open, and the black night very cold, but Geoffrey's slow pencil travelled faster along the paper, and he was quite unconscious of fear, or discomfort, or the tread of nurse's heavy foot going up from supper. He hugged his cold knees, and wrote laboriously on, as the words seemed to fly out of his brain, until, suddenly,

out of the silence of the house, he heard the grating of the handle, and against the background of flaring gas his father stood, for a minute, quite motionless.

‘Geoffrey!’ he said, in a curious, hoarse voice.

The faint smile, with which Geoffrey lifted his auburn head, died out suddenly, the candles flickered, and the light wind of dawn blew the curtains aimlessly here and there, as, with a little cry, he dropped the pencil and turned, with a quick look, at the sheeted figure.

He had forgotten—for all this long, long night he had *forgotten*.

The doctor strode over to the bed and touched him.

‘Child, you are frozen,’ he said. ‘*She* would like you to be warm in bed. They could not find you.’

‘I have been here all night, father.’

‘Scribbling, Geoff?’

‘Yes, father,’ he said in a choked voice; then, with a sobbing cry, ‘Father, would she *mind*? I didn’t mean to—but it came.’

Would she mind? Behind that pale, passionless smile, was there a less tender patience than life had taught her? Would the knowledge that she had been an inspiration to her sons hurt her? Surely not!

‘No, Geoff,’ said his father, gently; ‘I think—I am quite certain—that she wouldn’t mind.’

GERALDINE GLASGOW.

THE CANONISATION OF SAINTS.

'Æterna Christi munera.'

THE title of 'Saint' has never been limited to those whose names find a place in the various Kalendars of the Church. We still give it sometimes to those who are alive, and often to those who have lately departed, but its use, as a rule, has nevertheless been narrowed. We find it applied in the Old Testament to all the members of God's ancient Church. 'He loved the people; all His saints are in thy hand,' says Moses, in Deuteronomy.* 'Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me;'[†] 'Let the congregation of saints praise Him,'[‡] and other instances, are familiar to us in the Psalms. And the early Christians were but following scriptural precedent, when they adopted the title as belonging to all, who were made members of the New Covenant in the Church. Thus it was applied, as is well known, to all the baptised, whether they lived up to their calling or not; even when some had fallen away into schism or grievous sin, all are still 'saints' to St. Paul, and this wider use of the term lasted at least to the days of St. Chrysostom.

Gradually, however, there was a natural tendency to restrict it to those whose lives had been marked by actual holiness, or who had suffered for the Faith, and especially to martyrs, confessors, and the inspired writers of Holy Scripture.

It is not till the fifth century that we find it attached as a formal prefix to names in Church Kalendars, and even then it is by no means universal, and in the earliest specimens some names appear with and some without the title.

But we get the practical recognition of 'canonisation' at a much earlier date. The Church was only following a natural instinct, such as we find throughout history, sacred and profane, in her desire to honour and perpetuate the names and memories

* Deut. xxxiii. 3.

† Ps. l. 5.

‡ Ps. cxlix. 1.

of her heroes. From the first, martyrs were commemorated on the day of their death, and the sites of their martyrdom were considered holy. There is a well-known passage in Tertullian's 'De Corona' (written about 200 A.D.), where he is enumerating the various authorised traditions of the Church not found in the Scriptures, *e.g.* the Vow of Renunciation and trine immersion at baptism, the early Celebration of the Eucharist, the observance of the Lord's Day, the use of the sign of the Cross, etc. 'And,' he adds, 'we offer on the anniversary, every year, oblations for the dead as natalitia, *i.e.* birthday honours ;' * and again, † in the same treatise, he says that Christians have their own 'Fasti,' *i.e.* Holy Days, in contrast to the heathen festivals. Still earlier, in 'The Martyrdom of Polycarp,' which Bishop Lightfoot dates 155 or 156 A.D., we read, 'The Centurion therefore . . . set him in the midst and burnt him after their custom. And so we afterwards took up his bones, which are more valuable than precious stones and finer than refined gold, and laid them in a suitable place ; when the Lord will permit us to gather ourselves together, as we are able, in gladness and joy, and to celebrate the birthday of his martyrdom for the commemoration of those that have already fought in the contest, and for the training and preparation of those that shall do so hereafter.' ‡

The names of martyrs were placed on the diptychs by the bishop of the locality, and were read out at the Liturgy. Here we have the beginning of what we call 'Canonisation,' which was the term applied to those whose names were inserted in the Kalendar, and commemorated in the 'Canon' of the Mass. All such commemorations were at first local, and confined to the burial-place (*locus depositionis*) of the martyr, generally outside the city, where the Eucharist was celebrated on the anniversary.

Gradually this privilege was extended to confessors and others, who had been renowned for their holy life, and one such appears in a Kalendar of the fifth century. St. Cyprian, writing about 250 A.D., asks his clergy to notify to him the exact days on which confessors had died, in order that they might be commemorated 'inter memorias martyrum,' with 'oblaciones' and 'sacrificia,' *i.e.* by special celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. §

* 'De Corona,' c. iii.

† *Ib.*, c. xiii.

‡ Lightfoot's 'Apostolic Fathers,' vol. ii. p. 1064.

§ S. Cyprian, Ep. xxxvi.

In this way, during the early centuries, different parts of the Church seem to have canonised their own local martyrs and saints ; and, at a rather later date, others, who, like the Twelve Apostles, St. Paul and St. Stephen, were known to all.* The Bishop of the Diocese was the responsible person, and seems to have had the power, with the consent of his Comprovincials and the Metropolitan, of adding fresh names to the Kalendar, and thus in different parts we find large numbers of early local saints, as in Cornwall, not known to the world at large. Yet this was not done carelessly, the Church exercised caution, and was careful not to be led away by mere popular veneration of this or that individual. There was a recognised distinction between 'martyres vindicati' and 'nondum vindicati,' *i.e.* between those whose claims had or had not been duly authorised. It is from St. Augustine that we get the maxim, 'Martyrem non facit poena, sed causa,'† and as Eusebius says, 'A heretic might be a martyr, but did not therefore find a place on the Church's roll.' When, however, the case had been examined and approved by the Metropolitan and his provincial bishops, the name of the saint was placed on the Diptychs and in the Kalendar, and it was lawful for the faithful to do public honours to him on the appointed anniversary.

In early days we do not find the Bishop of Rome claiming any greater rights than those exercised by other Metropolitans. All Kalendars were local, though the Martyrologies, containing records for public reading, were often widely circulated, and some names would naturally occur in many Kalendars. The Pope's claim seems to have begun from a desire to have a general recognition of certain saints throughout the Church, and in the tenth century we find John XV. making a 'general canonisation,' *i.e.* decreeing that a certain St. Udalric should be honoured in all Christian Churches, and this custom continued side by side with local canonisation. But, as in other matters, the tendency of the Pope was to monopolise, and in the twelfth century Alexander III. (1159-1181 A.D.) claimed the exclusive right of canonising, in his decretal on the relics and veneration of saints, and took away the privilege from all other bishops. There had no doubt been abuses under the old system, which

* Churches were at first called after the name of their founders. It was not till the end of the sixth or beginning of the seventh century that they came to be dedicated to saints. (Cf. Battifol, 'Histoire du Breviaire,' p. 71.)

† S. Aug., 'Sermo,' cclxxxv. 2.

perhaps were made an excuse for this high-handed step, not to mention fear of the anti-popes, but it is none the less to be much regretted. It is stated that the last known case of local canonisation was by the Archbishop of Rouen, in 1153, but it is probable that the old power was occasionally claimed much later here and there, and tolerated by Rome as an irregularity, until it was definitely abrogated by Urban VIII. in 1634. It does not come within the scope of this paper to dwell on the elaborate Roman processes of Beatification and Canonisation.

It is impossible to say for certain in all cases how names found their way into Western Kalendars, and to what extent the popular reputation of good men gave them the position of saints, before their names were formally inserted in this or that Kalendar, or to what extent their 'cultus' was observed. There seems to us a good deal that is arbitrary and capricious in the choice of those selected, and Canon Bright has pointed out to me how extraordinary it is that in our Church Edward the Confessor was chosen, and King Alfred left out. Nor must we forget that there was, in early days, a freedom of action in such matters, which it is difficult for us to realise now, tied and bound as we are by Acts of Uniformity, while the rest of the Western Church has to obey the strict regulations of modern Rome.

The history of early Kalendars is very interesting but very difficult, and I do not know of any work which deals with it in a really satisfactory way, though there is much to be learnt from the article in Smith's 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,' and from Pellicia's 'Church Polity.' There is only space to touch upon the matter very briefly here.

There are no Christian Kalendars earlier than the fourth century, in consequence, probably, of the Diocletian Persecution, when such pains were taken to destroy all Christian books and records. Even the specimens that belong to that date are fragmentary, and not always trustworthy, having been added to or altered at a later time.

The early Christians showed their wisdom in adapting material ready to hand. Just as they took the civil divisions of the Roman Empire for their ecclesiastical boundaries, so to some extent they adopted the divisions of the civil year in their Kalendars. The earliest specimens that we have are a curiously mixed record of sacred and secular events, more like the Kalendar in 'Whitaker's Almanack' than that of our Prayer-book.

The arrangement of the year followed the heathen system, from which the Sunday Letter was borrowed. A very interesting specimen of this kind was discovered in the seventeenth century. It is a Roman Kalendar for the year 354, and its contents include the Sunday Letters, an Eastern Cycle, the Birthdays of the Cæsars, Lists of the Consuls and Prefects, and of the Popes down to Liberius, the Depositiones (funeral days) of the Popes for the past hundred years, and of seven martyrs, with two other feasts, viz. Christmas on December 25, and St. Peter's Chair on February 22. There is also a brief summary of Roman history.* A fragment of the Gothic Kalendar belonging to the same period has also been preserved. It contains only thirty-eight days, from October 23 to November 30. These include seven Holy Days, commemorating two New Testament, three universal, and two local saints.†

So far, I believe, no Kalendar of the British Church has been discovered, though we know that Easter was calculated by a peculiar method,‡ and there must have been very numerous local saints, as we may gather from the titles of parishes and churches in Wales and Cornwall. Augustine, no doubt, brought with him the Roman Kalendar, and after many years of controversy, this seems to have been finally authorised in the Church of England at the Council of Clovesho, in 747 A.D., when, says Perry, 'it was ordered . . . that the great festivals, and the festivals of the martyrs, should be always celebrated on the same days on which the Roman Church celebrates them, and with the same hymns and psalms which the Roman Church uses.'§ This did not, of course, exclude the commemoration of local saints, not observed by the Church of Rome. The earliest known English Kalendar is that ascribed to the Venerable Bede, which belongs, at any rate, to the early part of the eighth century. The York and Sarum Kalendars closely correspond with this, though they contain a good many more names. Dean Henderson gives a list of the feasts observed according to the York Use in 1526, classified according to rank. || There were twenty 'principal doubles,' twenty-four 'minor doubles,' eighty-

* Cf. Smith's 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,' Art. Martyrology, p. 1133.

† Ibid., Art. Calendar, p. 256.

‡ Cf. Duchesne, 'Origines du Culte Chrétien,' p. 228.

§ 'Students' English Church History,' vol. i. p. 78.

|| 'York Missal,' vol. i., preface, p. xiii., Surtees Society.

nine 'Feasts of ix. Lections,' and more than a hundred others of a less important character.* Of these some thirty-two had found their way in between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries. If we compare this with the Sarum and other English Kalendars, we observe a good deal of variety. There are thirty-five feasts omitted by Sarum, of which eight are found in the Roman, and nine in the Hereford Kalendars; the rest are peculiar to York, though one, St. Paul the Hermit (January 10), is found in Bede's Kalendar, and one, curiously enough, in Eastern books, viz. St. Pelagia, on October 4. The same day was the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, whose name appears in the York and Hereford Kalendars, but not in the Sarum. Although many of these days were only marked by special Collects or Lections, the number of public holy days was so great as to become a real inconvenience, interfering with labour, and (it was asserted) encouraging idleness and drunkenness. Convocation made an attempt in 1536 to regulate the number of holy days, allowing none in harvest-time, and appointing one Sunday, the first in October, to be kept uniformly as the Dedication Festival. In 1537, the two days sacred to St. Thomas à Becket were expunged, as being obnoxious to the king, though, as Blunt says, 'by very questionable authority.' But, with this exception, there was no real change in our English Kalendars until 1549, when the compilers of the first Prayer-book made a clean sweep of all festivals, except the present Red Letter Days, and St. Mary Magdalen (July 22). Two of these, St. Barnabas and St. Mary Magdalen, were omitted from the Kalendar of 1552, though the omission of St. Barnabas must have been a printer's error, as his Collect, Epistle, and Gospel remained. Four Black Letter Days, however, were added: St. Clement, St. George, St. Lawrence, and Lammas (or St. Peter's Chains). Such drastic changes seem to have given satisfaction to nobody. In the following year, 1553, the old Sarum Kalendar was reprinted in Edward VI.'s primer, with only three or four omissions; and as soon as Elizabeth came to the throne, steps were taken to restore the names of many well-known and venerated saints and martyrs. In the Latin Prayer-book of 1560, nearly every day is marked by some name taken from one of the older Kalendars, and a Commission was appointed, which, in 1561, issued a revised Kalendar for the

* Two hundred and eighty-eight in all, including octaves and days of double character.

Prayer-book, restoring forty-eight Black Letter Days. Since then, the only changes have been the addition of St. Alban, Venerable Bede, and St. Enurchus, at the instance of Bishop Cosin, in 1662. 'King Charles, Martyr' (January 30), 'Charles II.'s Nativity and Restoration' (May 29), and 'Papist's Conspiracy' (November 5), also had a place in the Kalendar of 1662, approved by Convocation and Parliament. They have since been omitted by the Queen's printers, without any authority whatever, not even that of an Order in Council.

Blunt thus classifies the saints in our present Prayer-book: twenty-one as specially connected with our Lord, *e.g.* the Blessed Virgin Mary, the apostles, and others; twenty as martyrs in the ages of persecution, *i.e.* in the first four centuries; twenty-one as connected with our own Church; and eleven as other great names, doctors of the Church, like St. Hilary or St. Augustine, or French saints, in memory of the close connection between the English and Gallican Churches, such as St. Martin and St. Remigius.

I come now to the more practical part of my subject. It seems, unfortunately, to be the opinion of many good people, even of those from whom we should least expect it, of the sturdiest Protestants, that it is the prerogative of the Bishop of Rome alone to give the title of 'saint' to any holy man or woman who has departed this life. We may, I think, put this idea aside as a relic of Popery. It is not only mistaken but mischievous, because in England it has encouraged people to suppose that saints belong only to the pre-Reformation Church or to the Church of Rome, and consequently that the Church of England has produced none since the Reformation. 'Who hath put this note upon thee, to have "a miscarrying womb and dry breasts,"' * was the reproach wrung from the heart-broken Son who loved, and, alas! left her. We know that this is a mistake, but the idea prevails nevertheless, and I venture to think that it is our own fault. 'We have our saints,' says A. 'But where are they?' answers B; 'show me their names. How do you commemorate them?' There is surely no good reason why our archbishops and bishops should not have kept up the primitive and immemorial practice in the Catholic Church of placing in our Kalendar the names of those whose memories we desire to honour and commemorate as faithful followers of our Blessed Lord. The saints are *Æterna Christi*

* Newman, sermon, 'The Parting of Friends.'

munera.' 'The memory of the just is blessed,' as much now as it was in the early days. It is difficult for us to see exactly what principles guided the revisers of our Prayer-book, why some names were taken and others left. We might well have spared some, if only we could have had others, and it is much to be regretted that such names as Cuthbert and Aidan, Patrick and Wilfrid, and Hilda, do not find a place on the hero-roll of the English Church. Why are St. Athanasius and St. Chrysostom conspicuous by their absence? Why should we not have Francis of Assisi back again?

'Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again.'*

It would be well if our archbishops, acting with synodical authority, were to restore them. We have been realising lately the importance of teaching our people the value of their heritage by Church History Lectures, and these are never so attractive as when they are made to centre round the lives of the saints, and a reference to our Prayer-book would give an authority and force to such teaching which is now lacking.

But this is only a part of what I would urge. Since the Reformation, we have had saints in England as worthy of this honour as those who went before them, and we should all, I think, rejoice to see such names as Richard Hooker, George Herbert, Lancelot Andrews, and Thomas Ken formally canonised with their appointed days. I do not mention later names, because it might be desirable to have a 'time limit' of a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, from which martyrs might be excepted, and we should only be following the precedent of the Primitive Church if we placed Bishop Patteson and Bishop Hannington in our list.

I do not forget that objections may be urged, and first that there is a danger of the saints usurping the place of Him before whom alone we bow down, whom alone we worship. It must never for a moment be forgotten that 'There is but one Mediator between God and man,'† and that none can take His place. We must confess that it is possible to give the saints too much honour. It was so in the Mediæval Church; it is so still, I believe, in some parts of the Catholic Church. But 'abusus non tollit usum,' and we may well and safely continue the practice of the early Church in this as in other ways, without giving way to later

* Tennyson, 'Locksley Hall,' sixty years after.

† 1 Tim. ii. 5.

errors. We have indeed accepted the principle in having any saints' days at all, and it is only a reasonable extension of that same principle, to ask for its continuance. So long as we say daily, 'I believe in the communion of saints,' so long as God gives us the inestimable gifts of holy lives, stimulating us by their example to follow the footsteps of our Master, so long we are surely right to venerate and commemorate 'those who have already fought in the contest, for the training and preparation of those who shall do so hereafter.'

There are, no doubt, other difficulties in the way. It will be urged that this would require the approval of Parliament, which would not be given. But I doubt if this be necessary. The Crown might take upon itself to sanction the change, if synodically approved; and, even if that could not be, the days might receive the formal sanction of the Church, and be printed in some authorised Kalendar, until they were permitted to appear in the Prayer-book.

The State has her modern as well as ancient heroes; the army, the navy, the worlds of art and science have them. We are almost overwhelmed with anniversaries and centenaries and bicentenaries. The Church has her heroes too, and why should she be deprived of her ancient and Catholic right of honouring them in her own way? I do not think we realise how much we lose by this lack of the present use of canonisation.

'The saints,' says a great modern preacher, in a sermon I heard preached in Keble College Chapel more than twenty years ago, 'stand out among their fellows, like the Sacraments above material things. They, too, in their way, are Sacraments, and parts of the same great system, extensions of the Incarnation, living revelations of God to man, recalling to memory by their own examples the capacity of our common nature, its capacity and therefore its destiny, to exhibit the attributes of God Incarnate, "till we all come, in the unity of the Faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."'

'Qui dedit ipsis, potens est dare et nobis.' †

J. R. K.

* Illingworth, 'Keble College Sermons,' 1870-1876, p. 301.

† St. Augustine, Sermo. cclxxv. 1.

PATRICIA.

BY MARY CARMICHAEL.

CHAPTER XVI.

NANCY was sitting in the depths of an easy chair, before the fire, resting after her long journey, for she had but just arrived at Ballinaghee. Her eyes wandered idly round the room, that spoke of Patricia in its dainty arrangements, while the scent of violets on the table beside her, and the great fire of peat and logs, struck pleasantly on her tired senses. She was feeling rather depressed, so to escape discovery had pleaded fatigue, and sent Patricia out of the room as speedily as possible.

'If only Paul could have come,' she sighed rather miserably. And then, to banish such melancholy thoughts, she fell to thinking of Patricia. There was a difference in the girl that puzzled her, and made her feel the least bit shy. In the first place, Patricia looked different. The grey eyes seemed deeper, the whole face softer and sweeter, and the gentleness of manner and little touch of almost dignity made her quite perfect in her friend's eyes. 'She has improved,' said Nancy to the fire. 'Paul could not call her over-vivacious now;' and then, wondering as to what had worked the change, she presently fell asleep.

Patricia, meanwhile, was making her way, as fast as the rain and the darkness would allow, down to the Cottage. It was past her usual time, for going to meet Nancy had delayed her, and she was almost breathless as she reached the house.

The old man was sitting close to the fire in his little room, propped up with pillows. It had been a bad day with him, but as the girl came in he looked round with a glad welcoming smile.

'Why, child, you are out of breath!' he exclaimed, before Patricia had time to inquire as to his welfare.

'Yes, dear,' said Patricia, kissing him, 'I was so afraid you'd be wondering why I was late; but, you see, I went to the

station to meet Nancy, and that delayed me.' As she spoke, she flung off the damp cloak, and slipped down to her favourite place on the rug, inquiring how he had been all day.

'Much better indeed, this evening, though the early part of the day was not so easy. If the weather were only a little warmer, I might get out in my chair again,' he answered brightly.

Patricia laughed delightedly. 'There now, who was right? I knew when Sister Margaret came you would be better.'

He smiled at her pretty pleasure. It was only after a long struggle that Patricia persuaded him to let her send for a trained nurse. All this time he had been getting on as best he might, with no other help than that of his old housekeeper. But when the cold weather set in, Patricia coaxed and commanded and entreated, and at last persuaded him, sorely against his own will. The change in his comfort was strongly marked, and sometimes Patricia dared hope that he might yet live for years. To-night he was better than she had seen him for weeks, and there was actually a touch of colour in his worn face. Seeing him so well raised her own spirits, and she made him laugh till he was tired at her tales of the doings and sayings of the village. Her quick run had brought the vivid colour to Patricia's lips and cheeks, her big grey eyes were full of laughter, and the brown curls, usually so elaborately arranged, were simply tied back in a bunch at the nape of her neck. She had not felt nor looked so childishly happy for a long, long time.

'Where is Sister Margaret?' she inquired presently, fearing to exhaust him with too much merriment.

'Resting, I hope,' he said. 'I am sorry to say I was very troublesome all night and most of the morning. It makes me unhappy to think how she lost her rest, so I begged her to lie down for a couple of hours.'

Patricia looked up anxiously, the laughter dying out of her face. 'I know what that means,' she said sorrowfully, putting her warm cheek against the cold white fingers, 'and I thought you were so much better! If only I could give you some of my horrid vitality!'

'God forbid,' he said, smiling; 'you want all you have, little heart. You see, I'm an old man now, and my life is behind me, while yours is yet to come—at least the greater part of it.'

Patricia made an impatient movement, but said nothing.

'You must bring your friend to see me to-morrow, Patricia,'

he went on. 'It's rather an odd coincidence that I too should have a visitor to-day.'

'You!' cried Patricia, in mock astonishment. 'Why, I never heard of such a thing! and who in the world may it be?'

'No one you know, inquisitive child, but a young man who spent some weeks here fishing last summer—a very nice fellow, and I saw a good deal of him in one way or another. I think you will like him, though he is thoroughly English in his studied reserve. It appears he had business in Dublin, so ran down to see me, which was a pretty little attention on his part. There! I hear some one at the door now, very probably Sir Richard himself, for he went out for a little stroll just before you came in;' and before Patricia had time to move, Dick Graham walked into the room.

'How do you do, Miss Tremayne?' he said quietly, advancing into the circle of firelight.

Patricia, her heart in her mouth, blushed crimson, but greeted him composedly, and then, turning to the padre, who was looking mystified, explained that she had met Sir Richard before.

Dick drew up his chair to the fire and joined in the conversation with laudable readiness, which behaviour on his part nearly struck Patricia dumb. But in spite of his brave efforts, the conversation languished considerably, and in a short time Patricia rose, saying she must be going, as Nancy was alone. The padre, who at once realised the awkwardness of the situation, made no effort to detain her. When Patricia had been telling him the story of her misdeeds, she had carefully avoided mentioning names, and as Dick had not come from Felstead on his last visit to Ireland, nor ever mentioned the place, he had naturally not connected the two. Dick appeared quite composed, and when Patricia re-entered the room, after a short visit to Sister Margaret, he proposed seeing her home, as a matter of course. His offer, however, was hastily refused, and Patricia made her way home as speedily as possible. She was thoroughly upset and annoyed at this most unlooked-for encounter, and much too confused to think matters over clearly. What could have brought him to Ballinaghee? He surely could not have known she was there, or was it possible that he had come intentionally? She did not know what to think, beyond being very much surprised at his calm and apparently unshaken demeanour.

Meanwhile, Dick was anything but calm or unshaken. Of

course he knew he should see her—had, in fact, come to Ballinaghee for that very purpose ; but he had not counted on coming across her so unexpectedly. The sight of her, the sound of her, made him nearly wild. He had never seen her look so perfect, he told himself—so sweet, so simple, so natural. And to think that she would never sit with him in the firelight, or lean against his chair confidingly, or laugh and talk with him in her own delightful way ! He dug his hands into his pockets, and moved his chair back in the shadow. But with true English reserve he said no word of what filled his mind. However, his vague replies made the padre's suspicions certain, and that tactful soul early pleaded fatigue as an excuse for giving his guest freedom to gaze into the fire in unbroken silence.

Patricia, on reaching home, went straight to Nancy, whom she found awake, and much inclined for conversation.

'You have not been out, Patricia ? Why, it's pouring !' exclaimed Nancy.

'Yes,' answered the girl absently, leaning against the high mantel-board and absently pulling the ends of her wet curls ; 'I've been down to see Mr. O'Kelley ; I always do at this time of the day.'

'Ah, yes ; and how is he ?' rejoined Nancy, unfastening the wet cloak. 'We'll be having you ill next. Do you know that you are wet through ?'

'I'll go and change in a minute. Who do you think I've just seen, Nan, at the Cottage ?—Sir Richard Graham.' And murmuring something about 'dry things,' Patricia left the room.

Nancy wondered what would happen next. Had she changed her mind after all ? It couldn't be only a chance meeting, surely ! Was there ever so odd and eccentric a girl as Patricia ?

But there was more to come. All the evening Patricia never mentioned Dick's name again, but as they had many other things to talk about, the omission was not so very noticeable.

Nancy was hurried off to bed by her hostess at a very early hour, being told she looked 'limp ;' and then Patricia donned her dressing-gown, dismissed Bridget, and sat down to think. This enlivening pursuit kept her out of bed till three o'clock, when, mindful of her appearance, she went to bed, to remain broad awake till Bridget arrived with her cup of tea. She sprang up, delighted to find that the night was over, and as soon as possible was out of the house.

Summer or winter, she never missed half an hour's scramble the first thing in the morning while she was at home.

It was a damp, soft morning, and not at all cold, as she made her way down the rough steps that led from the terrace to the gorge beneath. It was only just getting light, but she knew every turn and twist, and so arrived safely with only one stumble. She was still 'thinking,' and to judge by her expression, the thoughts were not pleasant ones. Indeed, the sight of Dick Graham awoke all those old terrible feelings that had been slumbering peacefully, and she had been fighting the same fight all over again ever since. It was an odd thing, how the man who loved her always brought so vividly before her mind's eye the man she loved. Patricia carefully took the way which led from the village, but she might have spared herself the trouble, for presently from behind her came a shout, and turning round she saw Dick hastening towards her as fast as the ground permitted. She was too reckless to be at all uncomfortable, so waited for him calmly.

'This is luck,' he began cheerily; 'who would have thought of seeing you out this time of the morning? I was just revisiting my old haunts, for I must get an early train back.'

Patricia politely regretted that he was stopping such a short time.

'Oh!' said Dick, in the most matter-of-fact tones, 'I did not intend staying longer. I only came down to see you, you know; and now I've done that I must be off.'

Patricia looked at him coldly, and made some remark about the time, and the advisability of returning.

'Oh, don't be angry, please don't be angry!' pleaded Dick; 'I would not offend you for the world; but I felt I must see you again, and that's the plain truth.'

Patricia felt half angry, half amused. He seemed to take the whole affair so simply, so unconsciously, as if his behaviour were quite ordinary.

She turned to him, intending to pass off his exceedingly brusque remark with some laughing reply. But as she looked at him fairly in the face for the first time, the frivolous remark died on her lips; and if ever Patricia hated herself she did so then. The colour flew into her face.

'Oh, don't!' she cried, shrinking back. 'How can you? I am not worth it, you know I am not. It makes me so miserable. Can't we forget all this and be friends—if you will—I don't deserve it, I know.'

'No,' said he passionately, 'I can't forget it; and I would not if I could.'

Patricia turned from him with a gesture of despair. He had let himself go at last, and she knew now as well as he did that they could never be friends. She wished he would go away and leave her alone with her shame and misery. Why did he stand there, blocking the way, and looking so big and imposing? The sun was struggling out, and she could see the expression of his face a great deal too plainly for her own comfort.

'Then, there is nothing more to be said,' she cried. 'I cannot undo what is done if you will not help me.'

'Just a minute more,' said Dick, in his beautiful voice that Patricia had always liked to listen to.

'You say I will not help you! How can I? While I am alive I must love you, and even afterwards I believe I shall love you still. We must face facts, and in the face of that one, how can we be friends? But I will do what I can in this way. I will never see you again, nor write, till you give me leave, and that I promise you.' He stopped abruptly.

Patricia drew a long breath. Would he never go?

He stood up straight before her, as though waiting for her to speak, but as she said nothing, went on with an effort—

'May I ask one favour in return? Will you, on your part, faithfully promise to send for me, if ever you should want anything that I can do for you?'

'Yes,' said Patricia.

'Good-bye till then,' he said, coming closer with outstretched hand, his face white, with the effort of keeping down what he knew was hopeless to show her. Patricia, seeing and knowing what he was suffering, wished she could die then and there. She caught his hand in both hers.

'Good-bye,' she said impulsively. 'You are the best man I have ever met, and if my heart were my own, there is no one I could love so easily as yourself. I would ask you to forgive me, but I know you have already done so.' She caught her breath with a sob, 'Good-bye once more.' With one of her quick impulsive movements, she leaned forward and kissed him on the forehead, then, turning, flew down the path towards the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

'A WHOLE heap of letters for you,' called out Nancy, as Patricia came in through the window. 'Some from Venice; one from Aileen, I can see. What a wild bird you are, child! Do you never stop in the house except when it's absolutely necessary?'

'Never,' said Patricia, laughing. 'There must have been a gipsy in the family somewhere. I think we will have breakfast before I attack my budget, for I am hungry, to put it mildly. I hope you are feeling rested, dear?'

'Perfectly, thanks. There is no need to ask how you slept. You look the personification of health,' said Nancy, with a gratified glance at Patricia's rosy face.

The girl laughed. 'I am always well at home,' she said; 'it's the air, I think.'

She was in reality so strung up that she appeared in the best of spirits, and was her brightest self, while they dawdled over their breakfast, in the quaint corner room.

'Now,' said Patricia, leaning back in her chair, and feeding the Irish terrier at her feet with scraps from the table, 'being in a contented and peaceful state of mind, I'll see what every-one has to say.'

Nancy rose, and, going to the looped-back curtain which divided the room proper from the glass house that was built from it, gazed about her in delight. Pale yellow roses clambered over the roof, while flowers of all sorts blossomed on every side. She subsided into a much-cushioned wicker chair with a sigh of comfort.

'Come in here, Patricia, and read your letters,' she called, 'and then we can almost imagine ourselves in Italy.'

'Very well,' said Patricia, drawing up another armchair. 'Now for auntie's first.'

Nancy, watching her idly as she read, saw the girl's face suddenly change, but before she could ask what was the cause, Patricia said briefly, without lifting her eyes, 'Baby is engaged to be married to Terence Colquhoun.'

Nancy gasped. 'Aileen engaged!' she said incredulously.

'Yes,' said Patricia, in a choked voice. 'Here is the letter. I must see what she says herself.'

Nancy silently took the letter handed to her, and began to read it—upside down.

The deathly colour of the girl's face, and the trembling she vainly endeavoured to control, told their own piteous tale, and Nancy felt sick at heart, understanding for the first time what her friend had suffered, and must yet suffer. This, then, was the reason of her apparently mysterious behaviour. But though Nancy guessed the greater part of the truth, she was in ignorance of Colonel Desmond's ideas of a marriage between Dick and Aileen, so was still in a state of bewilderment. She reversed the letter, and began to read it. Mrs. Desmond was on the whole evidently pleased. It appeared that Colonel Desmond had intended writing to Terence, ever since they had been abroad, but as they never stayed long enough at any one place, had put off doing so. When they settled at Venice, the long-delayed invitation was despatched, and, needless to say, accepted.

'Of course I saw how matters were at once,' wrote Mrs. Desmond, who always imagined she was gifted with preternatural sharpness, where lovers were concerned. 'Your uncle would not hear of it at first, but the children at last managed to soften his hard heart! I need not tell you, dear, that it will be a bitter grief losing Baby so soon. Being so young, I had counted on keeping her many years yet. But mothers cannot be selfish, and it is so pretty seeing them together, that I am almost reconciled. He is such a dear boy, and spoke so sweetly of Aileen, and of becoming a son to us. Indeed, I would not have given him credit for so much feeling and good sense. As he put it, we are only lending a daughter and gaining a son. So sweet of him! Altogether I am very pleased. It appears that he fell in love with Aileen when he was with us in the spring, but very honourably refrained from speaking, thinking we would rather she should see a little of the world first. I fancy also, he had a vague idea that she was in some way bound to Dick Graham; but of course I soon set his mind at rest on that point. Some people would say it was a very poor match for Aileen, but as long as the child is happy, we are content. Terence talks of giving up the navy, and getting something to do, some secretaryship in a Government office, or something of that kind, you know. It is really quite unnecessary on his part, for he has a little something of his own, I believe, and Aileen has enough for both. Also, I dislike the idea of them living in London. Men are odd about such things, dear, so we must just wait and see what happens. They will not be

married till the early summer, in any case. Terence asked most particularly after you, and said he would write and tell his own news. How little any of us thought when we were together last April of what was to come.'

'I was never so electrified in my life,' exclaimed Nancy, as she put the letter down. 'Aileen! and of all people Terence Colquhoun! Why, they have been brought up together, and never seemed particularly friendly. Have you known him long, Patricia? Most attractive, and so amusing. But to think of him falling in love with Aileen! One has as much notion of taking life seriously as the other.'

'There is more in Baby than people think,' said Patricia. 'Yes, I know Terence very well. He was at Felstead when I was there last, and I saw a great deal of him in town.'

'Of course,' said Nancy; 'but I am going for a little walk, for this news requires digesting. Besides, you have all your other letters, and my chattering will disturb you.'

And with a heavy heart she left the house, resolving to keep out of Patricia's way as much as possible. With a breath of relief at finding herself alone, Patricia sat up, and pressed her hands over her eyes.

Was it true, or was it only a bad dream? She stared at the rug at her feet, one red stripe, one black stripe, then a blue, then another red one; how uneven it was, she thought impatiently. And then a sudden pang shot through her, that made her set her teeth hard. It was over now, they were engaged, would soon be married! That last thought was too much for her. She sprang up, her one longing to be out of the hateful place where she had heard the news, and flew out of the house, and down the steps to the river. The quick rush through the cold air brought her to her senses more rapidly than anything else could have done, and before she had gone half a mile she was herself again. She sat down on one of the rocks along the rough path, and pulled out her letters. Terence was the most coherent, for Aileen wrote as she spoke, every third word underlined, and notes of exclamation sprinkled with a lavish hand. Patricia tossed it aside, and tore open the envelope in Terence's handwriting. The letter was just what she expected, describing the blissful state of his affairs in glowing terms. When he received the invitation he had some qualms of conscience as to accepting it, knowing that it would never have been issued had the real state of the case been suspected. But the longing to

see Aileen proved too strong to be resisted, and he went to Venice, his mind fully made up not to utter a syllable. When he arrived, he found Aileen invisible, having taken cold at some festivity, so for the first few days he never saw her.

'I was wild, as you can imagine,' he wrote; 'but after all it turned out the most fortunate thing that could have happened. I devoted myself to Mrs. Desmond and the colonel, and succeeded in amusing them beyond my wildest hopes. I spent hours shopping with Mrs. Desmond, and got her the most wonderful bargains, or she thought I did. I asked her advice on every subject under the sun, and then listened with a patience *you* would not credit me with, and if you had heard me talk to the colonel you would never have forgotten it, never. However, my reward was ample, for they both think me so much improved, more sensible, and steadier! Still, I never meant to say a word to Baby, on my word I didn't, but I was surprised into it. We were never alone for a minute, I need hardly say, she took care of that, till one evening just before I left. The colonel and Mrs. Desmond had gone out, and I thought Baby had not yet come back from some people with whom she had been spending the afternoon. Well, there was I, sitting out on the balcony watching for her to come back, when the door behind me opened, and she walked in. She did not see me at first, and came right in the room, but as I stood up she gave a great jump and turned to go. I was too quick for her, however, and in five minutes the thing was done. I really could not help it, she looked so like an angel in her little white frock, and the sweet face of her upset my self-control—the little I have. Anyhow, things have settled down now. At first there was a terrible row, but Mrs. Desmond stood up for us splendidly, and no one, in their seven senses could resist Aileen.'

He then went on to speak of the part Patricia had played in the affair, thanking her over and over again for her wise counsel, and assuring her that but for her advice he would certainly have proposed before leaving England, and so ruined his own chances. 'I think,' he wrote, 'that we agitated ourselves unnecessarily about Dick Graham. Mrs. Desmond assures me that it was only a mad idea of the colonel's, and was never seriously contemplated for a moment. This strikes me as odd, for Colonel Desmond solemnly informed me last year that they were as

good as engaged ! It does not make much difference now anyhow, does it ? By the way, did you think better of your little plans, with regard to that gentleman, or how did they prosper ? You never told me a word about it, which was unkind. Wouldn't it be nice if we had a double wedding ? Aileen has been telling me tales of the havoc worked by your charming personality !'

Patricia began to be conscious of feeling very cold, so rose and walked back to the house. She had not been unprepared, but the shock was no less for the warning. Coming on top of her agitating interview with Dick, she felt less able to cope with the trouble and the pain of it all, but her principal terror at present was the fear that Nancy had noticed and guessed the reason of her uncontrollable agitation.

'I should like to tell her the whole thing,' she said ; 'but she would naturally want to tell it all again to Mr. Charteris, and I really could not bear that. I would not ask her not to do so, so it must just stay as it is, only I hate to think she may be hurt at my want of confidence.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE days that followed the news from Venice were very busy, for Patricia had set her heart on great festivities in the village for Christmas. Nancy only intended staying a fortnight, and Patricia had not the heart to detain her longer ; besides, she really could hardly be spared from home. So Patricia intended spending her Christmas with only the padre to keep her company, and then, sorely against her will, to join the Desmonds abroad. She fought hard against this decision, and at first refused to listen to the proposal, but it was no use, and she could only bow to the inevitable. Of course she carried all her woes to the padre, telling him of the interview with Dick, and Aileen's engagement, and received much comfort and encouragement in return.

'Don't send me away,' she pleaded, when he urged upon her to go to her aunt. 'Think of what you are sending me to. It isn't as if he were not there. I cannot go, indeed I cannot.'

'Supposing we go together, dear child,' he said ; 'you and I and Sister Margaret ?'

Patricia looked up in incredulous delight. 'You couldn't,' she

said breathlessly. 'Why, the journey would be torture. Besides, I doubt——' She stopped, unable to put her fear into words.

'I don't agree with you at all,' he said gaily. 'Travelling nowadays is so luxurious, that I do not think I should feel it, and I would love to be in the sunny south again. Besides, dear, nothing can really hurt me now.'

Patricia hid her face, struggling with herself. 'No,' she said presently, 'I will not be another burden. If I go at all, I'll go alone; and I know, in the end, I shall have to go. But we will spend the new year together, padre; and then, if you still wish it, I will go.'

'Brave little girl,' he said tenderly. 'I am very proud of you, Patricia; do you know that?'

Many were the days spent in Dublin shopping, and the numerous consignments that arrived at Ballinaghee were a source of great interest to the entire village, for they were all aware that wonderful things were being planned for their edification. As Nancy's visit drew to a close, a dinner, to be followed by a dance, was arranged, so as to give her a taste of the festivities. Every one had a written invitation from Patricia, which gave an air of fashion to the entertainment, and all were bidden assemble at the schoolroom at seven o'clock on a certain evening. The two girls were busy all day decorating the two large rooms, with plentiful supplies of evergreens and Chinese lanterns, without which no village entertainment could possibly be a success. The band, consisting of a fiddle and two accordions, was accommodated with chairs on a stout table, so as to be well out of the way, and leaving everything ready, the two girls retired to rest.

'The docther is not so well this evenin', Miss Patricia,' was Bridget's greeting as they came in; 'Sisther Margaret's after sendin' up to say, but he's just dhropped off to slape, so ye wasn't to go down.'

Patricia stopped on the stairs with a dismayed face. 'I shall go straight down,' she said, 'as soon as I've had some tea. And this dance on to-night! We must go, I suppose!'

'Of course,' said Nancy. 'It's too bad, but perhaps we could slip away early. Come and rest now, dear, you look like a ghost.'

Patricia let herself be helped upstairs in silence. 'Come into my room, Nancy,' she said, half crying. 'I think my nerves are

all wrong, for I am always imagining all sorts of horrors, and to be alone terrifies me.'

Nancy gently put her in an easy-chair and proceeded to take off her damp shoes and dress, rubbing the cold hands and feet, and fetching her dressing-gown.

Patricia passively allowed her to do as she liked. 'How my head does ache,' she said wearily, taking out the hair-pins and letting her thick curls fall over her shoulders. 'Ah, that's better!'

Nancy, busy with the cushions, felt a soft kiss on her hands, and caught a grateful glance from a pair of wet eyes.

'Now, child, drink your tea,' she said, feeling her own tears rise. Patricia was so pathetic! 'I'll just run and get off my wet things, and then come back again.'

An hour's rest, and they were off again, calling at the Cottage, only to find that the padre was still sleeping.

'You'll send down to the school, if he wants me, Sister,' said Patricia, 'or if he is still so bad. Promise.'

'Certainly, Miss Tremayne,' replied the nurse; 'but don't be frightened if I do send,' she added, smiling.

'Try and get a little rest yourself,' said Nancy, concernedly; 'you must be so very tired.'

'Oh, never trouble about me,' said the Sister, 'I'm used to it, and that makes all the difference.'

Much relieved, the girls hurried on, and arrived at the school-house, to find the dancing just beginning. Slipping in, they mingled with the crowd, amused at the various remarks they happened to hear. The peals of laughter and the fire of jokes on all sides spoke of the evident enjoyment of the guests, while the dancing was really both graceful and spirited. Suddenly there was a lull, and a renewed burst of laughter, and then every one began crowding together, leaving an open space in the middle. Patricia and Nancy drew back with the rest, wondering what was going to happen, and delighted that they had not been recognised. The fiddle squealed, as the old fiddler tuned it once again, and struck up an invigorating Irish jig. The girls close against the wall were now able to see that the space had been left for one couple, who advanced arm in arm. The girl, a pretty little creature, flushed with excitement, her blue eyes shining with laughter, was evidently bent on mischief. Her partner was a huge, bearded seaman, his jolly, red face also distended with smiles, though he looked a little

embarrassed. On they went, and on, and on, the girl apparently as fresh as when she started, while her stalwart partner showed evident signs of distress. Every one watched the pair with good-humoured excitement, and there is no knowing when they would have ceased, if the snapping of a fiddle-string had not brought the music to an abrupt stop. A chorus of cheers and laughter greeted the pair, as the young fellow triumphantly led his pretty partner to a seat.

'Tis yersilf that can dance, Tim'—'Bad scran to the fiddle thin'—'Arrah thin, Nora, ye have been bate at last'—'Good luck to the weddin', resounded through the room, as every one crowded round the couple.

Patricia, in her eagerness to see who the man was, came out of the shadow, and much to her annoyance soon found herself the central figure in the room. But she insisted on the dancing beginning again directly, and indeed led off the next country dance with the hero of the jig. He was so overcome with the honour, that they were halfway through before he volunteered any remark, Patricia having elicited the information that he was an old friend of hers, Tim Bryan by name, who had been on a long cruise. His little partner was the village belle, and an arrant little flirt, but to-night, he confided to Patricia, she had given in.

'She towld me as she would be givin' me an answer to-night,' he said, blushing like a girl; 'an' so she towld me that if I could kape. jiggin' till the music sthopped, she would say "Yis."'

Patricia was much amused, and congratulated him on his staying powers. Before very long, Nancy whispered that she thought they might slip away unobserved, and in a minute or two they were out in the cool air again.

'Now for the Cottage,' said Patricia, as they walked rapidly up the hill. 'I hope you were not very bored, Nan?'

'Not in the least. I enjoyed it very much. Don't stop long, dear, to-night,' said Nancy, as they pushed open the gate.

'Only a minute,' said Patricia. 'Is he still asleep, Sister?'

'He has been awake this half-hour, Miss Tremayne,' replied the nurse, 'and is much easier. Will you step in a minute?'

'Yes, please, if you think it will not tire him,' said Patricia, eagerly.

'I'll stay here,' said Nancy, sitting down at the fire, 'if I may. Two of us would be too many, I'm sure.'

Patricia nodded, and passed on. His face was as white as the pillow it lay upon, but his welcoming smile was very bright.

Patricia bent over him, settling his pillows, and arranging the bedclothes. Not that there was any need, but it pleased her to think she made him comfortable. After a few whispered inquiries and injunctions, she left him again, seeing he was too exhausted for any conversation. She came into the little sitting-room, looking worried.

'I think I will stop with you all night, Sister, if I may,' she said. 'He might want me later on, and I could not bear to be away.'

'Oh! Miss Tremayne,' exclaimed the nurse. 'It's quite unnecessary, I assure you. Mr. O'Kelly is much better, and he will probably sleep for hours. It has been a sharp attack, but no worse than he has had before. You had much better go home, and go straight to bed. Indeed, I promise I will send for you if he expresses a wish for anything you can do. Don't look so distressed, please;' for Patricia, with a face of misery, was putting on her cloak again. 'There is really no need, as far as I can see.'

'It's much better, dear,' whispered Nancy, helping her. 'It is not as if you could do anything, or as if he were in a critical state.'

'It's always critical,' said Patricia, shortly. 'You never know. That's what makes this particular thing so terrible, isn't it, Sister?'

The nurse nodded. 'Yes,' she said, 'that's true enough; but he has pulled through so many times. Still, if you wish it, Miss Tremayne, stop by all means, though I frankly tell you I do not see any need for it.'

Patricia looked irresolutely from one to the other. 'I'll go to him for a minute,' she said, 'before I decide.' She came back looking more cheerful. 'He is dozing again,' she said, 'and seems to look quite comfortable. Perhaps it's only nervousness on my part. But I will come home with you, Nancy, and run down first thing in the morning,' she added, turning to the nurse.

There seemed an unusual amount of talking and whispering next morning as Nancy woke up. Looking at her watch, she found it was after ten o'clock, and began to feel surprised that she had not been called. However, supposing that Patricia intended sleeping off the fatigues of the day before, she lay back

and tried to go to sleep once more. But the subdued talking still went on, till at last, fancying she heard a sound of weeping, she sprang out of bed and flung open the door. No one was in sight. 'It could not be fancy, surely,' she said. 'I'll go to Patricia.' But the door of Patricia's room was open, and the room itself empty. Nancy pulled the bell vigorously, and Bridget appeared, her face swollen with weeping.

'Whatever is the matter, Bridget?' cried Nancy, now thoroughly alarmed. 'Where is Miss Patricia?'

'Who would have thought it! May the blissid Saints preserve us! First wan, and thin the other!' burst forth Bridget, beginning to wail afresh.

'Where is Miss Patricia?' demanded Nancy, terrified out of her senses. 'Will you stop crying, Bridget, and tell me what is the matter?'

'She is gone, ma'am. Went off directly they sint up.'

'Gone where? To the Cottage? Is Mr. O'Kelly worse?'

'He is gone, Mrs. Charteris—rest his sowl—passed away in his slape like an infant. Oh! wirra, wirra,' and Bridget rocked herself backwards and forwards in a storm of grief.

'Not dead, Bridget?' said Nancy, horrified. 'Why, he was so much better last night. It can't be true! Have they sent for the doctor?'

'They tilagraphed to Dublin first thing, an' I should think he must be there by now; but Michael, he has been down, and he says Sистер towld him 'twas no good, for he was as cowl as the stones. To think that he should be taken so sudden.'

'I must get dressed and go after her,' said Nancy, decidedly, shivering between cold and distress.

'Git back into bed, Mrs. Charteris, dear. Ye're fairly froze wid the cold. I'll bring ye a cup of tay, and thin we'll have ye dhressed in no time,' said Bridget, warmly.

Nancy obediently went back to her room, and commenced dressing, full of anxiety for Patricia. Bridget presently appeared with the tea, followed by Mary. Both women were so thoroughly upset that all they could do was to weep and lament; but with some difficulty Nancy at last got from them what they knew of the matter.

At eight o'clock a messenger had arrived, with the news that Patricia should come at once, as the 'Docthor' was much worse. 'How did she take it?' inquired Nancy, twisting up her hair as she spoke. 'Niver said wan word,' said Bridget, sobbing; 'but

she turned as white as the sheets, and was out of bed and dhressed before you could turn round. God help her, poor lamb! There is not a sowl lift now. First the misthress; then the masther, and now the "Docthor"; an' she that fond of him! Iver since she was a bit of a baby no wan could manage her like himself!

By bits Nancy extracted the information which of course had come later, that Mr. O'Kelly was already dead when the message had been sent for Patricia. He had passed away quite peacefully in his sleep, and even the nurse herself was unable to say the exact time. Sister Margaret had at once sent one messenger for Patricia and another for the doctor, some miles away, and had also telegraphed for Mr. O'Kelly's doctor from Dublin.

'If only we had let her stay last night,' groaned Nancy, as she hurried down to the Cottage. 'My poor child.'

All the village was out in the street talking and lamenting, but Nancy hurried past them, and into the house. Sister Margaret came to meet her, even her habitually calm face showing signs of disturbance.

'Mrs. Charteris! I am sure I am glad you have come,' she said. 'Whoever would have thought it would be so sudden? I have never known a case of this sort end as it has. Last night I was certain he was much better. How I wish I had not persuaded Miss Tremayne to leave the house!'

'Has the doctor been?' said Nancy.

'Yes; but there was really no use. I knew that myself,' answered the nurse, sadly. 'I only wired to Dublin because I knew Miss Tremayne would wish it. Dr. Grey cannot be here for another hour at the earliest.'

'Where is Patricia?' queried Nancy, too anxious to listen to what the Sister was saying.

Sister Margaret pointed to the closed door.

'I wish you could persuade her to come away for an hour or so,' she said. 'She can do nothing, and it cannot be good for her. She has been there almost two hours now, and I have heard no sound.'

Nancy felt as if she could not go in and face Patricia, but after a minute she gently turned the handle and looked into the room. The winter sunshine streamed in on the pure still face, with its gentle smile, looking so natural that Nancy felt her courage come back. Patricia knelt at the head of the bed, absolutely motionless. Nancy walked softly across the room,

and, kneeling beside the girl, slipped an arm round her. She looked up with a wan little smile, and leant against the supporting arm, as though she needed it.

'Will you come home for a little, dear?' whispered Nancy, after a few moments. 'You shall come back again in an hour or two; but come with me now.'

Patricia rose with a little shiver, and walked quietly out of the room, Nancy following, half afraid of this unwonted docility.

Sister Margaret was waiting outside. 'The carriage will be here in a minute; I sent for it,' she said to Nancy. 'I thought it would be better.'

'Oh, thank you,' said Nancy, gratefully; 'I was just dreading the walk back.'

Patricia turned to go, but stopped a minute to say with a little smile, 'I know you did all you could, Sister. It would not really have been better if I had stayed last night.' And then she followed Nancy down the path and into the brougham.

CHAPTER XIX.

'It's utterly miserable. I cannot bear to think of her.' With a tragic little gesture Aileen cast down her flowers and clung to Terence, who, as usual, was conveniently near at hand. They were at San Remo, whither the Desmonds had moved from Venice, and the sad news had just arrived from Ireland, distressing them all for Patricia's sake. Aileen especially was so overcome that Terence hastily suggested an adjournment to the garden, in order to comfort her after his own fashion, leaving Colonel and Mrs. Desmond to discuss matters in peace.

'It is awful,' he said sympathetically, drawing her down to the little rustic seat beside him; 'but it is a consolation to remember that Mrs. Charteris is with her. Don't you think it would be a good plan to send Patricia some flowers? There are none at home now, you know.'

'Bright boy,' she said, jumping up. 'I should like nothing better. We will begin now, this minute.'

'Do sit down again,' he said imploringly, 'and let me pick the violets. It will make you tired, darling. You can make them up in bunches,' he added, as she frowned at him; 'for I couldn't do that to save my life.'

'Absurd thing,' she smiled; but she agreed to his proposal,

and sat down in silence, while he stooped his broad back over the bed of violets, picking assiduously.

'What worries me,' she remarked plaintively, as he laid the violets on her knee, 'is that Patsy did not write herself. That looks as if she were too utterly miserable for words, or else ill, doesn't it?'

'Oh no, darling, I shouldn't worry about that,' he said cheerily. 'She must have any amount to do, and I expect leaves the writing to Mrs. Charteris.'

'Well, I wish she had written me even a tiny note,' she said, bunching the violets with dainty fingers. 'How I would love to be with her!'

'You are sure to hear in a day or two,' answered Terence, not noticing her last remark, which secretly rather ruffled him.

'Do you think it's possible mother will go to Ireland, and take me with her? I thought of that the first minute; but I'm afraid it won't come off.'

'Baby!' said he, in reproachful tones, sitting up to look at her with all the pathos he could command.

'Oh, don't be tiresome,' she said crossly. 'You know I meant how nice it would be, if we all went. Dear me! It seems nothing but one trouble after another.'

'Oh, come now, darling, that's hardly fair—or do you consider me in the light of a trouble?' he said, smiling, and good-tempered as usual, though, it must be confessed, wishing that Aileen were not quite so devoted to her cousin.

Aileen sighed heavily. 'Of course it's very nice being engaged, and all that, but I wish she would write. All the same, you are a dear thing—what I would have done without you I cannot imagine,' and she bestowed her sweetest look upon him.

This style of conversation was considerably more to his taste than the foregoing, so with a relieved smile Terence proceeded to inform her that of all people under the sun she was the most adorable.

'There, get away,' said Aileen, presently. 'I never knew any one so fond of kissing other people as you are, never. You'll smother me some of these days, before ever I have time to marry you, and then you'll be sorry.'

Terence uttered a pious wish that such might not be the case, and then contentedly resumed operations on the violet bed.

'I don't suppose Patricia will stay at Ballinaghee much longer, do you?' he said presently.

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Aileen, sadly. 'Of course we want her to come to us. I have written hundreds of letters begging her to come, but she always refuses.'

'Well, I never!' remarked Terence, genuinely surprised. 'You would imagine she would come like a shot. That's about enough violets, darling, isn't it?'

'Heaps, thank you. Poor boy, you must be quite tired. Now come and have your pipe in peace.' And Aileen patted the seat beside her in an inviting manner.

'Patricia seems to avoid us somehow, ever since that stupid man made all this unhappiness,' she began again, after a necessary interval. 'Terry, how can I tie up these flowers if you keep kissing my hand the entire time?'

'Beg pardon, darling. Fire ahead. At least, what was it you said?'

'I knew you weren't listening. I said Patricia has never been the same since that horrid Dick proposed.'

Terence smoked silently for a minute or two. 'I wish you would tell me the whole of that affair,' he said, slowly. 'I am curious to know exactly what happened.'

They had only touched on this subject once before, and then very slightly, for Terence at once discovered that Aileen was in total ignorance of the fact that she had been destined for the unhappy Dick. Also it was not a subject he cared to discuss or, indeed, to think about, but he faced it now, though very unwillingly.

'How did it begin?' he said again. 'Tell me all about it, Baby, while you finish your flowers.'

'Patricia never saw him,' began Aileen, obediently, 'till she came to us last June, just after you went away. From their very first meeting she seemed to like him very much. I never could understand it, for you know what a bore he is—always poking over books from morning till night, and utterly unable to see a joke even when it's carefully explained to him.'

Terence chuckled at this scornful statement, but remarked that 'Graham was a very decent chap when you knew him.'

Aileen sniffed disdainfully. 'I never could see that he was anything but utterly tiresome. At first it was only a joke. I remember Patsy saying that he wanted "sympathy," and that she would cultivate him. So sweet and good of her. And then to think of the fiendish way he behaved! She always said he had a beautiful voice, which I never could discover, and they

soon became great friends. He came over nearly every day on some pretext or another, and, as papa, you know, adores him, no objection was made. I must say he improved wonderfully, and was certainly exceedingly useful, but it was soon evident that he was madly in love with Patsy.'

'You don't mean it,' murmured Terence, feeling decidedly uncomfortable.

'Mother and I both thought Patricia cared about him,' went on Aileen; 'and though, of course, she is a million times too good for him, we were not altogether sorry, for she would be close to us always, then. You know her manner is so sweet and sympathetic, especially if she thinks people are shy, that it's sometimes a little misleading.'

Terence smiled at this innocent description, having experienced Patricia's 'sympathy' on more than one occasion.

'Everything was going on beautifully,' she continued, 'when that odious Dick spoilt it by being in such a hurry. We all went up to town one day to see Aunt Eveline, and directly he found her alone he actually had the audacity to propose to her!'

'Dear me!' said Terence, gravely; 'what a shocking thing to do!'

'If you are going to laugh and be silly, I shall go in,' quoth Aileen, rising in offended dignity.

But, with abject apologies, Terence besought her to remain, declaring it was only because he did not quite understand.

'There is nothing more to say,' she replied, slightly mollified; 'and I must go in, for I want to write by this mail.'

'But did she refuse him outright?' queried Terence.

'Naturally, and he must have said or done something dreadful, for she was perfectly ill with worry, poor darling, and went off to Ireland next day. She never spoke to me on the subject—hardly saw me. Now, can you wonder that I detest Dick Graham?'

'But, Baby, you are really rather hard on the poor soul. Did you expect him to wait to be asked?' said Terence, feeling thoroughly ashamed of himself.

With a look of withering scorn, Aileen rose, and, gathering up her flowers, moved towards the house, followed by the alarmed and penitent Terence.

'I didn't mean it, upon my honour, I didn't,' he expostulated. 'I don't think you need be so severe, considering it's my last few days.'

Aileen turned directly, dropping the unfortunate violets.

'What am I to do when you are gone?' she said piteously, holding on to him, as though she would keep him by main force. 'I really cannot contemplate it.'

'It is not for long, darling,' he said, tenderly. 'And then I vote we strike and get married at once. It's ridiculous waiting till June. Besides, then you could go where you liked,' he added, artfully.

'Would you take me straight to Patricia?' questioned Aileen, breathlessly.

'Straight as an arrow.'

'How I wish it could be to-morrow,' she sighed, as they entered the house; which wish Terence devoutly echoed, though not, perhaps, for quite the same reason.

As she wrote her letter, he paced up and down the room, pondering deeply, and wishing heartily that he had taken no part in the little tragedy which Aileen recounted. It was only fair she should know the truth of the matter, but how to tell her was the question. He felt sure Patricia would prefer Aileen being left in ignorance; but was it just to Dick? To tell her now, when she was so unhappy about her cousin, would be an unwise proceeding, and yet the longer it was put off the harder it would be. And then he turned his thoughts to Patricia. She must have known he never meant matters should go so far. He tried to remember exactly what had been said that morning in the Row, when they had arranged it. Surely he had never agreed to such a thing! And yet he could not entirely acquit himself, for he most certainly had not negatived the idea. It was not like the Patricia he knew to act in such a way, and simply to serve him. The true state of the case never flashed across him for an instant, though after some thought he dimly perceived that there was a love affair at the bottom of it. He finally came to the conclusion that she had undertaken the scheme to punish some person unknown, meaning to let the affair come to an orthodox conclusion, but that at the last minute her heart failed her. How he cajoled himself into this belief remains a mystery, but it afforded him great relief, inasmuch as it removed the responsibility from his own shoulders. And as he paced the long room he made up his mind to be silent for the present, to return as speedily as possible, tell Aileen the whole story, and get married without delay.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH PINK GLASSES.

THE floodgates of Literature are opened wide, and a motley host of volumes come rushing down into the stream. This autumn publishing season is like a violent cataract, in which crowds of authors jostle to launch their paper boats, uncertain whether they will sink or swim. Most of these adventurers do not last long in the turbulent current : more by luck than any innate excellence, some few escape perdition for a time : few, indeed, reach the haven of a (conditional) immortality. The modern novel is a very perishable commodity. By the time that these words appear in print, we shall have seen, I suppose, the initial number of *Literature*, a new sixpenny weekly paper, to be published at the *Times* office, which intends to grapple boldly with the problem of reviewing the worthy among this horde of publications. *Literature* seems to have been established mainly for the purpose of criticising books—not English only, but the best American and Continental volumes as well. It will face a rather formidable task. Mr. H. D. Traill is to be the editor.

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‘The Mutable Many’ does not seem a particularly happy title for a book. Names, of course, are not everything, but they frequently have a considerable share in furthering the success of a novel, and in these days of fierce competition one cannot afford to neglect the slightest chances. To be useful, a title should be easily remembered, should run trippingly off the tongue, and should carry with it a wealth of vague, but not too hazy, suggestion. Mr. Barr’s choice fulfils none of these requirements, except possibly the last. Still, it will probably make little difference to the popularity of the book, which is by far the best I have yet seen from his pen.

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The story is an epic of toil. I do not know whether Mr.

Robert Barr took the pains to get his factory scenes revised by an expert, as seems to be the fashion now in certain quarters, nor does it greatly matter, for they give the impression of solid truth—an impression which the most careful research sometimes fails altogether to convey. In common with Mr. Kipling, who has also been accused of inaccuracy, Mr. Barr possesses the inestimable faculty of converting his readers, for the time, to a firm belief in his omniscience. His pictures arise naturally, without any straining after forcible and dramatic effect, and the impression they produce is the more vivid for the restraint of the narrator. I do not remember a finer character, as a fighter, than Sartwell, the manager of the works; or so good a type of the better class of working man as Marston. And the subsidiary characters—Braunt, the half-crazed Yorkshire giant; Gibbons, the eloquent agitator; the two timorous partners and their wives—are admirably touched in. Perhaps some may consider Mr. Barr a bit of a misogynist, for it must be admitted that the ladies, with the single exception of Miss Sartwell, are not particularly charming. And I confess that the character of Barney Hope, although it contains great possibilities, is not entirely convincing. Original and amusing, it appears to be spoilt by a touch of exaggeration; at times it approaches perilously near to the farcical. But, as a whole, 'The Mutable Many' is a novel about which it is permissible to show some little enthusiasm.

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The fourth, and last, volume of the 'Centenary Burns' is remarkable for the long-expected essay on the poet by Mr. Henley—an essay which will possibly raise a considerable storm among bigoted Burnsites north of the Tweed. It is, of course, admirably done, but the peaceful lover of literature may feel some regret that Mr. Henley has so scornfully refused to conciliate local patriotism. Indeed, he has rather gone out of his way to defy the enemy, who will doubtless not be slow to take up the challenge. An end had to be made of 'the tame, proper, figmentary Burns, the coinage of their own tame, proper brains,' and Mr. Henley has made it in his own characteristically vigorous manner. The traditionary Burns, in whom genius left no discernible mark of the peasant, is at length dead. Mr. Henley's portrait is frankly that of an eighteenth century Scots ploughman, 'absolutely of his station and his time.' The picture lives, and is certainly more in harmony with the facts than

the painted image which some idolaters have set up in its place.

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'An Essay on the Life, Genius, and Achievement of Burns,' is the title of Mr. Henley's appreciation. His views as to Burns' place in literature will not excite much resentment among even the most bigoted of the poet's partisans. It is true he lays some stress—perhaps undue stress—on the weakness of the poet's efforts when he departed from the vernacular, and essayed to write in English. There is no doubt Burns was unfortunate in his models. It would have been hard to find examples less fitted for a man of his genius to copy than the works of Pope and his school. As Mr. Henley well says, 'he was like a man with a personal hand set to imitate a writing-master's copy.' At the same time, I fancy it was the model more than the English language that was to blame. Burns could write English well enough after his own manner. Indeed, it is noticeable that many of his best-known songs contain little or no Scotch—merely a word here and there, sufficient to give a certain flavouring—or sometimes it is simply a word or two spelt after the Scottish fashion. What Burns could not do—it is a trick that marks the man of talent rather than of genius—was to turn out more than respectable copies of an artificial and unfamiliar style.

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Good work is to be expected from Mr. Seton Merriman, as 'The Sowers' proved long ago; but there can be no question about the excellence of his last novel, just published under the name 'In Kedar's Tents.' It seems to me a book of quite uncommon worth, sufficiently full of spirit and exciting incident to attract the uncritical reader, while the author's insight into character and his adroit management of the plot compel the admiration of the most hardened reviewer. There are plenty of writers just now who can construct you a sensational tale passably enough, but it is rare indeed to find one who combines with this talent Mr. Merriman's excellent workmanship. 'In Kedar's Tents' is as well done as a book of this *genre* can be: it makes no attempt to preach high moral lessons, but its characters are unmistakably alive.

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A remarkably clever, but rather unpleasant, tale is 'The Octave of Claudius,' a story which attracts attention by the infusion of a spice of the supernatural into everyday life. It is

the first novel of any length, so far as I know, that Mr. Barry Pain has produced, and though some few of his short stories have been admirable of their kind, I rather expected to find in 'The Octave of Claudius' some of the faults common to novels by short story-writers. But the book certainly does not err on the side of expansion: indeed, it is compressed rather than padded; and the only fault in its construction seems to lie in a certain reticence, which occasionally causes the author to hurry from one subject to another in a somewhat jerky fashion. The chief charm of the story lies in the delineation of Angela Wycherley—a type of girl more common in real life than in fiction, and a very pleasant type too. Mr. Barry Pain is a close student of just this sort of feminine character, which he has partially reproduced before. About Dr. Lamb there is a touch of Mr. H. G. Wells, who is responsible for another member of the medical profession, afflicted with a similar passion for physical research.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

FROM MY ATTIC WINDOW.

**The Realities
of Sick
Nursing.**

THE day is over of the beautiful young creature with slender waist and liquid eyes, who, clad in picturesque uniform, glided from sick bed to sick bed, and called herself, or was called by imaginative novel writers, a nurse. This is unfortunate for the patients, who apparently recovered from the most severe of operations and the last extremity by the touch of her hand, or her wonderful method of smoothing the pillow-cases or offering eau-de-Cologne and roses. But although even the great general public now knows something of what a hospital nurse's duties really are, the grim realities of nursing the very poor are still a surprise, and an account of nursing typhus in the Inniskea Islands, off the coast of Mayo, is by way of being unique.

The inhabitants are always half-starved and over-crowded. A superior two-roomed cottage on these islands contains ten human beings, three cows, and innumerable fowls. And those which are not superior—and they are in the majority—have one room, which is used as bed-sitting room, kitchen, and farmyard. The chickens roost on the bed-posts; the cow is usually in a corner; a hole in the ceiling acts as chimney—when there is draught enough to take the smoke up; and a hole in the floor acts as dustbin and cesspool. There are no windows or back doors. It is more extraordinary to learn that they are ever free from typhus than that they have just had a severe outbreak, which two nurses from Dublin, Misses Kenny and Macalister, went over to deal with. They were enthusiastically welcomed in English—very decidedly made in Ireland—by the fishermen, and in Irish by the wives and daughters. But when they began their war against dirt and parasites, and instituted washing even for the fever patients, their troubles began. The fathers of Inniskea had gone to bed with their clothes on for generations, and had refused to remove them till the fever was over, why not the sons of Inniskea in 1897? In addition to all these difficulties,

which imagination will amplify, there was the lack of fuel and food, which the islands do not supply. These things were sent from the mainland when the need became known, but even then doctors and food and medicine together would often be weather-bound, or everything would arrive caked with sea-water. So the nurses, with the priest, had to act as nurses and arbitrators, distributors of the relief, doctors and dispensers.

It is not wonderful that Miss Kenny and Miss Macalister finally got the fever themselves, and had to cross ten miles in an open boat to the mainland, and drive another sixty with temperatures of nearly 105 degrees. And this was in the British Isles—not North China!

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**The Memory
of Two Good
Women.**

The memory of very few of the good women of the world is kept green by any monument except the lives and love of their sons and daughters. But there are some women who have done service for the world, which the world has recognized and remembered. Mrs. Barrett Browning gave freely of a genius which was wrung equally from heart and head. Her memory would have kept itself green in any case by the legacy she left us of poems, which are the embodiment of the highest womanhood. But Italy, in the very year of her death, was quicker to recognize her greatness than we slow-blooded British, and placed on the walls of her Florentine home, the Casa Guidi, a dignified and beautiful inscription, which, being interpreted, runs: 'Here she wrote, and here she died; her woman's heart combined the learning of the savant with the soul of a poet, and her verse wove a golden link to couple England and Italy. Grateful Florence placed this memorial, 1861.' And now, tardily and scantily, a very small section of the English nation has contributed to put a memorial tablet in the Church of Kelloe, in the county of Durham. This church is the nearest to what has only recently been discovered to be the place of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's birth, Coxhoe Hall—the church itself containing the register of her birth, on March 6th, 1806—not, as was previously thought, 1809. This monument to our greatest of English women poets is not colossal. But there would be no fear of her memory dying were there none.

Then quite lately a memorial window, which in itself is worth remembering for its poetical idea, has been erected to the memory of Miss Buss in the church overlooking her grave. Miss Buss is also a woman whose memory is built into the lives

and characters of hundreds of the women and girls of England. As the founder and principal of the largest of girls' schools, and one which in matters educational was the pioneer, she had unique opportunities for moulding the minds and development of thousands of girls. As to how she used the opportunities the girls know. The window, which, by the way, was not the first monument to her—a tablet in the school buildings, and a fund for a travelling scholarship for teachers, having been subscribed for a year ago—is singularly and poetically suitable. It illustrates the words from 'The Pilgrim's Progress': 'The Interpreter called a servant of his, called Greatheart, "Take these my daughters," said he, "and conduct them to the House called Beautiful."' This praise is a poem.

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Arms and the Woman. A new Virgil will have to arise, or else our old friend will have to be revised and brought up to date. With aching heads and a liberal use of dictionaries in our old school-days, we discovered that he sang of 'arms and the man.' We now find that some one will have to sing of 'arms and the woman.' One of the latest of clubs (*sic*) is yclept 'The Ladies' Rifle Club.' At present the club is a class consisting of forty members, who foregather in St. Peter's Institute, in the Buckingham Palace Road, to learn how to hold a rifle without being 'kicked,' and how to induce the cartridge to reach the target without fatally injuring any person or persons *en route*. A well-known member of the Pioneer Club, who is also well known in moneyed London, was the instigator of the idea, and a band of thirty-nine other enterprising spirits joined themselves unto her and engaged an instructor.

Up to the time of writing I have not heard of any fatalities. After all, there is no reason why this forty, or any other number of women, should not learn to shoot. A great many women shoot already, and say nothing about it. Occasionally the less said the better. If one lived in the backwoods of Klondyke, or the last century, or even Kensington or Hackney Marshes—in their present condition of reported highwaymen—it would be a sacred duty to have a revolver as a lady's companion. But in the daily round and common tasks of life in England one ordinarily only yearns to shoot cats or amateur cornet-players. And for these purposes a pop-gun is very effective, and less expensive than a rifle, or even a revolver.

Significant. The University of Durham has lately presented itself, or been presented, with the power of conferring degrees on women. At its first convocation since this new departure it chose to honour Miss Jane Harrison, or rather Dr. Harrison, with its degree of D.Litt. Canon Kynaston, who presented the degree, said that, as a student of classic archæology and interpreter of Greek art, she had made for herself a reputation which would last as long as any interest in Hellenic monuments and legends, or any memory of the past stories of Athens remained in the minds of men. Miss Harrison's work on 'The Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens' is, of course, the best known of her books on special subjects; and others, which are equally authoritative in their way, contain the result of much arduous and original work.

Miss Harrison last year was made an honorary LL.D. by St. Andrew's University, who also thereby expressed their appreciation of her worth. Is it not curious that Miss Harrison's own Alma Mater has no honour to offer her? Cambridge disowns and disinherits even her distinguished daughters.

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Colleges of Philanthropy. Work among the poor and journalism are two methods of passing the time which most people assume need no previous training. Any one can edit a paper, of course; any one can pay a few visits among the poor and then pose as a social reformer. But things are not always what they seem, and successful editing and real social reform come into that category. The successful editor is occasionally born ready-made. But nothing but study and thought, aided by natural intuition, judgment, and boundless tact, can make a woman a successful worker among the poor. Philanthropy is becoming a science, although a science wherein the head allows a certain laxity to the heart.

The workers in 'settlements' in London and other big towns have recognised this. They have found that promiscuous visiting results in the visitor either being considered an intruder or being made a dupe. They have found that untutored charity actually creates the social difficulties it is designed to avert. For these reasons the heads of several of these settlements have decided to make their headquarters a kind of social training ground, a species of college for philanthropy. Several of them now announce that they are willing to take pupil-workers for a year or two years' training. They will be shown the actual life

of the very poor, the methods used to help without pauperising, to amuse, instruct, and interest, how to teach self-help, thrift, and the thousand and one ways men and women are employing to help their brothers and sisters a step nearer the light of knowledge and love.

The Pfeiffer Settlement, in conjunction with Miss Octavia Hill and the Benson Memorial Home, is going a step further and offering a few scholarships to ladies anxious to go back to their work at home with completer knowledge and experience, after a year's insight and training.

* * * * *

**The Higher
Motherhood.**

There are a number of strange things in this commonplace life of ours which, as a mere woman, I find mysterious. One is the doctrine of averages—why it always happens that only a certain proportion of persons attempt to go by a certain train, or attend a certain concert or meeting, and not the entire population of the place. Why—but this note is not about averages, it is about mothers. Another mysterious thing to me is why, if I start thinking on any point or any subject, does everything I read or see or meet with seem to bear on that point? A few days ago some one, I do not remember who, was talking about the extraordinary difference in mothers. How some women seemed born to love children and know by instinct how to deal with them. And others with years of practice would never get the mother touch. Since that train of thought started I have not taken up a paper without being certain of finding something bearing on the subject, and everything I have seen or heard seems connected with incapable, unmotherly mothers. I believe subjects, like influenza, get in the air, or else they are propagated by the ubiquitous microbe.

But to return to, or rather begin, with our mothers. It was only a simple tale I heard told just as simply, but it has haunted me ever since. It was about a baby, aged one year. She could just walk with little quavery, uncertain steps, and in her investigations into this new world she came across the coal-box. The result was inevitable—her pinafore and little hands were very black. When her mother came into the room the child cried, with the love that Heaven planted in her, and held out her baby arms to be lifted up. The woman had evidently mistaken her vocation, she ought to have been a butcher, not a mother, for in a passion she beat those tiny hands and arms

with a stick till they were—— But I could not listen to the end. I only heard with gladness that the wee thing will probably die. It was those baby arms held out in expectation that haunted me. They are such a parable of baby arms and child hearts by the thousand up and down the land, begging for the love that never comes. It is not only the physical wounds that children cry for, it is the "mother want" about the world which is murdering the best in the world. There are two kinds of motherhood. There is the kind that merely brings the children into the world and then hands them over to nurses and governesses. It recognises no responsibility to give the passionate, unselfish love, which is the salt of the earth—no kisses, no training in self-control, no loving discipline, no sympathy. Where is the wonder that there is so little practical Christianity in the world, when mothers make infidels of the babies by their lives? There is the other kind of mother, who may or may not have children of her own. She is just the antithesis of the first, and while she lives, and after, there will always be a piece of heaven on earth for some people. If it were only possible to have a school for mothers, with grandmothers—the right kind of grandmothers—for the professors, and compulsory examinations at the end!

ANNIE GROSER HURD.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p. 600.*)

VARIETY SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

Six passages of poetry expressing colour.

It is, of course, obvious that the best choice of passages would be of those which express the effect of colour itself on the mind, and the second of those which give a vivid impression of the colour of the scene or objects described, so as to bring it before the mind's eye of the reader. Some of the passages selected appear to have been chosen merely because the names of colours occur in them. The colour should be the *point* of the passage. There is more 'expression of colour' in Browning's lines—

'The old June weather
Blue above lane and wall;'

and in Matthew Arnold's description of Apollo and the Nine—

'—coming so white through the gloom
With garments outglistening the gold-flowered broom;'

or in Tennyson's verse, beginning—

'Rosy is the west, rosy is the east,

.
When the maiden yieldeth;'

than in long lists of coloured flowers or stones—because in each of these cases the colour expresses a sentiment—summer, glory, warmth, and joy of love. The old hymn—

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods
Stand dressed in living green;'

is a beautiful instance. All the descriptions of the Grail in Tennyson, and many of those where golden effects are made to surround King Arthur, are cases in point.

But the great master of colour expression is, of course, Dante. The 'brown air' of the *Inferno*, the hopeful whiteness of the dawn upon the sea when the white angel crosses it, the tender green of the sheltered pause on the Mount of Purgatory—green grass, green wings of angels, the red, the gold, the white of Paradise, express more feeling than many words. In the '*Vita Nuova*,' translated by Rossetti, there are wonderful colour studies, too numerous to quote. Colour, for some people, says all that music said to Abt Vogler—and without, as some do, defining its mystical meanings, it is full of speed.

Among the passages of vivid colour pictures without any special sentiments, Tennyson's '*Isle of Flowers*,' and the description of the serpent in Keats' '*Lamia*,' stand high. Also the moonlight through stained glass

of Keats' 'St. Agnos.' There are a great many lists containing a most unusual variety of interesting and beautiful quotations. *Nora's* list appears to Chelsea China to be the best, and single pieces are added from several others. *Aunt Mollie* and *E. O. B.* were excellently arranged, *Miranda* and *Pensa* very good. The subject has been very successful.

SIX PASSAGES OF POETRY DESCRIBING COLOUR.

I.

From George Meredith's 'Hymn to Colour.'

'Look now where colour, the soul's bridegroom, makes
The house of heaven splendid for the bride—
To him as leaps a fountain she awakes,
In knotting arms, yet boundless, him beside
She holds the flower to heaven, and by his power—
Brings heaven to the flower.

He gives her homeliness in desert air,
And sovereignty in spaciousness; he leads
Through widening chambers of surprise to where
Throbs rapture near an end that aye recedes—
Because his touch is infinite, and lends
A yonder to all ends.

'Of thee to say "Behold," has said "Adieu,"
But love remembers how the sky was green—
And how the grasses glimmered lightish blue;
How saintlike grey took favour; how the screen
Of cloud grew violet; how thy moment came
Between a blush and flame.

'They do not look through love to look on thee,
Grave heavenliness! Nor know they joy of sight
Who deem the wave of rapt desire must be
Its wrecking and last issue of delight—
Dead seasons quicken in one petal spot
Of colour unforget.'

II.

From Matthew Arnold's 'Thyrsis.'

'So some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden trees
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze,
The bloom is gone and with the bloom go I.

'Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on.
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snap-dragon,
Sweet William with his homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar
And open, jasmin-muffled lattices
And groups under the dreaming garden trees
And the full moon, and the white evening star.

'He hearkens not! light comes—he is flown!
What matters it? Next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring days
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.'

III.

From A. C. Swinburne's 'Ballad of Sarke.'

High beyond the granite portal arched across,
Like the gateway of some god-like giant's hold,
Sweep and swell the billowy breasts of moor and moss
East and westward, and the dell their slopes enfold,
Bastes in purple, glows in green, exults in gold.
Glens that know the dove, and fells that hear the lark
Fill with joy the rapturous island, as an ark
Full of spicery wrought from herb and flower and tree,
None would dream that grief even here may disembark
On the wrathful woeful marge of earth and sea.'

IV.

From Robert Browning's 'Christmas Eve.'

'For lo, what think you? Suddenly
The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
Received at once the full fruition
Of the moon's consummate apparition.
The black cloud barricade was riven,
Ruined beneath her feet and driven
Deep in the west; while, bare and breathless,
North and south and east lay ready—
For a glorious thing that, dauntless, deathless
Sprang across them and stood steady.
'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect
From heaven to heaven extending—perfect
As the mother moon's self—full in face.
It rose, distinctly at the base
With its seven proper colours chorded.
Which still, in the rising, were compressed,
Until at last, they coalesced
And supreme the spectral creature lorded
In a triumph of whitest white,
Above which intervened the night.
But above night too. Like the next,
The second of a wondrous sequence
Reaching in rarer and rarer frequency,
Till the heaven of heavens be circumflexed
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
Fainter, flushier and flightier,
Rapture dying along its verge!
Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,
Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
On to the keystone of that arc?'

V.

From Tennyson's 'Maud.'

'A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent, sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?'

VI.

From Jean Ingelow's 'Requiescat in Pace.'

- 'Below me lay the wide sea, the scarlet sun was stooping
And he dyed the waste water, as with a scarlet dye,
And he dyed the lighthouse towers, every bird with white wing swooping
Took his colours, and the cliffs did, and the yawning sky.
- 'Over grass came that strange flush, and over ling and heather,
Over flocks of sheep and lambs, and over Cromer town,
And each filmy cloudlet crossing, drifted like a scarlet feather,
Torn from the folded wings of clouds, while he settled down.
- 'When I looked, I dared not sigh. In the light of God's splendour
With his daily blue and gold—who am I?—what am I?
But that passion and outpouring seemed an awful sign and tender,
Like the blood of the Redeemer, shown on earth and sky.'

NORA.

'Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven—the domain
Of Cynthia—the wide palace of the sun,—
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—
The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey, and dun.
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
And all its vassal streams: pools numberless
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.
Blue! gentle cousin of the forest green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers—
Forget-me-not, the blue-bell, and that queen
Of secrecy, the violet: what strange powers
Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great,
When in an eye thou art alive with fate!'

('Sonnet ix.' Keats.)

LINDUM, DELF, AND OTHERS.

'Crimson as the rubies, crimson as the roses,
Crimson as the sinking sun,
Singing on his crimson bed each saint reposes.
Fought his fight, his battle won,
Till the rosy east the day of days discloses,
All his work—some waiting—done.'

(Christina Rossetti.)

AUNT MOLLIE.

'The tender growing gold of his pure hair
Was as wheat growing, and his mouth as flame.
God called him holy after His own Name;
With gold cloth like fire burning he was clad.
But for the fair green basket that he had
It was filled up with heavy white and red;
Great roses stained still where the first rose bled,
Burning at heart for shame their heart withholds:
And the sad colour of strong marigolds
That have the sun to kiss their lips for love;
The flower that Venus' hair is wove of,
The colour of fair apples in the sun,
Late peaches gathered when the heat was done,
And the slain air got breath; and after these
The fair faint-headed poppies drunk with ease
And heaviness of hollow lilies red.'

('St. Dorothy,' Swinburne.)

MIRANDA.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

'Fainter by day, but always in the night
Blood-red—and sliding down the blackened marsh
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain-top
Blood-red—and in the sleeping mere below,
Blood-red.'

('Holy Grail,' A. Tennyson.)
E. O. B.

'All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.'

('The Lady of Shalott,' Tennyson.)
SIR BORS

'The buttercup is like a golden cup,
The marigold is like a golden frill,
The daisy with a golden eye looks up,
And golden spreads the flag beside the rill,
And gay and golden nods the daffodil,
The gorsy common swells a golden sea,
The cowslip hangs a head of golden tips,
And golden drips the honey which the bee
Sucks from sweet hearts of flowers and stores and sips.'

('Golden Stores,' Christina Rossetti.)
PENSA.

'And we came to the Isle of Flowers; their breath met us out of the seas,
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze;
And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark blue clematis, clung,
And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvus hung;
And the topmost spire of the mountains was lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Through the fire of the tulips and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush;
And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree,
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea.'

('Voyage of Maeldune,' Tennyson.)
A. C. R.

PRIZE WINNER FOR SEPTEMBER.

Miss A. C. Shipton, Grove Rectory, Retford.

SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER.

Compare Charles I. of England and Louis XVI. of France.

SECOND SHELF.

PROSE COMPETITION FOR SEPTEMBER.

A BIT OF LONDON.

Some of these papers are rather discursive, and several should guard against the repetition of epithets and nouns. The most effective on the whole is *Anthea's*. *Lindum's* 'Chimneys' is quaint and true; *Miranda's* is very good indeed; *Lag-las's* 'Chelsea' is also good. The papers are many of them much too long.

Drop out of the flowing human tide that bears you so strongly across the bridge, and let your eyes rest for a while on the incoming river tide below. You are not alone in so doing. A string of 'loafers' are gazing over the parapet; sometimes idly watching the boat that passes beneath them, or the business going on about the foot of yonder wharf, standing tall, yellow, expressionless on the edge of the sad-coloured shore; but for the most part they are intent upon the river itself, they are fascinated by the ebb and flow of the water, by the low swish swish that it makes against the piers; they cannot look away from the smooth, oily curves, ever forming round the stones as the tide sweeps through the arches of the bridge. All men feel this influence of flowing water, whether it be in the bubbling hill-stream, or the slow, strong river; in the creamy glacier torrent, or the embracing sea. It appeals to us as the great thoroughfares of life appeal: because the irresistible current, the varying details, the united forces that enthrall and move us are common to them both.

Here life teems around you. Raise your eyes for a moment, and look broadly upon the stream that bears the world's merchantmen to the heart of commerce. Look at the picturesque barges laden to the water's edge with hay, their red and brown sails, hardly used by the weather, patched and streaked with contrasting colours. The 'penny' steamer with its crowd of passengers entertained by the shrill notes of trumpet and jews-harps plies from pier to pier, and numberless small craft go dancing on their way across the sparkling water; for the sun, bursting out, has set the little waves in points of glittering light, and illumines the haze of slender masts, fair and faint, apparent in the distant curve of the river.

Behind you the toilers hasten by, bent on the daily task of gathering gold, or of only winning bread. They cross the bridge every morning, they recross it every night. Day by day the pavement is trodden by the same hurrying feet. They do not often pause in their passages—and it is well, for the song of the water beneath has too often, alas! proved a dirge for souls who have 'failed under the heat of this life's day.' Truly the bridge has been the witness of many a tragic or repulsive scene—of many a bright and wholesome one too, in years of old as in our present time; but it is never more beautiful, more suggestive, nor perhaps sadder than when the moon draws a fair line upon the long dark walls, and making her pathway on the waters bright before her, turns arch and column into silver as she approaches, when the low shore is lost in the full tide, and buildings stand transfigured in the magic radiance, when the boats pass silently with their coloured lights reflected from below, and the distance is marked and beautified by the glowing lines 'where the lamps quiver so far in the river.'

Yet, mayhap, there is an even fairer time, seen but by the few. Those wearily driving home in the early summer morning, after a night of gaiety, see it—if their eyes be not already closed—as the carriage rolls across the bridge; and the homeless men and women see it, who have lain huddled in the stone niches of the parapet for the night. It is the freshest, purest, sweetest time; the air is clear, the day as yet unsoiled, 'the city now doth,

like a garment, wear the beauty of the morning,' and in the opinion of one whose appreciation of rural loveliness is unquestioned, 'Earth has not anything to show more fair.'—ANTHEA.

A BIT OF LONDON.

Chimneys! Strictly speaking, one would scarcely apply the title of 'A bit of London' to the chimneys of London, though in some cases a prominent feature, as when you are carried swiftly over a great viaduct into the south of London amid a forest of chimney-tops, ugly perhaps, but still necessary and important.

Taking the word 'bit,' however, in its Anglo-Saxon form, *bita bite*, as much as may be bitten at once—and imagine a giant, proportionately enormous, treating London as a school-boy would treat a cake, namely, taking a bite at first from the least dainty part—then most certainly that bite would be the chimneys, and the chimneys 'A bit of London.'

Now for the chimneys themselves, countless in number, and of divers makes and shapes. There are tall ones and short ones—the former seeming almost to touch the sky, and the latter barely rising above the roofs of their respective buildings—round and square ones, brick and stone, newly built chimneys, and chimneys in the last stage of decay, as well as those in the very prime of life. Again, some have chimney-pots and some are without. 'Father Time' is responsible for a great many of the missing, and the wind and heat for others. Then there are smart pots, pots of fantastic shapes, and plain pots.

And the use of chimneys.

In the olden days a hole in the roof sufficed, and the thick smoky atmosphere in which our forefathers dwelt would well-nigh suffocate a more sensitive individual of the nineteenth century. Now the smoke from the fire goes straight up the chimney, and is carried away over our heads, and if by any chance we should get into a house with only *one* smoky chimney, or rather one chimney which does not perform properly the purpose for which it was made, it is quite a sufficient reason for condemning the house at once.

Also, different chimneys send forth different kinds and colours of smoke. There is the thin white smoke which wreathes itself against the sky like a trail of chiffon, and that which forms vapoury clouds, and thick black smoke, and dull brown smoke, and smoke with sparks and flames of fire.

And the cleaning of chimneys.

In these days of mechanical contrivances, and brushes of all descriptions, it is hard to imagine the process of former days. The poor little children traversing London streets at two and three o'clock on a winter's morning, followed by their surly task-masters, obliged to cry out 'Sweep,' but sounding in their small thin trebles like 'Weep, weep.' And the tender-hearted might often find cause to weep for the poor waifs, homeless and friendless, who were obliged to crawl up the dark chimneys, and who on more than one occasion never found their way down again. And those who met with no such horrible fate were not much better off; it was generally a case of 'more kicks than ha'pence,' and it is well the practice is done away with.

I am afraid my 'bit of London' has not taken a very attractive or æsthetic form, but has resolved itself into a paper of chimneys; still, seen from the tower of Saint Paul's, it is not a *paper*, but a *sea* of chimneys.—LINDUM.

PRIZE WINNER FOR SEPTEMBER.

Miss M. Yeatman, Dartmouth House, Blackheath Hill, S.E.

CLASS LIST FOR SEPTEMBER.

DISTINCTION.—*Lag-last, Miranda, Lindum.*

CLASS I.

Carlotta, Elizabeth, Gladys, M. Laws, Aunt Mollie, Winifred Spurling, T. A. B., Season Ticket, Colonel.

CLASS II.

Holly Leaf, Achray, Skena Vaw.

SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER.

Smoke.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Who was buried in
 'A stern round tower of other days,
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone'?
2. What 'glorious gulf' was kissed by the mountain shadows?
3. Who were (a) 'blind old Dandolo,' (b) 'unhappy White,' (c) 'repentant Henry'?
4. Where are there
 'Seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 Seven columns, massy and grey'?
5. Where did it happen that
 'The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown'?
6. Why was the Leech sent to Conrad?

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

(All from the works of LORD BYRON.)

1. Cecilia Metella. ('Childe Harold,' canto iv. st. 99, etc.)
2. The gulf of 'unconquered Salamis.' ('The Corsair,' canto iii. st. 1.)
 The same passage is also to be found at the beginning of 'The Curse of Minerva.'
3. (a) 'Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe,'
 Dandolo, doge of Venice, who took Constantinople in 1204. ('Childe Harold,' canto iv. st. 12.)
 (b) Henry Kirke White, a promising young poet, who died at Cambridge in 1806, from over-study. ('English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.')
- (c) Henry II., who founded the Abbey of Newstead, in part atonement for the murder of Becket. ('Elegy on Newstead Abbey,' st. 1.)
- 4
 'In Chillon's dungeons deep and old.'
 ('The Prisoner of Chillon,' st. 2.)
5. In the camp of the Assyrians when they came to besiege Jerusalem.
 ('The Destruction of Sennacherib,' 'Hebrew Melodies,' 22.)
6.
 'Not in mercy,' but
 To note how much the life yet left could bear.'
 ('Corsair,' canto ii. st. 9.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

A. C. R., Atalanta, Athena, Cavalier, Cymraes, Dianora, Euphonia, Eleanor, E. T., Findhorn, Hexagon, Holly Leaf, Irnham, Isabel, Lenore, Melton Mowbray, Mesech, Nemo, Royston Crow, R. V. H., Scott, Sophonista,

Syndicate, The Bratchet, Trimmer, White Cat, Winifred Adey, 36; Double-Dummy, 34; A. E. L., All-Fours, F. R. D., H. M. Oldfield, Helen, Isolda, Kittiwake, Malaprop, Sintram, 33; No. 7, 31; Feu-Follet, Heather, Yramram, 30; Honeyland, 28; M. R. A., 21; Sissie Hunter, 19.

Several competitors have lost marks over No. 5. 'At the destruction of Sennacherib' cannot be considered a sufficient answer to this question.

The Questing Beast is allowed 32 marks for this once, but must be careful in future.

Aspley Guise cannot be credited to any marks, having omitted to write 'Search Questions' outside her envelope.

Fourteen Streams is credited with 36 marks for August.

Findhorn. 1 and 3 for August were insufficient and lost 2 marks each.

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

(All from the poetical works of one author.)

1. Who were (a) *Glycine*, (b) *Tertzky*, (c) *Roland de Vaux*?
2. Who

'Heard from far,
Ancestral voices prophesying war'?

3. Where are these lines?—

'With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods and winds and waters!
Till he relent and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.'

4. What formed a 'cushion plump' for a 'hermit good,' and where did he live?

5. Of whom did our poet use these words?—

- (1) 'Sublime of thought, and confident of fame.'
- (2) 'Friend of the wise, and teacher of the good.'

6. Who, and on what occasion,

'With that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free'?

* *Chelsea China* cannot undertake to answer privately about Search Questions.

THIRD SHELF.

QUERIES.

Can any one tell me of a simple manual of devotion for Holy Communion suitable for village girls just confirmed?—*Wynne.*

Wanted.—Information about superstitions connected with Dairy Maids, Cows, and Daffodils, or any Folk Lore on these subjects.—*Miss Marian A. Sewell, Dunmow.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—It was a great satisfaction to a very old reader of the 'Monthly Packet' to see at last in its columns a warning note as to the terrible spread of intemperance among women. Is there any question which more closely touches a woman's life? And yet, till now, has it not been entirely ignored in this most essentially woman's magazine? Now that the writer of 'From my Attic Window' has called our attention, not to her own ideas, but to stern facts, may we not hope that some discussion on this burning question may find its way into the China Cupboard? It would be well worth while to discuss two important points: (a) whether women of all classes can best promote habits of temperance by taking up the line of strict abstinence for themselves and those under their control, or by using and enforcing strict moderation in the use of stimulants. (b) Even granting that total abstinence is best in theory, what may and should be done by the many women who as housekeepers for fathers, brothers, or husbands, are not altogether free agents, and cannot, if they would, entirely banish alcohol from their households?—Yours faithfully, HELENA.

REVIEW.

At the Cross Roads, by F. L. Montresor, author of *Into the Highways and Hedges*, etc. This is a noble and striking book, full of deep reflections and of original thoughts. It tells of a man unjustly imprisoned, of the temporary failure, and then of the growth, of his character on the spiritual side, of the supreme faithfulness of his betrothed, and of her all but shipwreck because she has no spiritual side to her nature, no other faith than her love. We will not tell the story, which is ingenious. Every character in it is distinct, clear, and consistent. The plot has, we think, two imperfections: one that the supposed temptation is inadequate—if Jack had been in want of ready money he could have borrowed it on his publisher's agreement; the other, that the unlucky speech of the prison chaplain, possible enough to an ordinary prisoner from a hard, undeveloped young man, would hardly have been made to a gentleman, imprisoned on so uncommon a charge as burning his own insured manuscript. The standpoint of the writer is highly religious, but in her desire to appear bound by no forms, though fair to all, she fails here and there, we think, to understand the tongues in which the Unseen speaks to many of her fellows. 'The creature' does not 'quite fathom the creature,' in the matter of daily services, for instance; and the author, partly from the absence of comment that marks her style, allows herself to appear narrower than she really is. But it is a very fine book, and well worth studying.—CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.

ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION.

CLASS LIST FOR SEPTEMBER.

CLASS I.

Gem, 38; *Thames Valley*, 36; *Oka and Cobwebs*, 35; *Green Mantle*, 32; *Double-Dummy*, 31.

CLASS II.

Maiden Aunt, 26.

REMARKS.

The papers sent in showed very careful reading. *Gem's* was particularly clear and good. She obtained full marks for 3 and 4. *Thames Valley* obtained full marks for 3 and 4, and *Cobwebs* for 1. *Cobwebs'* paper was clear and the points well brought out. *Oka* wrote too much on 4, 500 words being the limit.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Account for the early success and final failure of the English attack on France in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI.
2. Give a sketch of the life of Joan of Arc, and estimate the importance of her work.
3. Write a life and character of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.
4. What causes led up to the Wars of the Roses?

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

37. Give the *Provinces* (not *Dioceses*) into which the Churches of the Anglican Communion are at present divided, mentioning (a) the countries and races to which they respectively minister; (b) how those beyond the British Isles are governed; (c) how their Bishops are appointed; and add in what countries we have independent missionary Bishops.

38. Give a short account of slavery in Eastern Africa, and of the efforts to suppress it since 1860.

39. Give a history of mission work in any *two* of the following: Japan, Honolulu, Zanzibar City, Nyasa, Zululand.

40. Sketches of the lives of Bishop Mackenzie and Bishop Steere (Central Africa), Bishop Hannington (Eastern Equatorial Africa) and Bishop Patteson (Melanesia): *average of twelve lines each, and one longer.*

Books recommended:—Report of S.P.G. for 1896; Perry's and Hore's *Histories*; *Under His Banner* (S.P.C.K.), 5s.; *Life of Bishop Mackenzie* (Bell), 6s.; *Life of Bishop Hannington* (Seeley), 7s. 6d.; *Memoir of Bishop Steere* (Bell and Sons), 5s.; *History of Universities' Mission to Central Africa* (office of U.M.C.A., Dartmouth Street, S.W.), 3s. 9d.; *Life of Bishop Patteson* (Macmillan), 12s.; *Historical Sketches*, 1d. each (S.P.G.)—"Japan," "Natal and Zululand," "Melanesia" (19, Delahay Street, S.W.); also *Mission Heroes*, 1d. each (9, Dartmouth Street)—"Bishop Mackenzie," "Bishop Steere," "Bishop Smythies."

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, Industrial School, Andover, by Dec. 1st.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address **CHELSEA CHINA** on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

CHINA CUPBOARD PRIZES—

A. Variety Specimens. Prize, monthly, 5s.

Search Questions (*Who, When, and Where*). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1s.

Prose Competition. Monthly Prize, 5s., or 10s., according to merit.

RULES for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to **CHELSEA CHINA**, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case. (6) There are no entrance fees. (7) Prizes cannot be taken by the same person twice in a half-year.

B. English History Competition. Prize, for six months taken together, £3 3s. Farther prizes only if the Editors are satisfied with the keenness of the competition.

RULES.—(1) Answers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to **CHELSEA CHINA**, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (2), (3), (4), (5) and (6) as above, under section A. Be very careful to put 'English History' *outside*.

C. Church History Society. Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

RULES.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1s. II. Questions are set each month.

No China Cupboard papers can be returned.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1897.

PATRICIA.

BY MARY CARMICHAEL.

CHAPTER XX.

THE cold rain fell with a steady, monotonous drizzle from a leaden sky, as Patricia made her way down the hillside, towards the little cemetery. It was her last visit, for she left for England with Nancy next morning. The girl walked slowly and wearily, a long black cloak covering her from head to foot, the only touch of colour being Aileen's flowers.

Patricia's spirit seemed crushed, or at best fainting. She moved about mechanically, quite void of all sensation, but for the sickening sense of weakness which seemed to drain her very life away. She entered into all the details as to the funeral with a calmness nothing short of terrifying, and with her own hands distributed the 'keepsakes' begged for by the people.

When Nancy suggested that Patricia should come to her for a few days before starting for the Riviera, the girl indifferently assented, appearing careless as to where she went, or what became of her, so long as she left Ballinaghee. It was a trying time for Nancy. Thoroughly uneasy about Patricia's state of health, she tried in vain to save her all possible fatigue, but without success, for she seemed made of iron for the time being, and insisted on doing everything herself. Over and over again did Nancy try to break that ominous calm, that terrified her, but all to no purpose; Patricia was quite unshaken, even at the funeral. Bridget's alarm was loudly expressed, and

she declared that her young lady had 'the look,' and would be taken next.

'Wirra, wirra,' she wept. 'She's the livin' image av the misthress that's dead an' gone, rest her sowl, wid the sad eyes av her an' the swate smoile. 'Twas jist the way she wint, ma'am, wid that terrible wastin' away! Ochone, but it was the crule day for her, poor lamb! Niver wan lift to her, an' she that lovin' an' tendher-hearted. There's a curse on the place as thrue as you're here. She'll be the nixt. Shure I'm hearin' the Banshee go wailin' round the house iver since the docthor was tuk!'

'Hush, Bridget!' said poor Nancy, striving to be severe, but shivering in spite of herself. 'It's really very wrong to talk like this. She will be better when we get her away from this doleful place.'

'Shure she's loosin' her wits wid the throuble, ma'am,' went on Bridget, unappeased. 'Isn't it meslif that has had her from her birth, an' I niver see her loike this before. She spinds the most av her toime down at the cimetary, sayin' prayers for his sowl; and whin the masther was tuk she niver wint near the place—couldn't aboide the mintion av it. It's not natural, ma'am, and 'twill be the death av her as shure as we stan' here.'

Nancy quite agreed with this part of the matter, but felt powerless to prevent it. In Patricia's foreign mood she did not in the least know how to manage her, so, fearful of making matters worse by interfering, left the girl to herself, and hurried on their departure as much as possible.

The thick mud made it heavy walking for Patricia, and she nearly slipped once or twice, but it disturbed her no more than the cold rain driving in her face. She went straight on through the village, with no pleasant word or bright smile for the few people in the street, till she pushed open the heavy gate and entered the little cemetery. She crossed the wet grass, her heavy cloak trailing behind her, till she came to the tall stone cross that marked the sacred nature of the place; and then, as though too weary to go any further, sank down on the steps at its base. Her white face looked almost deathly against the black folds of the cloak, as she closed her heavy eyes, sitting there in the driving rain. But in a few minutes she roused herself, and, emptying her basket, began to arrange the flowers. Their sweet scent and soft beauty brought the ghost of a smile to her face as, separating the violets, she made them into a fragrant purple cross.

'Dear,' she whispered as she knelt beside the newly-made grave, 'they are your favourite flowers, I know—I am going away—as you wished—and I will send you violets—Good-bye.' With caressing fingers she stroked the cold earth, as though it were the living creature she missed so sorely, and then rising, moved across to the double grave, where she laid her glowing carnations, with more whispered words of farewell.

As she passed up the village street once more, Patricia stooped under a low doorway, and walked in with the customary salutation, 'God save all here.' A consumptive-looking lad who was sitting dreaming by the hearth looked up as the shadow darkened the door. 'Holy Vargin,' as he dragged himself to his feet, 'if it isn't the mistress!'

Patricia motioned him to sit down, refusing the chair he laboriously brought forward.

'No, Tim, I only want to say a few words. You were fond of the doctor, and he did a good deal for you?'

'God knows that, me lady,' said the lad, huskily.

Patricia smiled faintly.

'I knew you would like to do something for him, so I want you to look after the flowers I will send. I am going away, Tim. Perhaps I shall never come back again; and I would like to feel that you always do this for me. I know you will never forget.' Then, without waiting for his eager assent, she hurried out of the cottage and up the hillside to the house.

Nancy will never forget that journey to Felstead. Once or twice the thought would flash across her mind that Patricia, as Bridget said, was 'losing her senses.' If only she could break that deathly composure!

'What shall we do?' she whispered to Bridget. 'This sort of thing will kill her if it goes on much longer.'

'Jist wait a bit, ma'am. If the soight av the Bay don't move her, nothin' will, God help us!' answered Bridget, wiping her eyes.

What the 'Bay' might be Nancy did not know, but she sat back in her corner feeling more hopeful, for Bridget had evidently a forlorn hope in reserve. As they neared Killiney, Patricia leaned forward and pulled down the window. Nancy, covertly watching her, saw her white lips quiver, and heard the quick breath. She exchanged a look with Bridget, whose eyes were eagerly fixed on her mistress. Suddenly she leaned forward, her hand on Patricia's arm.

'Many's the toime ye've walked that sthrip of sand wid them

that's dead an' gone, darlin'. Do ye moind how fond the docthor was av sailin' over yondher in the little bit av a boat? Holy Mother!' for Patricia, with a long-drawn sigh, sank back in floods of tears.

'There's throuble brewin' yet,' said Bridget some hours later, when Patricia had sunk into an uneasy slumber. 'She's as hot as foire this minit.'

'Yes,' said Nancy, uneasily; 'I am afraid she will be much worse before she is better. How I wish we were home!'

Oh, how Nancy longed for her husband! The railway journey seemed interminable, but at last it was over, and with Paul's voice in her ears and his comforting arms around her, Nancy felt that death and sorrow were far, far away, and that love and life and happiness were the only things in the world. But all too soon they were brought back to the realities of life. Since they left Ireland, Patricia slept heavily, not even rousing as they got her into bed, and before the night was far advanced Bridget was at Nancy's door announcing, in a frightened whisper, that 'Miss Patricia was clane off av her head.'

And then began a hard fight between life and death. Day after day Nancy came away from the sick-room feeling more and more despairing, and, in spite of the quoted adage that 'while there is life there is hope,' dare not let herself look forward to a happy issue. It was a terrible Christmas. Nancy seemed to be writing letters all day, when she was not with Patricia, or attending to her husband's wants, few though they were.

On receipt of the news, Mrs. Desmond wrote to say she was coming at once; but Nancy managed to stop her. She pointed out the futility of coming to Patricia, who, totally unconscious or in delirium, knew no one. She dwelt on the fact that even the most loving of relations could hardly be as useful as a trained nurse, with years of experience, but promised to send a telegram if the doctor gave a decidedly unfavourable opinion. So wrote Nancy, trying to persuade herself that her fears were groundless, conveying much comfort to Mrs. Desmond, though Aileen remained inconsolable, and spent her days writing long letters, to Patricia and Terence, who had been obliged to rejoin his ship.

Nancy also wrote to Lady Betty; and on the following day, as she was leaving Patricia's room, was informed that Lady Elizabeth Nugent was inquiring for Miss Tremayne. Hastily recovering from the shock of this intelligence, she hurried downstairs, to find the little old lady in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

‘How is she? Take me to her. How long has she been ill? My dear, what a terrible thing!’ she ejaculated, all in one breath, fluttering towards the door as she spoke.

‘She is a little better this morning, but, I am afraid, will not know you. Will you not rest first? You must be tired with the journey,’ said Nancy, gently.

Lady Betty sank into a chair.

‘I left home directly I had your letter. You are Mrs. Charteris? Tell me all about it. Unconscious, did you say?’ she said more composedly. ‘Perhaps it would be better to rest a little first.’

Nancy rang the bell for some luncheon, and then, sitting down by the excitable, nervous little woman, coaxed her to eat it, talking the meanwhile about Patricia’s illness.

‘Of course you will stay here,’ she said in her pretty hospitable way, as she finished the recital, which moved Lady Betty to tears.

‘My dear child, I should not think of such a thing, though it is very sweet of you to ask me. No, indeed! I shall stop at the hotel. My maid is there now, and I shall be quite comfortable. It’s a most superior inn, I assure you,’ she added, at Nancy’s exclamation. ‘So many people come in the summer-time, you know.’

‘The Desmonds are back, of course?’ she said, as she was leaving the house, after a visit to Patricia’s room.

‘Oh no,’ said Nancy; ‘I persuaded them that it was not necessary. What good could they do?’

Lady Betty stopped still in her disgusted astonishment.

‘It’s just like Mary Desmond!’ she burst forth. ‘A more selfish woman never breathed! First of all, to leave the child alone in that barbarous place, and then not even coming to see whether she is alive or dead! Well, I have known them all my life, but I never could stand Henry’s wife.’

Nancy tried to interrupt this torrent of eloquence by explaining that Mrs. Desmond was most anxious to come to her niece, but that she had prevented her. Lady Betty refused to listen to a word of it, and left the house still unconvinced.

The news came to Dick very suddenly. Patricia wrote him a few lines telling him of Mr. O’Kelly’s death, but without mentioning herself, so that it was only when he happened to meet Paul Charteris some days later that he learnt of her arrival and illness. His miserable frame of mind may be faintly imagined.

He haunted the lanes round the house, his eyes always seeking the darkened window. Every day his tall figure appeared at the door inquiring for the latest news, and once or twice he succeeded in catching Nancy and prevailing upon her to give him particulars, putting himself and all he possessed at her service.

And so the weary days revolved into weeks, till one glad morning Dick, calling as usual, was next minute flying with a light heart to the post-office to send the welcome news that Patricia was over the worst, and had taken a decided turn for the better.

CHAPTER XXI.

'AND how is the invalid this afternoon?' said Paul Charteris, cheerily, as he made his appearance in the drawing-room one afternoon towards the middle of February. As he spoke he drew a chair to the side of the couch, and laid a bunch of snowdrops on the little table beside it.

Patricia looked up with a bright smile.

'Ah, how sweet!' she cried, catching up the flowers, scarcely whiter than her own face. 'They smell so fresh and delicate. I am ever so much better, thank you; and there is a report that I may be conveyed to the Riviera next week, carefully wrapped in cotton wool, of course, and in an air-tight compartment.'

'That is good news for you, indeed,' he said, 'though we shall miss you very much. Eh! Nancy?' as his wife came into the room.

Paul Charteris was no longer a person to be avoided in Patricia's eyes, and they had soon become great friends. Many were the long discussions they embarked upon, as Nancy laughingly remarked, 'settling the affairs of the nation.'

Lady Betty took her departure some days since, as she found Patricia's determination to go to the Desmonds unalterable. There was a hot discussion between them on this subject, and the old lady had finally gone away in a slightly wrathful state of mind because Patricia would not come with her, declaring her readiness to set out for any part of the world her darling might choose to mention.

'After the disgraceful way Mary Desmond has treated her, I cannot think how the child can go near them. But it's just

Patricia's way. She never will see those sort of things, and always declares it is my fancy,' she complained to Nancy.

Dick was in London, not daring to remain at Felstead any longer. He wrote sometimes to Nancy or her husband, but never mentioned Patricia. From him Nancy knew absolutely nothing as to his feelings for her friend. It was too sacred in his eyes to put into words, to any but the one person. Patricia never mentioned him, not even to ask if he were in the place, so that episode still remained a mystery. She made rapid strides towards convalescence, for her healthy constitution and obedience under orders were powerful aids ; but she was easily tired talking, and could not read without a violent headache. She never alluded to the visit to Ireland, and indeed seemed to have slipped back to a sweeter, calmer edition of herself as Nancy first knew her. This evening she was in great spirits.

'I have actually written a letter,' she said gaily, as Paul inquired how she had passed the afternoon. 'A little note to Aileen ; and I stood up by myself, without any support, didn't I, Nan ?'

'Yes, indeed. I believe you have grown, Patricia. You looked about six feet high in that long white dressing-gown.'

Patricia laughed.

'I will try it again. I feel positively electric to-night,' and before either of them could stop her she was on her feet.

The long low room was lit only by firelight, that flickered and danced over the white figure. Her pretty hair had all been cut off, but the short loose curls about her head, her complexion delicate almost to transparency, and her great eyes shining like stars with excitement, lent her a spirituality that fairly startled both Paul and Nancy. She stood for a minute swaying slightly with the exertion, and then Nancy sprang forward.

'You bad child, sit down directly !' for the faint colour ebbed away as fast as it came, and Patricia slipped back to her couch.

'Don't be after scoldin' me now,' she said coaxingly, with a touch of her native brogue. 'Shure, ye couldn't have the heart, an' me lavin' ye so soon.'

'You will be leaving us for good and all, if you are so imprudent,' scolded Nancy, laughing against her will.

But in spite of this direful prophecy, Patricia gained strength every hour, and in another ten days was on her way to San Remo. Though she said nothing all these weeks, Patricia,

contrary to her usual custom, had thought the more. Many a time when Nancy thought her sleeping, she was living over again the hours in the little book-lined room, and in spite of the sadness and the longing that would come to see him once more, she was not unhappy. There was no bitterness, nothing to regret in that sweet memory; it was all help and comfort, and now for him—sweet peace. Everything else rather faded into the background; indeed, her tired brain refused to go back over the old miserable trouble, and kind fate kept it from her, in these days of struggling back to life and reason.

The meeting with Aileen was a glad one, and the warmth and affection with which she was received by the entire household was pleasant to witness.

As she lay on the couch by the open window on the afternoon of her arrival, the air felt as warm and caressing as midsummer at home. Patricia looked out over the beautiful Mediterranean, the deep pellucid blue of its waters mingling with a sky as blue and perfect, and felt as though she were dreaming—such a sweet, pleasant, quiet dream. Terence—*her* Terence—had disappeared from her mind's eye—he was dead and resting, like those others she loved so dearly. Aileen's Terence was a new friend—scarcely known as yet, but dear to her for her cousin's sake. Ah! she sighed contentedly, as she settled down to sleep, 'I shall never be unhappy again.'

Meanwhile, in the next room Colonel and Mrs. Desmond were discussing her future.

'She looks very fragile, Henry,' said Mrs. Desmond, anxiously; 'but I think she is prettier than ever. I wish her complexion were not so exceedingly delicate, and then that sudden vivid flush! I cannot forget that her mother——'

'Pooh, nonsense, dear!' said her husband from his easy-chair. 'Have I not repeatedly told you that pneumonia is not hereditary?'

'Nancy assured me that she had been repeatedly sounded, and that her lungs were not in the least touched; but she does look consumptive.'

'Any other woman would give all she possessed for that pink and white, which seems to alarm you, Mary. Patricia is all right,' he said. 'Look at Baby. Isn't she a picture among the flowers!'

Mrs. Desmond smiled, and, rising, beckoned Aileen to come in, for the evenings were often cold.

'That will be the next thing,' he muttered grimly, as Aileen ran past the window. 'I suppose we must begin to think about it, though for my part I consider the whole thing ridiculous nonsense. A couple of children!'

'Aileen is eighteen,' ventured Mrs. Desmond.

'Silly rubbish! They had much better wait another five years; but as they will not listen to reason, and as you aid and abet them in everything, I suppose it's inevitable,' grumbled the colonel.

'Baby,' as Aileen entered the room, 'when does this precious youth come here again?'

'Early next month, papa,' she said demurely.

'Indeed! I suppose you will then think it incumbent upon you to leave us?' he demanded crossly.

Aileen peeped at him from behind her mother's chair.

'Is he cross, or only pretending?' she whispered audibly.

'That depends upon your answer, madame,' he said severely. 'Do you intend sticking to your resolution of—er—marrying this jackanapes?'

'Certainly,' said Aileen, calmly, 'the very first minute I can manage it.'

The unblushing effrontery of this remark so staggered the colonel, that for a moment he was speechless; but then exchanging a look of amusement with his wife, continued—

'May I ask the reason of this apparently incomprehensible determination?' he inquired.

'Because I am exceedingly fond of him,' said Aileen, coolly, 'and naturally like to have him with me. Didn't you want to be married when you were engaged, papa?'

'I should think he did!' chimed in Mrs. Desmond. 'I wish you could have heard him, darling.'

'There!' said Aileen, triumphantly, as she perched herself on his knee. 'I never heard any one so ridiculous. The idea of talking to me.'

'So you intend to be married before Easter, do you?' retorted the colonel. 'Of course, the idea of interfering is far removed from me, but I would like to know, if I might.'

The corners of Aileen's mouth drooped suspiciously.

'I call that most unkind of you. You know I never——' but here her feelings overcame her altogether, and with an arm round each of them, she wept bitterly, declaring she would never, never leave them—no, not for fifty million Terences!

'There, my darling, don't mind papa—he was only joking,' said her mother, soothingly, with an indignant frown at her husband. 'Of course, you shall be married as soon as ever we can arrange it.'

But even this tempting offer failed to comfort Aileen.

'You think I don't care for you,' she wailed, 'and I do—you know I do; but poor Terry has no one, and you have each other. It is unkind of you to say that, papa, as though I didn't belong to you at all. Of course, I was only waiting for Terry to come, so that he could ask if we might; but when you *will* question me, what could I say?'

The colonel tore his hair in despair, but at last succeeded in calming his weeping daughter, assuring her that he knew she loved the very ground he walked upon! So Aileen dried her tears and departed, in search of Patricia, leaving the colonel to laugh till he was tired, in spite of his wife's lecture on the sin of 'teasing the child.'

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next few weeks passed pleasantly and quickly away, despite the fact that Patricia knew Terence was soon expected for good and all. Indeed, the two girls talked of little else but the fortunate youth and the wedding that was shortly to take place.

Colonel Desmond was anxious for Aileen to be married from Felstead with all due ceremony as befitted his daughter, and so tried to prevail upon every one that it was much wiser to wait till they returned to England; but many and loud were the objections.

'Walk up that church, with yards of white satin trailing after me, and every one staring at us both, I will not,' said Aileen, decidedly, when her opinion was asked.

That part of the affair rather appealed to her mother's heart. She would dearly have loved to see Aileen in full bridal panoply, the central figure of a pretty picture. The bride's mother was always well to the foreground on these occasions, and her sentimental soul yearned after 'fuss and feathers.' However, seeing Aileen's evident shrinking from such a display, she heroically stifled her own feelings, and added her vote for a quiet wedding at once.

'We really cannot have Terence here for an indefinite time,

Henry,' she said persuasively. It would be so very trying for Aileen, and not fair towards him. We cannot go home till May, at the earliest, on Patricia's account. So, as far as I can see, the only feasible plan is to let them be married here.'

Colonel Desmond could not but see the reasonableness of this view of the matter, so, after sulking for the space of two consecutive hours, gave in, though his temper for the next few days was uncertain (to put it mildly), Terence being, in his opinion, an unmitigated bore.

His family, who were deep in the mysteries of *trousseaux*, gladly handed him over to Patricia, who, being as usual prime favourite, and, moreover, having a shrewder notion of the proper way to manage refractory mankind than either his wife or daughter, soon reduced him to submission.

So the wedding was fixed for the second week in April, and, as Terence arrived on the fifth of that month, Aileen was satisfied, though, as the time drew near, she did not appear quite so eager for the fray as before.

'I know that at the last minute I shall refuse; I cannot bear the idea of leaving you all, even for him. Why we can't stop on here after we are married, and all go to England together, I cannot imagine,' she said plaintively. 'Would you have chiffon or lace to trim this, Patsy?'

'Oh!—er—chiffon, I think,' said Patricia, rather absently. 'What were you saying, darling?'

'Only that I wish we need not have a stupid honeymoon,' pouted Aileen. 'It's a most silly idea, I think.'

Patricia looked rather surprised for a minute, but Aileen's cross little face tickling her fancy, sent her into fits of laughter.

'What a caution you are, Baby! The idea of not having a honeymoon! It's quite the most thrilling part of the whole entertainment.'

'Well,' said Aileen, with a heavy sigh, 'I don't agree with you; but, of course, never having had one, I can't say. Terence seems to think it will be rather nice,' she added in a brighter tone.

'Have you settled where you are going?' said Patricia, after a short pause, during which Aileen still pondered over the question of trimming, and Patricia tried to imagine herself in her cousin's position, till a certain quickening of the pulse warned her to pursue investigations on that subject no further. She believed herself dead to all strong emotion, and shrank from anything of the sort, however slight.

'We are thinking of Switzerland,' said Aileen, more cheerfully. 'Neither of us have ever been there.'

'Then I suppose you will not come home before June,' said Patricia, idly turning over the patterns by which they were surrounded. 'The house will hardly be ready before that.'

'The thought of that house is a perfect nightmare to me,' exclaimed Aileen, flinging her patterns to the winds, and herself on the floor beside Patricia. 'I simply dare not think of it. Fancy the horrors of ordering dinners, and, worse than all, inviting people to eat them. If only you would come and live with us, and do all that!'

'It's not nearly so formidable as it seems,' said Patricia, hiding her amusement. 'I've always done it.'

'That's different. If only you would do it for me, now! I know I shall be simply terrified. Fancy, if some of the servants did not do the right thing, and I had to speak to them! Oh, people may talk as they like, but being married is an awful thing!' said Aileen, emphatically.

'But it isn't a very big house, is it, dear?' said Patricia, consolingly.

'No, thank goodness! It was really sweet of papa to think of it, wasn't it?'

The question as to where this gay little pair were to take up their abode had been rather a vexed one. Finally, Colonel Desmond retired to England, full of a brilliant idea, which he refused to impart to any one, and remained there one week. A year ago the Desmonds spent a few days with an artist friend of theirs, who had lately married, at his small but charmingly picturesque house some miles from Ryde. Unfortunately the climate did not suit Mrs. Mosley, who was an Australian, so her husband resolved to sell his pretty place and take her to her native air again. He had written to Colonel Desmond, telling of his intended departure for Australia, and was delighted and surprised to find in his friend an eager purchaser. Aileen had been enraptured with the house when she saw it the preceding year, so her feelings may be imagined when her father returned and announced his intention of presenting it to Terence as his 'wedding present.'

'There will not be much to do, either, dear,' went on Patricia. 'You told me yourself that the decorations were perfect; and choosing the furniture will be great fun, with Terence to help.'

'Terence! My dear child, his taste would make your hair rise

erect with horror,' said Aileen, solemnly. 'His one idea of tables and chairs is good stout mahogany—that awful red shade, you know; and I am convinced he has made up his mind for purple leather ones in the dining-room.'

'Gracious!' laughed Patricia; 'of course, in that case, I should lock him up before you start.'

Aileen shrugged her shoulders with an expression of suffering martyrdom, and began to dilate on the glories of the Chippendale buffet her mother had promised her.

In spite of her horror of a fussy wedding, Aileen insisted on having a cake, which was accordingly despatched from England, though who was to eat it remained a mystery.

At last the day on which Terence was expected dawned, and smiling in every feature, and clothed in one of the new frocks, Aileen set out to meet him.

An hour later Patricia strolled into the garden, fresh from a mid-day siesta. The breeze from the sea played softly over her face as she leaned against the stone wall, with its tufts of gay wall-flowers, looking down the road up which they must come.

'They won't be here for another hour,' she said smiling, so she seated herself on the same rustic bench that Aileen had once occupied on a sadder occasion, and, feasting her eyes on the lovely view, let her thoughts wander idly to Terence. She was exceedingly puzzled to account for her feelings towards that gentleman. 'Surely there were two of them,' she thought confusedly. No one could take *her* Terence from her. He was still the handsome, lovable boy who had won her heart long ago—it seemed years ago—and then he had gone away, but he would come back. Oh yes, he would come back. But who was Aileen's lover, so like, yet so unlike, her own? She had met him first at a dance in London, she remembered, and he was so very much in love, so difficult to manage. She moved uneasily, the very remembrance bringing a dim cloud of sorrow with it, and her musings as to Aileen's lover came to an abrupt close, for with a tender smile on her lips she fell to dreaming of her own bonny lad.

'Patricia, Pa-tricia,' came faintly to her ears, in Aileen's voice.

'Yes, here,' she cried, starting up, half awake.

There was a shout from behind her, a scramble, a laugh, and Terence was over the wall, the sudden agony of joy that flooded her entire being—telling Patricia only too plainly that there was but one Terence—and that one, alas! not hers.

'We thought we would take you by surprise,' said he, kissing her warmly. 'Why, Patricia, did I frighten you?' for she clung to him, absolutely unable to stand.

'What an ass I am!' he said penitently. 'There! lean on me for a minute. You dear thing, how glad I am to see you!' and then he proceeded to kiss her again, by way of steadying her nerves.

Patricia held him off with shaking hands.

'Help me to sit down,' she said; 'and fetch me some water, but don't frighten any one.'

He was off like a flash, and Patricia clung to the arms of the seat, every faculty concentrated to keep herself from fainting.

Terence was back in a minute.

'There was a flower-glass kicking about on the grass, and I filled it from the fountain, so no one knows a thing,' he said, hurrying to her side in genuine distress. 'What a fool I am to forget you are not strong—and Baby warned me to be careful!'

'It's all right,' said Patricia, forcing herself to sit up and speak to him; 'but my stupid head is not quite well yet, and I was asleep. What a horrible welcome to give you, poor boy! but you know that I am glad to see you.'

'You are as white as a sheet still,' he said unhappily. 'I am sure I ought to fetch some one. Oh, here's Aileen.'

The change in his voice made Patricia shiver.

'Why?—what?' exclaimed Aileen, running up. 'Terry, I warned you to be careful.'

'It's my own stupidity, darling,' said Patricia, bravely. 'I was asleep, and that's why I was frightened. Terry couldn't help it. I shall be all right again presently, if you'll go in to tea and say I'm coming. But don't for goodness' sake say anything else, or Uncle Henry will bring the house down. I'll go upstairs for a minute before I appear—agitation has taken the curl out of my hair,' and with a smiling nod she walked steadily into the house, refusing all offers of assistance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'If you had really rather not, we won't worry, will we, Terry?'

'No, indeed; but I wish you would, Patricia.'

'It will look so ridiculous,' objected Patricia; 'especially when

Baby is wearing her travelling dress. But I will do it in a minute, if you think it safe. Remember, I have not been inside a church since I was ill, and it would be too terrible to have the bridesmaid suddenly collapsing—now, wouldn't it?’

She was seated in a large wicker chair, the arms of which were occupied by the bride and bridegroom of the morrow, both busily engaged in persuading Patricia to act as the solitary bridesmaid.

‘Oh dear,’ sighed Aileen, ‘that is your fault, Terry, frightening her out of her seven senses. She has not been nearly so well since the day you came.’

Patricia winced.

‘Don't, Aileen,’ she said sharply. ‘It was nothing of the kind. I am quite able to do as you wish, if you don't mind running the risk.’

‘You shall do just as you like, darling,’ said the little bride caressingly. ‘Perhaps it would be better to stay quietly by yourself, so that you could slip out if you felt faint.’

‘More sensible, certainly,’ said Terence. ‘It would be too bad if you were ill on our wedding day. Baby would never be persuaded to leave you, and that would be a nice state of affairs!’

‘It's exceedingly probable,’ said Aileen, severely, ‘that I shall not go away with you at the last moment.’

Terence laughed.

‘It's lucky we are to go from the church door,’ he said. ‘The luggage shall leave the house before I do, and I shall take our tickets to-night, so as to have everything quite ready.’

‘I shall be reduced to powder between you if this goes on much longer,’ laughed Patricia. ‘Take her into the garden, Terry, and try the effect of the moonlight.’

Nothing loth, they went, Patricia watching Aileen's pink dress disappear down the garden path, till a turn hid them from view. The past two days had been one long struggle, not so much to subdue her unconquerable feelings as to hide them. To-night she was half frightened at the storm of anger that swept through her, as she watched them walk away into the sweet-scented, moonlit garden. Sometimes she found it all but impossible to hide the stab it gave her to see Terence turn to Aileen, if he wanted some little thing done for him—as he naturally did. But fortunately the trial, if a sharp one, was also short, and it was now only a matter of hours before the final

scene was over, and they were gone. She sat in the shadow for a few minutes, and then, pulling herself together, rose to go upstairs, looking in at the dining-room, where Mrs. Desmond was still sitting with her husband.

'I am going to bed, auntie,' she said, 'so as to be fresh for to-morrow. There is nothing more I can do for you, I suppose?'

'No, thank you, dear. Run away and get a good night's sleep. You are looking very tired.'

'You'll be the next, I suppose,' said the colonel, pinching her cheek. 'Take my advice, Patricia, and avoid matrimony as you would the plague. It's quite as catching.'

'Ah,' laughed Patricia, 'it all depends; but I think I am fairly safe for the present, don't you?'

Aileen's room presented a scene of confusion, littered with trunks in various stages of packing, and in the middle Bridget and Travers, both dishevelled and weary. Aileen's luggage had cost her some trouble, and every one else a vast amount of amusement. Several new trunks were necessarily purchased, in which to stow away all the finery, and the 'new' appearance of these same boxes weighed upon their owner's mind. She was much alarmed that they might, perhaps, be taken for a newly-married couple on their honeymoon, though why she should seek to conceal this apparent truth was difficult to understand.

'They are simply terrible,' she announced in dismay, as she viewed the unoffending leather trunks for the first time. 'Their generally brand-new appearance will ruin us. They must be made to look older, or I won't have them.' So she harnessed Terence (who thoroughly appreciated the joke) to each box in turn with multitudinous ropes, and drove him up and down the stairs, and round the garden, till they presented a sufficiently battered appearance, every one being convulsed with laughter, though her own gravity was unshaken.

'They are well scratched now,' she said contentedly; 'but those yellow corners must be made darker.'

'Spill some coffee on them,' gasped Terence, weak with laughter.

Aileen nodded comprehensively, and flew at once to order some strong coffee, leaving him still roaring, till her reproachful return put a termination to such levity. The finishing touch was given by the sticking on of many labels, which Terence

procured from the railway station, the astonished officials regarding him as a mild lunatic, with a mania for collecting luggage labels.

'Nearly finished, Biddy?' queried Patricia, sitting down on the nearest box and smiling at the memory of its severe treatment.

'The most av it is in now, the saints be praised,' said Bridget. 'Me an' Thravers has been workin' this two hours; but I niver did see sich a state as Miss Aileen's made thim beautiful new thrunks. Was ye wantin' me, Miss Patricia?'

'Presently, Bridget. Has Miss Aileen made up her mind yet about her hat, Travers?'

'Yes, Miss Tremayne; she says she will wear the sailor,' said Travers, in resigned tones.

'Not really!' laughed Patricia.

'Tis along av Misther Terence, she's afther doin' it,' said Bridget, smiling broadly. 'Good luck go wid him, for it's the swate face he's gettin', and the tendher heart.'

The wedding day dawned bright and beautiful. Everything seemed to be just awaking from a particularly sweet sleep, full of pleasant dreams, as Patricia looked out of her window next morning. The birds sang as though they were going to be married themselves, and the blue sea danced in its eagerness to show its appreciation of the happy day. Everything was fresh and glad and smiling; but Patricia, after one hurried glance, devoted herself to her toilet, and presently strolled downstairs, carefully avoiding Aileen's room, Bridget having brought her a message from her aunt to the effect that she would breakfast with Aileen, as they started for the church almost directly. In the breakfast-room she found Terence in a lamentable frame of mind. His state of nervous excitement rendering him incapable of doing anything but walk about, talking incessantly of nothing at all.

'Good morning,' said Patricia. 'You and I will, apparently, breakfast alone; the others are having it upstairs.'

'Oh yes, exactly,' said he, making a clean sweep of the corner of the table as he moved towards her.

Patricia regarded him gravely.

'Have you been for a walk?' she inquired.

'Yes,' he said, laughing nervously, 'for the last two hours.'

'I should recommend you to have another, only I suppose

there would not be time. Meanwhile, don't you think it would be a good plan to sit down and have some breakfast ?'

The matter-of-fact voice acted like a dash of cold water, and Terence sat down quietly.

'Have you seen Baby?' he inquired, attending to Patricia's wants.

'No, not since last night. What time is your train? I never can remember!'

'Our train. Oh, 10.40. Hope they have left us time enough. How long does this business take?'

'You have plenty of time,' said Patricia, composedly. 'Uncle Henry saw to that, and left ten minutes over, in case of accidents.'

Terence heaved a sigh of relief.

'That's all right. Everything is ready, I suppose?'

'I suppose so.'

Conversation became difficult, and Patricia felt irresistibly inclined to burst out laughing.

'I suppose you will write from Geneva? You go there first, don't you?' she inquired presently, silence being one degree more deadly than speech.

'Yes,' said Terence, one eye on the clock. 'Will you excuse me if I get Baby's button-hole? I'd nearly forgotten it.'

Patricia followed him to the open window. It wanted but ten minutes to the time for starting.

'Here it is,' he exclaimed, reappearing with two rosy carnations. 'She chose this, as being the most unbridal. Have you some ribbon to tie them with?'

Patricia silently fetched the white ribbon, and tied the flowers with steady fingers.

'What a mess I am in!' ejaculated Terence, catching sight of himself in a looking-glass. 'That beastly rose-bush swung back in my face.'

'Come up to Baby's room, and give her the button-hole,' said Patricia, quietly. 'She'll make you tidy. I'll go and see if she is ready.'

Aileen was alone, waiting for the summons.

'Terry wants to give you your flowers. May he come up? And I rather think he wants his hair brushed,' said Patricia, laughing, as she put her head in at the door.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It is glorious August weather again at Felstead, about a year and a half later, as Patricia steps out of the window and looks expectantly down the drive.

'They may be here any minute,' she said aloud. 'If only it were over, then I should know!' She is evidently in a state of suppressed excitement, and fidgets about, unable to settle on anything, but finally takes up her position under the big willow tree, where she will have the first glimpse of the carriage.

After Aileen's wedding, Patricia came back to England with the Desmonds. Her aunt begged her to make her home with them in the future, speaking so sadly of the loneliness of the house without Aileen, that Patricia had not the heart to refuse. Colonel Desmond also added his voice to the matter, and though, for many reasons, Patricia did not care about the idea, she had no choice but to accept—for the present, at least. Lady Betty was furious at the idea of Patricia making her permanent abode with any one but herself; and long and hot was the correspondence on the matter. But if the plan had many drawbacks, she still had Nancy. The friendship grew and ripened with time, and now Nancy, and even Nancy's husband, were the greatest interest in her life.

As to Dick Graham, she hardly ever saw him. He was rarely at 'The Elms' (his place near Felstead), living almost entirely in London, for he had lately written a book that created some little stir in the scientific world. Patricia came across him some half-dozen times altogether, and then he seemed just as he was when she first knew him—grave, quiet, and rather shy. After each meeting she found it more difficult to believe that this grave, almost reverend-looking man was the passionate lover who had so vehemently declared that she belonged to him, and that no one else should have her.

Her feelings towards Terence had necessarily undergone some modification, after his marriage. Indeed, sometimes, to her great relief, she would find herself wondering, did she really care so much, after all? Then for a few days she would go about feeling an immense relief, till some trifling occurrence would make her realise that the cure was not so effectual as she would like to believe. She never could bring herself to go to their house, though many and frequent were the invitations issued ;

but something always happened at the last moment to prevent it.

Since Aileen's baby was born, just two months ago, she persuaded herself that the old love was quite dead, and to-day was to be the final test.

Mrs. Desmond, in a state of much excitement, had started for the station to meet the precious trio, who were coming to Felstead for the first time since the baby had made its appearance, and Patricia felt that if she could meet him now, in her present state of mind, that she must indeed be cured !

So she is waiting under the willow tree, in an agony of impatience, till the sound of wheels makes her hurry forward.

There is a shout from Terence as he sees her, and before the carriage can stop they are both out, one at each side. The next minute Aileen is in her arms, half laughing, half crying, while Terence executes a war-dance round the pair, his hands in his pockets, and his hat on the back of his head.

Then, all laughing and talking together, they subside on the grass. Aileen, in spite of her new dignities, looks about fifteen, in her little white frock and sailor hat, while Terence is in such a state of wild spirits that he might be any age from four to twenty-four.

The first excitement over, Aileen turns to her husband with dismayed countenance.

'Terry, what did I do with the baby ?'

Terence went off into fits of laughter.

'I don't know,' he said, when he could speak.

'You pitched it down somewhere when you hustled out of the carriage. I expect the poor little beggar was rescued by your mother ; I am sure I hope so !'

Aileen looked relieved.

'That's all right ; I forgot mother was there. Wouldn't it have been awful if we had been alone ? He is really rather sweet, Patsy ; come and let us see if we can find him.'

Patricia gasped. It was hopeless to expect that Aileen would ever grow up !

'I hope the poor child has a nurse,' she said, 'for otherwise I am afraid it is not long for this world.'

Aileen looked aggrieved.

'Of course he has,' she said ; 'but there was not room in the carriage for us all.' Then, as Terence ran on, in answer to the colonel's shout, she said half shyly, 'It's only Terry's way of

talking, you know; we really both adore him. Only some people are so stupid about their children that we determined we wouldn't be the same.'

Patricia stooped and kissed the sweet face warmly.

'Of course, darling, as if I did not know; I was only joking!'

Late that night, when every one was asleep, Patricia still sat by her window, thinking. She felt very happy, very much relieved, for she knew now that friendship was the warmest name she could give her feelings towards Terence.

'Oh, the relief of it!' she sighed. 'Now I can meet Aileen with a clear conscience, and go to their house the next time they want me,' and she fell to thinking of the baby boy with delight, for she was always a great child lover. It was the prettiest and yet the quaintest thing to see the three together, for they looked like a couple of children with a new toy. It was Aileen's way to hide all she held most dear under her childish, laughing manner, and not even her own mother suspected the depth or the constancy that lay underneath.

The rest of the summer was a very happy time to every one. Terence had long ago confessed his sins and been forgiven, blaming himself severely for the unconscious part he had played in the affair, and telling Aileen all he knew about the matter.

'You know, Baby,' he said, 'I always think that she had some trouble—a love trouble, I mean—that first season. Indeed, I am nearly sure of it, for she hinted as much. Of course, I never dreamt that Graham would take it seriously, or that she would go as far as she did; but it was a foolish business altogether.'

Her husband's revelations awoke a sudden fear in Aileen that she tried in vain to stifle, but the more she thought over the events of that summer, the surer she became of the truth. If she loved Patricia before, she simply worshipped her now, but she kept her suspicions entirely to herself.

Terence, of course, instantly became wild that matters should come to a happy conclusion, and if Aileen had not restrained his ardour, would have ruined everything by his precipitation.

But, with many wise looks, she pointed out that things must have time to settle down before beginning a fresh campaign.

'That's rubbish, darling,' he would say; 'they have been two years at it now, and that's long enough for everything to be settled hundreds of times over.'

But he took her advice all the same.

Meanwhile, Patricia was quietly doing the very thing every one hoped for. She was one of those natures who must have some one to love, to idealise, to suffer for, and Terence being displaced, left a void which must be filled. This summer reminded her at every turn of Dick Graham. They seemed to do the very same things as they had done that previous summer, and even visited Saltaire! But this time Patricia was the odd one, and seeing Aileen and Terence together made her long for the always congenial companion of two years ago. All this Aileen had foreseen, and she artfully arranged all her plans with the one object in view, namely, to make Patricia miss Dick as keenly as possible. So through the happy weeks she was unconsciously learning to (as Dick would have put it) give him what he wanted.

It was getting near the end of their visit when Aileen thought the time had come for action, so, not without fear and trembling, wrote a little note to Sir Richard. About a week later, Terence casually remarked that Dick must be at the Elms, for he had met him at the railway station that day. Patricia's sudden change of colour did not escape her cousin's sharp eyes, and in the wildest delight Aileen whirled her husband out on the lawn to impart the joyful intelligence. The pair then proceeded to turn the whole house upside down with their pranks, and the long-suffering baby was rescued by his grandmother quite half a dozen times in imminent peril of his life.

Next morning before breakfast Patricia might have been seen in the Canadian canoe, paddling as hard as she could in the direction of the Elms, her face half mischievous, half shy.

'It will be a fitting end to such a beginning,' she said. 'His sense of the proprieties will be horrified at my coming in this fashion at such an hour, instead of decorously writing. Well! I owe him some reparation, and I said I would let him know if there was anything he could do for me. Supposing that he also has changed his mind;' but this did not seem to trouble her, for she laughed at the idea. 'I wish I had known my own mind sooner; I verily believe I loved him all the time!'

* * * * *

'Come back to breakfast with me, Dick,' she pleaded an hour later. 'I simply dare not appear alone.'

So they travelled back in the little canoe, but rather more slowly than Patricia had come up.

They walked into the breakfast-room at the Grange to find breakfast long since finished, and only Colonel and Mrs. Desmond deep in their newspapers.

One glance at their faces told the tale, but before any one could say a word to relieve the awkwardness of the situation, Aileen burst in—

‘Mother,’ she exclaimed, in aggrieved tones, ‘I wish you would speak to Terence! He won’t give me the baby, but keeps throwing it up and down in the air, and I know he will drop it!’

(*The End.*)

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

BY ARTHUR RICKETT.

'CERTAIN books,' says Goethe, 'seem to have been written, not in order to afford us any instruction, but merely for the purpose of letting us know that their authors knew something.' This description is characteristic in a greater or lesser degree of so much writing at the present day, that the entire absence of what I may call the shop-window school of writing in the work of the late Mr. R. H. Hutton is a phenomenon worth noting.

So little did Mr. Hutton write for mere effect; so self-restrained and conscientiously fair was he in his literary and theological pronouncements, that his writing often less impressed the casual reader than the more brilliant, showy style of essayists greatly his inferiors in range of thought. Although such a delicate critic of style, no one was more careless of style than himself. In reading some of his essays one is indeed sometimes reminded of a complicated algebraical formula where the plus or minus sign in front of a network of brackets is the most important thing to be noted. Mr. Hutton's involved parentheses* and cautious limitations—so largely the outcome of an intense anxiety to be fair and sincere—are often stumbling-blocks to the reader, and render the essayist's work difficult to comprehend on a first reading. But almost everything that Mr. Hutton wrote is worth more than one reading, and he fully repays the reader who studies him carefully and thoroughly.

Mr. Hutton's literary style is neither dull nor heavy, although sometimes obscure and involved; again and again in the course of an essay there are passages where beauty of thought is couched in equal beauty of language. Mr. Hutton as an essayist reminds one of those people who attract us, not by any beauty of feature or grace of contour, but by a subtle

* Vide in particular the opening paragraph: 'Cardinal Newman' ('English Leaders of Religion').

charm of manner, a sweetness of expression which impresses itself upon us with increasing fascination as our knowledge of them grows more intimate.

He has written theological essays, and he has written literary essays; but the literary essays are distinctly the product of a theological mind, albeit a mind broad and generous in its sympathies. First a theologian, then a literary critic; this is the impression that Mr. Hutton gives one. Samuel Coleridge, in his 'Table Talk,' said of the painter Martin that he never looked at Nature 'except through stained glass.' In a sense, it may be said that Mr. Hutton's view of human nature is often tinged with the colouring of ecclesiastical stained glass.

His early sympathies with Unitarianism and his subsequent adoption of Trinitarian doctrine under the influence of F. D. Maurice are matters of common knowledge. In moral philosophy, the teaching of Dr. Martineau early exerted an influence over Mr. Hutton; and even when he felt himself compelled to abandon the doctrinal views of Martineau, yet in his theistic philosophy he remained to the end of his life a warm admirer of the great Unitarian. It has been frequently said that Mr. Hutton was a Maurician in his theology. Undoubtedly there were many points on which their sympathies touched. Both had for a time been Unitarians, and both accepted the Incarnation as supplying a key to the mysteries of life, which they felt Unitarianism lacked. But although at one in their general view of the Christian revelation, they by no means agreed in their respective attitude to historical criticism. Mr. Hutton always showed far more interest in critical theology than did Maurice. He attached more weight to the results of historical criticism, and hence his teaching has been of more direct assistance to many religious inquirers than even Maurice's; for it seems to me that Maurice, master mind though he was in his marvellous grasp of spiritual realities, too much ignored the difficulties which minds less 'God-intoxicated' than his own experienced in meeting the critical difficulties presented by the Scriptural writings.

Mr. Hutton's sympathies with critical difficulties can be easily traced in his theological essays, notably in an essay on 'The Fourth Gospel' * ('Theological Essays'). This particular side of his mind—this appreciation of the intellectual problems of

* Vide also essays on 'Christian Evidences' and 'The Incarnation and Principles of Evidence.' ('Theological Essays.')

Christianity—was possibly one of the reasons which attracted him to Cardinal Newman's teaching. Newman always insisted on the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious matters; and illustrated his thesis in a way that only a powerful and subtle mind could have done. This critical attitude appealed to Hutton. The way that Newman had reasoned himself into the Catholic Church greatly impressed him. 'It is, I think,' he writes,* 'profound pity for the restlessness and instability of human reason which has made him a Roman Catholic. He is always seeking for some caustic which may burn away the proud flesh from our hearts, for some antiseptic which shall destroy the germs of canker in our intellect. He has a wonderful insight into the natural history of all morbid symptoms. He sees in the Roman Catholic Church a great laboratory of spiritual drugs which will lower fever and arrest the growth of fungoid parasites, and he cannot help grasping at the medicaments she offers.' In this passage, it always seems to me, Mr. Hutton seizes on the strength and weakness of Newman's position in a most masterly way. For Newman, the man, he had the greatest reverence: with Newman's spiritual genius, he has the profoundest sympathy; but of Newman's ultimate intellectual solution for religious problems he could not approve. His mind would not accept an infallible human authority. He appreciated the difficulties of the Protestant position; but held that they could be met, and that in fact the individualistic solution of theological problems was the only satisfactory one. But although, as we have seen, Mr. Hutton was largely influenced by both Martineau, Maurice, and Newman, his mind was far too original and powerful to allow him to be a mere follower of any of them. Of the three, he was perhaps most in accord with Maurice; Newman's philosophy may have fascinated him the most, Martineau's ethical theory the most impressed him; but the influence of Maurice was, taken all round, the steadiest and the most persistent.

I cannot agree with the critic who remarked after Mr. Hutton's death that Martineau's influence on Mr. Hutton had been the most durable, although at certain epochs the influence of Maurice and Newman had been temporarily more powerful. A comparison of Mr. Hutton's later criticisms of Martineau with his earlier ones shows that as years advanced he receded more and more from the radical theology of his philosophic teacher;

* 'Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith,' p. 83.

and while his mind always responded to the profound philosophic genius of the author of 'A Study of Religion,' his sympathies grew less and less attuned to those of his quondam leader.

Mr. P. W. Clayden, one of Mr. Hutton's friends, in an able sketch of his career which appeared in the *New Age* shortly after his death, has drawn attention to the conservative tendency which characterised Mr. Hutton's later opinions, both political and theological. This was partly due, I think, to Newman's influence, but largely due to a certain conservative attitude of mind which first signalised its presence when he abandoned Unitarianism. The seeds of Newman's influence were so fruitful, *because* the soil was prepared for them.

The theological history of his career may be summed up as follows: The Unitarian became a Broad Churchman of an advanced type, and his sympathies were more with F. W. Robertson than with F. D. Maurice. Then Maurice's influence gained the ascendant, and he shrank from the progressive tendencies of the Broad Church Movement, thinking that they neglected to emphasize the value of dogma. In the High Church School he more and more found elements congenial to his sympathies; and, although he was not of the stuff of which extremists are made, he was certainly more in touch with the conservative than with the radical tendencies of the day.

As a writer, whether on theological or on purely literary subjects, Mr. Hutton has three strongly marked characteristics. In the first place, his temperament is intensely subjective, and peculiarly suited to subtle intellectual analysis. Secondly, his point of view (the inevitable outcome of a subjective temperament) is coloured, not merely with religious sentiment, but with Christian sentiment. Thirdly, his method is invariably cautious, sincere, and self-restrained; of partiality and partisanship he has a horror.

By temperament, Mr. Hutton belonged to the school of subjective criticism. Without treating here of the relative merits of the subjective and objective schools of criticism, I may venture to say that, whereas the second is probably the safest and for the average writer the most useful, the first is certainly the most attractive, and when treated by a great mind the most luminous. The difference between the æsthetic, or subjective, school and the scientific, or objective, school is this: the first deals with its subject by psychological methods, the second by the methods

of the anatomist ; or, to quote from Professor Moulton (one of the ablest exponents of the objective school), the one is a judge, the other an investigator.

No one need regret that Mr. Hutton was a critic of the subjective school. His qualifications for such a position were of the first order. With a rare power for subtle analysis he combined a delicate appreciation for the varying nuances of thought and style. His brooding, philosophic mind was peculiarly suited for appreciating thinkers like J. H. Newman, Matthew Arnold, Goethe, George Eliot, and Wordsworth. His essays on the writers just named are more than able essays in criticism ; they are illuminating studies which no lover of literature can afford to pass by. Take, for instance, this passage on Matthew Arnold's poetry, after quoting from Obermann :—*

'Though not a dramatic poet, it is clear, then, that Matthew Arnold has a deep dramatic insight ; but that is only one aspect of what I should call his main characteristic as a poet—the lucid penetration with which he discerns and portrays all that is most expressive in any situation that awakens regret, and the buoyancy with which he either throws off the pain, or else takes refuge in some soothing digression. For Arnold is never quite at his best except when he is delineating a mood of regret, and then his best consists not in yielding to it, but in the resistance he makes to it. He is not, like most elegiac poets, a mere sad muser ; he is always one who finds a secret of joy in the midst of pain, who discovers a tonic for the suffering nerve, if only in realising the large power of sensibility which it retains.'

George Eliot's peculiar genius is thus admirably characterised :
'What is so remarkable in George Eliot is the striking combination in her of a very deep speculative power with a very great and realistic imagination. It is rare to find an intellect so skilled in the analysis of psychological problems, so completely at home in the conception and delineation of real characters. George Eliot discerns the practical influence acting on men and women, I do not say with the ease of Fielding—for there is a touch of carefulness, often of over-carefulness in all she does—but with much of his breadth and spaciousness.'

Much has been written about Wordsworth of late years ; yet the reader who turns to Mr. Hutton's essay on 'The Genius of Wordsworth' will find no dishing up of stale commonplace, but

* 'Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith,' p. 139.

a powerful and original study of the Lake Poet. The opening paragraphs are packed full of suggestive thought. As a rule Mr. Hutton does not excel in the art of condensing his thought; but this essay is one of the happy exceptions. No writer has so happily touched on the 'spiritual frugality' of Wordsworth as Mr. Hutton.

'Poets, as a rule, lust for emotion; some of the most unique poets—like Shelley and Byron in their very different ways—pant for an unbroken succession of ardent feelings. Wordsworth, as I shall try to show, was almost a miser in his reluctance to trench upon the spiritual capital at his disposal. He hoarded his joy, and lived upon the interest which they paid in the form of hope and expectation. This is one of the most original parts of his poetic character. He paused almost in awe at the threshold of any promised enjoyment, as if it were a spendthrift policy to exchange the hope for the reality. A delight once over, he multiplied it a thousandfold through the vision of that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude. No poet ever drew from simpler sources than Wordsworth, but none ever made so much out of so little.*

Mr. Hutton's appreciation of style was singularly delicate and unerring. What, for instance, could be more subtle than this criticism of Newman's style?†

'It is a style that more nearly represents a clear atmosphere than any other which I know in English literature. It flows round you, it presses on every side of you, and yet, like a steady current, carries you in one direction too; on every facet of your mind and heart you feel the light touch of his purpose, and yet you cannot escape the general drift of his movement more than the ship can escape the drift of the tide. He never said anything more characteristic than when he expressed his conviction, that although there are a hundred difficulties in faith, into all of which he could enter, the hundred difficulties are not equal to a single doubt. That saying is most characteristic even of his style, which seems to be sensitive in the highest degree to a multitude of hostile influences which are at once appreciated and resisted; while one predominant and over-ruling power moves steadily on.'

The second characteristic which I attributed to Mr. Hutton was his theological point of view. This does not mean that he

* 'Literary Essays,' p. 91.

† 'Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith,' p. 61.

was didactic or narrow-minded in his opinions, for he was far from that, but it means that before finally adjudging the merits of any author a kind of religious test was applied—a religious test of a broad kind, but a religious test none the less.

His qualified admiration of Shelley is partly due to his evident distaste for Shelley's Pantheistic philosophy. The essay on Hawthorne winds up with a criticism on the American writer's Calvinistic tendencies. Even when professedly dealing with 'The Poetry of Matthew Arnold' (with Matthew Arnold as philosopher he deals exhaustively in his 'Modern Guides to English Thought'), he cannot quite forget Arnold's views about the Christian Revelation. And much as he admired George Eliot's genius, his strictures on her scepticism considerably qualify his critical appreciation. Of course no writer, be his religious philosophy what it may, should allow it to affect his purely literary estimates. That Mr. Hutton should, as a rule, *conclude* his critical estimate of a writer by inquiring what was the precise ethical and religious tendency of the writer, is a characteristic of the essayist which we may or may not agree with according to whether we assent to or dissent from his Theistic standpoint. But it need in neither case affect our view of the intellectual value of Mr. Hutton's literary criticism. The reason why I wish to discuss Mr. Hutton's stricture on George Eliot's scepticism is not because I dissent from the strong Theism which prompts the essayist's criticism, but because I dissent in some ways from the gloomy picture he draws of this scepticism. In this instance Mr. Hutton's theological point of view does not supplement, as it does in most cases, his literary criticism, but interpenetrates it. His distaste for anything approaching Pagan philosophy rather reminds one at times of Mr. Pecksniff's sublime utterance, 'The sirens, my love, were fabulous monsters—Pagans, I regret to state.' And in one or two of his literary studies, more particularly those on George Eliot, Mr. Hutton seems to murmur in an undertone the Pecksniffian phrase (though not with the Pecksniffian spirit), 'Pagans, I regret to state.'

Generous though he was to writers whose religious faith differed from his, he was acutely sensitive, almost morbidly sensitive to a want of definite faith in a writer, and the more that writer appealed to his intellectual or artistic sympathies, the more sensitive was he to this missing quality.

Under his brooding philosophic mind the scepticism of

George Eliot grows into proportions which seem to me exaggerated. Here is Mr. Hutton—

‘To me George Eliot’s whole career seems to be all of a piece; she conceded everything to doubt; she conceded too much to temptation, perhaps rather from a strong sense of the hopelessness of holding high ground than from any inability to maintain her ground when once she had taken it; but after all these concessions were made, and partly in the pride of these concessions, as though she had yielded everything which the most severely intellectual view of human nature could demand, she fought on in gloom and dejection as strenuous a fight for a pitiful demeanour towards the human race as it is in man to maintain. “Pity and fairness—two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life—seem to me not to rest on an unverifiable hypothesis, but on facts quite as irreversible as the perception that a pyramid will not stand on its apex” (vol. iii. p. 317). There is George Eliot’s philosophy compressed, and a very inadequate philosophy indeed it is; for “pity and fairness” at the best will only teach us to treat others as we treat ourselves, and will not teach us to treat ourselves as we ought. But with a languid temperament, with no faith worthy of the name, and an artificial and enervating theory of human nature, George Eliot yet used the service of “pity and fairness” with strenuousness, and even a passion which we might most of us emulate in vain.’*

This is powerfully and to a limited extent truly put; but it seems to me that an undeniable defect in George Eliot’s philosophy is exaggerated unduly; not only is her religious position painted in too sombre colours, but the trend of her ethical teaching is far from being done justice to. ‘She conceded everything to doubt—she conceded too much to temptation,’ complains the critic. And yet what writer has so consistently and so strenuously insisted on a clear conception of duty and on the reality of free will, of human responsibility. The stories woven round Arthur Donnithorne and Hetty Sorrel, Maggie Tulliver, Godfrey Cass, Tito, and Gwendolen Harleth, are all commentaries on the text put into the mouth of one of the creator’s characters: ‘Our deeds are fetters that we forge ourselves.’ ‘Consequences are un pitying,’ said Parson Irvine in ‘Adam Bede;’ ‘our deeds carry their terrible consequences quite apart from any fluctuations that went before, consequences that

* ‘Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith,’ p. 307.

are hardly ever confined to ourselves. There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone ; you can't isolate yourself and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe ; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.' It is true that George Eliot was fully conscious of the tremendous power upon us wielded by circumstance ; but she equally insisted that to every man and woman come times when they can *choose* their path, and when a strong resolve can avert the threatened evil. 'With an artificial and enervating theory of human nature,' said Mr. Hutton. Can this be true of a writer who, despite much religious perplexity, has made her Dorothea say, 'By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light and making the darkness narrower ;' who puts into the mouth of deeply-tried Maggie this cry : 'I can't argue any longer, I don't know what is wise, but my heart will not let me do it ;' and this : 'Many things are dark and difficult to me ; but I see one thing quite clearly—that I must not and cannot seek my own happiness by sacrificing others. Love is natural, but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural too, and they would live in me still and punish me if I did not obey them ;' and again this : 'We can't use happiness for ourselves or for another—we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the Divine voice within us.' I cannot agree with Mr. Hutton's contention that 'pity and fairness' epitomise all George Eliot's philosophy. No one, it is true, more passionately preached the gospel of altruism ; but along with it she invariably insists on the value of duty, on the reality and trustworthiness of our moral instincts, and on the inexorable law of retribution. Space will not permit me to dwell further on this point, so I will be content with quoting one more saying of George Eliot's in refutation of Mr. Hutton's animadversions. 'The idea of duty,' she remarks, in one of her asides ('Janet's Repentance'), 'that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life. No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or on an idea without rising to a higher order of experience.' I cannot read in this any 'artificial

and enervating theory of human nature,' it seems to me essentially fine and strong. And just as Mr. Hutton's estimate of George Eliot's ethics and philosophy seems to me unduly depreciatory, so does his constant harping on her 'want of faith,' or what he calls in another place her 'creed for pallid ghosts rather than for living men,' show the cramping effects of a strong theological bias. Few men have attacked the agnostic philosophy with such vigour and controversial zeal as Mr. W. S. Lilly,* yet his treatment of George Eliot's religion shows, I think, far larger-heartedness and a truer appreciation than does Mr. Hutton's. 'To George Eliot, the artist,' says he, 'whatever she may have held as a philosopher—the great Theistic idea was the source of her deepest and most powerful inspiration.' In a letter written to 'Blackwood' about the time of Adam Bede's publication, she says, 'My irony, so far as I understand myself, is not directed against opinions—against any class of religious views—but against the vices and weaknesses that belong to human nature in any sort of clothing.' In a letter written to Madam Bodichon in 1862 (quoted by Mr. Lilly), she forcibly exclaims, 'I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have any negative propagandism in me.' I quite agree with Mr. Lilly that whatever intellectual doubts she may have held, all her writing breathes forth the spirit of a vivid Theism. Her religious influence, it is true, would have been far more potent, had she been able to emerge from her theological difficulties like Tennyson in 'In Memoriam;' but even with that gentle melancholy characteristic of her philosophy she has, to use the words of Edmund Scherer, 'enlarged our ideas of the world and of God.'

Before leaving the second characteristic of Mr. Hutton, it is only fair to draw attention to the wholesome effect of the ethical note in his criticism—a note inseparably connected in his case, though not necessarily, with his theological point of view. No writer has more ably or more earnestly combated the mischievous 'Art for Art's Sake' theory; and in one of his essays his views on this subject are thus admirably and temperately summed up. The italics are mine. 'It was a quaint idea of the last generation to suppose that the moral tendency of a tale lay, not in discriminating evil and good, but in the zeal which induced the novelist to provide, before the end of the third volume, for

* 'Four English Humourists,' by W. S. Lilly, p. 93.

plucking up and burning the tares. But though we have got over this notion, our modern satirists are leading us into the opposite extreme, and trying to convince us that even discrimination itself, in such deep matters, is nearly impossible. The only moral in a fictitious story which can properly be demanded of writers of genius is *not* to shape their tale this way or that, which they may justly decline to do on artistic grounds, but to *discriminate clearly the relative nobility of the character they do conceive*; in other words to give us light enough in their pictures to let it be clearly seen where the shadows are intended to lie. An artist who leaves it doubtful whether he recognises the distinction between good and evil at all, or who detects in all his characters so much evil that the reader's sympathies must be entirely passive or side with what is evil, is blind to artistic as well as to moral law. *To banish confusion from a picture is the first duty of the artist; and confusion must exist where those lines which are the most essential of all for determining the configuration of human character are invisibly or indistinctly drawn.*

To turn now to Mr. Hutton's third characteristic as an essayist: his method. Whatever disadvantages the critic's theological point of view may carry with it, these are trivial compared to the great value attaching to so many of his critiques by reason of the spirit of lofty sincerity and the great pains he observes to be fair and moderate. To achieve this he has greatly added to the critical value of his work at the expense of his style.

No essayist was more sensitive to style than he; none more alive to the attractiveness of brilliant writing. But he put fairness and sincerity first and foremost, and in doing this he sacrificed many opportunities of producing an effect. Nor was it a wish to be fair and to safeguard from misapprehension only, that gave to his literary style that air of cautious self-restraint; his temperament was opposed to strong emotional methods. His dislike of crude colouring, and of violent contrasts, may be detected in his critical treatment. He was too fine a critic to allow his temperament to sway his intellect; but it necessarily modified his literary sympathies. Hence he is so much more at home with calm philosophic spirits such as Newman, Matthew Arnold, Wordsworth, and Goethe, than with those spiritual free lances Shelley and Carlyle. In the essay on Tennyson this characteristic is clearly shown; on 'In Memoriam,' and 'The Idylls,' the critic lingers with loving appreciation; but 'Maud' is

hurriedly dismissed with a few courteous words of chilly praise.* Being a critic of delicate, refined culture, he does not fail to appreciate the impassioned 'lyric cry' of Shelley; being a thinker with a strong intellectual grasp, he is fully alive to the power and significance of Carlyle's teaching. Yet it is clear that Carlyle's volcanic personality and tempestuous philosophy did not strongly appeal to his more placid, ever-flowing mind; nor did the wild Æolian music of Shelley really fascinate his vivid, but essentially reflective and orderly imagination. Yet Mr. Hutton's fine moderation and intense sincerity are nowhere better shown than in those essays where his temperament is not in perfect sympathy with the author discussed. Take for instance the essay on Shelley, which, although some Shelleyites may find it rather cold, is an admirable piece of judicial writing. It is a triumph of mind over temperament: critical appreciation over emotional bias.

In short: Mr. Hutton's criticism, if lacking the genial breadth of Mr. Leslie Stephen's pronouncements, if wanting in the literary charm and brilliance characteristic of Matthew Arnold's writing, if inferior to Stevenson and some modern critics in lightness of touch and graceful workmanship; is at its best equal to any of these. For though lacking the mental range of some critics of the first order, he makes up by intensiveness what he lacks in extensiveness. Indeed, when suited with a congenial theme, such as Newman or Wordsworth, he shows an intellectual grasp of his subject, and a fine appreciation of merits and defects, which will compare favourably with any of the acknowledged masterpieces in English critical literature. By his death we have lost not merely a fine literary critic, but an earnest and deep thinker on the problems of life. It is a trump of mind over temperament; critical appreciation over emotional bias.

* Vide 'Literary Essays,' pp. 367, 382-421.

ARTHUR RICKETT.

THE BARGAIN.

A NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALE.

BY MAIDIE DICKSON, AUTHOR OF 'THE SAGA OF THE SEA-SWALLOW.'

DOWN the dal Knut came striding, as fine and fair a youth as one might wish to see. Beside him raced the furious river, chafing at the narrowness of its rocky channel ; on either hand the solemn mountains towered, engirdled with pinewoods and crowned with snow. Neither to the right nor left turned Knut, and moodily went he, till he came to a spot where grassgrown boulders hung over the rushing stream. Lightly he scaled them, and looked down.

On the opposite side in rainbow-litten clouds of spray, a great cataract descended with unceasing thunder into the river below, that went swirling and hurrying its pale beryl waters down the dal to the fjord. No one was near—Knut threw a pebble into the tossing pool. The rainbow in the mist wavered to and fro as if something were clinging to it. He threw a second stone. Through the noise of the cataract echoed a laugh sweeter than words can say, and on the rocks beneath lay the Nixie, like a wreath of foam flung there by the wind.

A mortal youth he might have seemed, but for his eyes that shone now green, now gray, and locks that streamed back from his brow, more emerald than summer grass swept under by the torrent. The elf arose and stretched out his arms to the water-fall, and when the sunlight glanced on his naked limbs silver pale they glittered. 'Fall softly, O, my Fos !' spake he. And straightway the tumult of the waters, though they ceased not to descend, hushed to the murmur of a humble bee. The Nix turned and gazed up at Knut with friendly eyes, 'What brings thee here before thy time, Knut,' he asked, 'with sadness on thy brow ?'

'A wish to hear thee sing,' answered the other.

The watersprite looked half-doubtingly at him a moment ; then sprang from the rock high among the mist, and alit on the rainbow. There he poised himself, and swung as a bird does on a bough.

Now in the pool the Nixie had splashed and swum as a boy at play, though scaled like a fish, but among the spray he changed, and though keeping the same semblance of a youth, yet was his delicate body as transparent as gossamer, and took the tinges of the rainbow it reclined on.

‘Sing,’ said Knut, and the Nixie sang, and played on his fiddle with golden strings. And in that elfin music was all the mystery and sorrow of earth, with the sweetness of heaven.

But still Knut’s brow grew black, and blacker, and when the Nixie ceased, he sighed, ‘Oh,’ said Knut, ‘if I could only make melodies like thine ! An hour ago I was at my cousin’s wedding-feast. There was Sven the cobbler singing, and Olaf the blacksmith fiddling as out of tune as could be. And I had to sit silent by, I, who alone of the village know what true music is, and can neither play nor sing a note myself. Alas !’

‘My music was thine,’ said the Nixie, ‘ever since the day thou lingeredst, a child, by my Fos’s brink to hear me sing, while thy playmates fled in fear. What does it matter who makes the music ? Which is most blest, the dew, or the grass it falls on ?’

‘It is not the same,’ Knut answered impatiently. ‘I would that thy powers were mine alone, so that every fiddler hearing me would snap his bow in despair, so that my songs would be the only ones called for in wedding and festival, so that even when I die I shall not be forgotten, but on my iron cross in the churchyard will be carved—“Knut Ormeim, the finest singer and fiddler of Norway.”’

‘I see,’ said the Sprite musingly, ‘it is the praise thou desirest, even more than the music. I cannot understand why thou shouldst crave it so ; but then, I am only a Nixie,—and his glance changed from green to grey,—‘who do not understand the feelings or the ways of men. Alone amid the white foam and the unceasing roar have I dwelt from time’s beginning ; alone shall I dwell here till the river flows no more, when I shall perish altogether. Neither sorrow, fear, nor joy, have I ; and at times I weary of the lonely days, which are ever the same, and tire of my very music even. This morning, Knut, I swam down to the fjord to watch the wedding procession go by.

Such a gay cavalcade it was that wound beside the river, carriages and prancing horses, and fiddles all shrieking their loudest. Foremost rode the bride, her flowing tresses crowned with the marriage-crown, and her scarlet bodice adorned with silver. Tears were on her cheeks, but she smiled as she glanced round at her bridegroom's face. I would have given fiddle, voice, and all to have made one of that merry company !'

'And why didst thou not ?' asked Knut.

The Nix shook his head sadly, 'Whatever shape I took the holy priest would know me for a creature with neither heart nor soul, and forthwith he would drive me to the water whence I came.'

Knut laughed. 'Sweeter are the cherries on the neighbour's boughs,' said he. 'Here art thou who hast music, and carest only for life and love, and the rest of it ; and I, who have all these, and desire music alone. Oh, Nixie ! if thou couldst give me thy fiddle and voice for a year, willingly would I spare thee my heart and soul, if such a thing were possible.'

The Nixie sprang up, and stood trembling on the rainbow. 'There is a way to make the exchange,' he cried ; 'but, no ! from another I might take heart and soul, but not from thee, Knut.'

'I should only lend them to thee for a year,' replied Knut, firing with the thought in his turn. 'A year of life for thee, a year of music and fame for me. It is worth the risk.'

But the elf still wavered.

'Exchange ! Exchange !' cried Knut, 'or thou shalt never see my face again.'

'The bargain is made,' said the Nixie. So the two vowed to come back to the same spot, after a year had passed, and return the borrowed gifts to their owner.

Then the Nixie slipped down to the rock, where he crouched. Once, twice, and again he drew his bow across the golden strings.

Something slid into Knut's closed hand. He opened it. There lay his heart ; small it was, and grey with dust. He tossed it to the Nixie, who caught and hid it jealously in his bosom, and when Knut looked down again the fiddle lay at his feet.

'Now for the soul,' said the Nixie, and rising to his feet he sang.

So wilful and so sweet was the song that Knut sank down on the sward ; half in a swoon he felt something burst from his

lips, saw it fly through the sunlight down to the elf, and then he knew no more.

When he opened his eyes again, he found himself in the arms of a youth who might have been his twin-brother, for the likeness he bore him.

'Who art thou?' asked the bewildered Knut, in a voice that was unknown to him; then as he met the stranger's wild yet gentle gaze—'I remember, the Nixie.'

'Not so!' cried the other. 'An hour ago I *was* the Nixie, who dreamed and sang the slow years away; but now I am a man,'—and passionately he flung out his arms to the sky—'every hour of my life I shall live. And so, farewell, Knut: for a year and a day.'

He turned to go, then suddenly remembering sprang back.

'Dost thou lack the gifts thou hast lent me?' he asked anxiously; 'say but the word and they shall be thine once more.'

Sweet as golden bells Knut's laughter pealed, as he made answer, 'Keep to thy side of the bargain, and I shall keep to mine.'

'Farewell then,' said the Nix, joyously, 'over fjeld down fjord, go I to the world and away.'

So the two parted.

Time passed on, and, as Knut foretold, he became the wonder of the whole countryside. In his music was all the mystery and sorrow of earth, and the sweetness of heaven. Never, it was said, had such a singer or such a fiddler been known in the world, nor will there be again.

And he grew used to the want of his heart and soul; indeed, no one noticed much difference it made in him. And as Knut's fame spread from town to town, so his pride and glory in himself grew and grew, till he scarcely remembered that his marvellous powers were not his own; and when a year had gone by, he forgot his solemn promise to meet the Nixie, and went up to play the halling at one of the high mountain farms instead.

There was dancing in the barn, and Knut the fiddler growing hot and tired, flung down his fiddle, and went to drink from the tiny stream that flowed outside. As he dipped his lips in the water, it whispered to him as plain as words could say—'To the Fos, I haste, where the Nixie stands and calls for thee.'

In a flash Knut remembered, and pale as death he grew.

Back to the barn he rushed, crying, 'Give me my fiddle and let me go. I trysted to meet a friend in the dal beneath, and I am late, late.'

And away he sped, his host still following, crying after him. 'Go by the sleigh road, Knut, and not down the mountain side. All night long the snow was slipping from the peaks.

But Knut heeded not, and choose the wild goats' track, the shortest, to the dal. As he hurried down, he grew calm again with the thought that the Nixie might agree to the exchange lasting some time longer, and coming to a spot where the path ran smoothly, pinewood on one hand and a great overhanging cliff on the other, he took out his fiddle and began to play.

And all of a sudden the dark boughs were parted, and a slight figure sprang through, saying, 'I waited by the Fos for thee till I was weary, and I heard my fiddle, and I followed.'

And as Knut looked at him, but for his words, and his eyes, now grey now green, he would not have known him for the same Nix that went forth in man's guise, eager and gay to see the world of men, so weary and worn was he now, with grey streaks among his brown locks, and lines of care on his haggard brow. 'Here am I,' said the Nix, 'to give thee back thy heart and soul.'

'I do not want them yet,' answered Knut; 'thou canst keep them awhile longer.'

'Not another hour, not another moment!' cried the other. 'Take back thy soul, take back thy heart that burns and beats in my poor breast, and give me my old peace again.'

Knut saw there was no help for it, so with reluctant fingers he drew the bow across the fiddle strings, once, twice, and again. The heart lay in the Nixie's hand, no longer grey and dusty, but bright as gold.

Knut took it; and even as he touched it, it grew tarnished again. 'I have two minds not to give thee thy fiddle,' he grumbled. 'See what thou hast done to my heart; it is broken.'

But unheeding the Nix took up his own fiddle once more, and began to play, and Knut listening, ground his teeth with the old jealousy and despair. For never, he knew, while the fiddle was his, had such strains as these flowed from it, and never indeed since time's beginning had the Nixie himself played so well. Suddenly the music died away with a wail

like the wind in the pines at night, and the Nixie burst into bitter weeping.

‘Take and keep them both, voice and fiddle,’ he cried; ‘but give me the broken heart again, the heart which is so little to thee.’

When Knut heard this, he could hardly believe his good luck, or despise the Nixie’s folly enough. Eagerly he seized the fiddle and gave back the heart, then hastened to depart, lest the other should repent once more of his bargain.

But as he turned away, the Nixie followed, saying, ‘The other gift—so great, I would not rob thee of it.’

‘My soul!’ said Knut, and he paled for a moment. ‘I had forgotten. Give it to me this moment. When my time comes, I have no wish to perish everlastingly.’

‘Thou hast my voice,’ replied the poor Nix; ‘win back thy soul with it.’

So Knut began to sing, and as he sang the elf sank down on the path, and rested there as quietly as if he were sleeping. Presently Knut’s song ceased, for he saw the soul come slipping through the Nixie’s lips—pale lips that would sigh and smile no more. In breathless awe Knut watched the undying thing arise in the air, and hovering, pause between the two. And as he watched, there came a roar as if the skies were cleft in twain, and the mountain side shook with the fall of the avalanche. From ledge to ledge, from peak to peak descending, bearing on its crest giant boulders, and uprooted pines, down it thundered to the dal.

Over the cliffside it swept, burying the bodies of Knut Ormeim and the Nixie for ever.

Now to which of the two did the soul belong, I wonder?

PLUTARCH'S HEROES.

CHAPTER VI.

HEROIC PROSE.

HEROIC verse is a thing of which all have heard ; and, of course, there must be such a thing as heroic prose. If Molière's *bourgeois gentilhomme* had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, so men of action, the heroes of the world, have talked without prior consultation in a dialect, a style of their own. This rare, energetic, sententious language we shall venture to term 'heroic prose.'

Not, indeed, that the phrase can be limited to such speech, and a palpable exception is the oratory of great leaders at momentous crises in their country's history. An example will readily occur in the supreme effort of glorious Chatham. If this be not heroic prose, then we may well give up the phrase as unmeaning. The description would also apply to compositions, like some of Milton's writings, breathing the heroic spirit ; but the distinction between these printed effusions and noble but premeditated eloquence is exceedingly fine, and, for our purpose, merely one of detail.

It would be a bold paradox, but very far from absurd, to posit that the native language of heroes is silence. In defence of the proposition, we will adduce three several reasons.

(i.) The combination 'silent heroism' is so habitual in novels and the proper kind of reporting, that we confidently expect some day to see a hyphen connecting the words—as a preliminary to their mutual absorption and coalescence.

(ii.) Mr. Gladstone—it is a far cry!—considers it a mark of superiority on the part of Homer's Greeks that they advance to battle in silence, while the Trojans shout, either to scare the enemy away or to keep their own spirits up.

(iii.) The name 'William the Silent,' though due primarily to

discretion rather than to valour, connotes matchless resolution, patience, and perseverance.

Obviously, however, the soldier and man of affairs cannot in practice carry out the principle of La Trappe to the full extent. To him silence can only be an ideal, a counsel of perfection.

The hero must speak, but he speaks, permit us to say, by way of condescension.

He does not cultivate the art of conversation.

He is not ambitious to please.

He is no courtier.

He chews the cud of reflection, and when he does speak, he is blunt, direct, and, the probabilities are, uncomfortably witty.

This kind of discourse survives with difficulty in a civilised age; but there are still in the flesh two eminent dispensers of homely, concrete, patriarchal wisdom—Prince Bismarck and President Krüger.

We are alluding to the old pagan type of hero, the statesmen referred to being evidently 'sports.'

The Christian Knights, no doubt, had gentler thoughts and better manners—a circumstance which we, for our part, are disposed to attribute to their Christianity, and, especially, to the preaching of humility.

The Spartans, as far as can be inferred from the pages of Plutarch, had only an imperfect appreciation of this virtue, confining it, on the whole, to the helots, and to the young in their relations with the old.

Very fine, this last, but consistent—we speak as moderns—with a portentous mistake. They actually studied to be prigs!

'They accustomed themselves never to use language cursorily, nor to utter any speech which did not contain, in one way or another, a thought worthy of some heed.'

'They taught their children also to use a language uniting pungency with grace and comprising a fund of observation in a brief sentence.'

Plutarch applauds the custom and complacently quotes the following anecdote, parable-fashion.

A native of Attica was joking King Agis on the smallness of Spartan knives; they could be easily swallowed, said he, by professional conjurers. 'Ah, well,' was the reply, 'we generally get at the enemy with our daggers.' 'Even so,' runs the triumphant conclusion, 'the Laconian speech, though brief, generally hits the mark and lays hold of the hearer.'

Brevity was regarded, not only as the soul of wit, but, mystically, as the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, when somebody questioned him about the fewness of the laws, responded, 'Those who do not use many words, neither do they need many laws.'

There's something in it. Even those cases which seem at first to tell against the doctrine are tacit proofs of its soundness.

Demosthenes, for instance, speaks of a rogue who sought to win by silence a reputation for honesty and self-restraint. But what then? Is not hypocrisy the homage which vice pays to virtue?

Coleridge relates also an amusing story, showing how easy it is to be deceived by appearances, but, at the same time, how true appearances generally are. He was dining one day at a wayside inn when he was joined by a neighbouring farmer. The man was remarkably silent, and the poet, vastly impressed with the stranger's philosophic demeanour, awaited with curiosity the first words that should issue from his lips. Presently the potatoes were brought in, and the farmer, lifting the cover, exclaimed, 'Them's the jockeys for me!'

Hence it would seem that it is not always a sign of profundity to be laconic, but it is no less evident that deep in the human breast sits the conviction that one who thinks much and says little is mentally and morally superior. What he may be socially is, of course, immaterial.

Thus much for introduction. We shall now proceed to compile a short anthology of noteworthy or characteristic sayings.

Somebody, addressing Lycurgus, expressed the opinion that a democracy should be set up at Sparta. 'Do you first,' replied the lawgiver, 'set up a democracy in your own house.'

Another criticised his appointment of cheap and petty sacrifices. The reason, pray? 'That we may never,' said he, 'omit to honour the Divine Being.'

Lycurgus is likewise reported to have carried on an oracular correspondence, probably with military men. Here are specimens of the same—

I.

Q.—How should we repel an attack of the enemy?

Ans.—If you remain poor and are all equally fond of each other.

II.

Q.—How about the walls?

Ans.—A city would not be unwall'd, which is circled with men, not bricks.

Communications like these irresistibly remind us of sixpenny telegrams and Radical politicians. Next come two reproofs which flatly—that is to wit, superficially—contradict each other.

(i.) King Leonidas, when a certain person was discoursing unseasonably on topics not unprofitable in themselves, remarked, 'My friend, a suitable theme, but an unsuitable moment.'

(ii.) Some people were finding fault with the sophist Hecatæus because, after being introduced to the mess, he said nothing, presumably on the subject of sophistry. In reply, Archedamas observed, 'He who knows the word, knows also the season.'

The moral, as we implied, is the same in both cases; but painful experience, by no means monopolised by King Lycurgus, is conclusive that Archedamas erred egregiously in his generalisation.

The Spartans seem to have particularly excelled in 'sitting upon' foreigners, as witness—

A certain person was showing good-will to Theopompus, and remarked pleasantly that among his compatriots he was known as a friend of the Lacedæmonians. 'It had been well,' quoth the other, 'to have been known as a friend of your compatriots.' This appears ungracious, but very likely the man was a sycophant and a time-server.

Take another example. An Athenian rhetorician stigmatised the Spartans as ignorant. 'You are right,' said Pleistonax, one of the kings, 'for we alone of the Greeks have learnt nothing bad from you.' Well played, Pleistonax!

The most delicious sayings, however, are those of old Phocion—especially when we consider the background, the vain, self-opinionated, not very heroic, and rather shallow Athenian democracy of Plutarch's prejudice and imagination. Nevertheless, it is difficult to banish the impression that Phocion was an actor as well as a hero. The Spartans said their say in all grimness and soberness, but the Athenian statesman was not more a moralist than a wit. Politically a cynic, he was always, apparently, watching for an opportunity of flouting his countrymen. He flouted them, however, with great art and address.

On one occasion, the Athenians urged him to lead them against the foe, and, as he was unwilling, abused him for a coward. Nothing can well exceed the irony of Phocion's reply, 'You can't make me courageous, nor can I make you cowards. Happily, we understand each other.'

When disasters were threatening, the people inveighed against Phocion and demanded an account of his generalship. 'Better be saved first, my excellent sirs,' said he.

While they were at war, the Athenians were submissive and timid; on the conclusion of peace, they waxed bold and denounced Phocion as having deprived them of the victory. 'You are lucky,' he answered, 'in having a general who understands you, or you would long ago have perished!'

When the citizens, rather than arbitrate, would have gone to war with their neighbours the Bœotians on a territorial question, he advised them to fight with words in which they were superior, not with arms in which they were inferior. Women, therefore!

When they would not accede to his proposals or endure to listen to him, he said very nobly, 'You may force me to act contrary to my wishes, but you will never get me to say what is not right, contrary to my opinion.'

Demosthenes, his political rival, observed, 'If the Athenians should go mad, they will kill you, Phocion.' 'And you, Demosthenes, if they be sane,' was the reply.

Among other preposterous allegations, a certain Lycurgus (not the law-giver) stated in open assembly that when Alexander demanded ten of the citizens, Phocion was for giving them up. The charge was rapidly disposed of with the rejoinder, 'I have made many useful suggestions in my time, but, unfortunately, they are not taken.'

Of humbugs and pretenders, Phocion made great havoc. There was at Athens in those days one Archibiades, nicknamed 'the Laconist.' To sustain the character, he cherished a monstrous beard, invariably wore a threadbare cloak, and cultivated a glare. Phocion being, as was not seldom the case, howled down in council, called for this man's testimony and support. Archibiades, however, was politic, and, rising, expressed such views as would be agreeable to his audience. The 'retort courteous' was immense. Grasping 'the Laconist' by his whiskers, Phocion asked, 'Why didn't you shave, then, Archibiades?'

Aristogiton, the informer, was bellicose enough in his speeches,

and hounded the people on to action as if he were himself the bravest of the brave. When, however, the muster-roll was being made up, he came forward leaning on a staff and with his legs bandaged. Upon this Phocion, espying him afar off from the rostrum, cried out, 'Write also "Aristogiton, lame and bad."'

When Leosthenes rashly plunged the city into war and Phocion protested, the former asked him, mockingly, what good he had done the city during all the years he had been general. 'Much,' he answered; 'I have enabled the citizens to be buried in their own tombs.'

The same Leosthenes was boasting and bragging at a great rate in the popular assembly, when Phocion took him up. 'Your words, young man, are like cypress trees; they are tall and big, but they bear no fruit.'

Hyperides asked him, 'When, then, Phocion, do you counsel the Athenians to go to war?' 'When,' he said, 'I see the young defending their post, the rich contributing to the cost, and public characters abstaining from plundering the treasury.'

Many were surprised at the force collected by Leosthenes, and asked Phocion what he thought of their preparations. 'Very good,' he replied, 'for the hundred yards; but I dread the mile-race of war, seeing that the city has no more money, nor ships, nor men.'

One of the pestilent sort accustomed to hang about the law courts and inform against people, met him, and said, 'Do you dare, Phocion, deter the Athenians when already they have arms in their hands?' 'I do,' he answered, 'and knowing this, that if there is war, I shall rule you, but, if peace, you me.'

No one seriously questioned Phocion's physical courage, and his moral courage was superb. One day an oracle from Delphi was read out to the effect that when all the rest of the Athenians were harmonious, one man would oppose his views to those of the city. Hearing this, Phocion came forward and begged the assembly not to trouble. He himself was the person intended, for he alone did not approve of anything that was being done.

So constant was the antagonism that when, in the course of a speech, he happened to please the people, and perceived that all alike were welcoming his observations, he turned to his friends and said, 'Can it be that, unknown to myself, I have said something bad?'

The rugged virtue of all this is immediately apparent ; but, as Plutarch intimates, it is a little surprising that one so brusque and formidable should have acquired a name for goodness. He suggests, however, as an analogy, tart wine, which is not necessarily nasty, while many who seem nice are exceedingly hurtful and disagreeable to acquaintances. Nobody could move him when acting for the good of his country ; but, if any of his antagonists fell on evil days, then Phocion showed to advantage as a kind, sympathetic, warm-hearted Samaritan. His friends thought he carried this conduct too far—for instance, in pleading for criminals ; but he answered that the righteous did not need assistance. It chanced that our old friend Aristogiton the informer, after his conviction, sent to Phocion with the request that he would visit him. Phocion, consenting, was about to proceed to the gaol when his friends held him back. ‘Allow me, gentlemen,’ he said. ‘Where could one meet with Aristogiton with more pleasure ?’

We shall take leave of this extraordinary man with the remark that heroism is sometimes manifested by stern refusal and defiance of the popular whim. Possibly, if contemporary Greece had possessed a Phocion, dauntless and outspoken, she might have been spared the miseries of an unequal and ruinous contest.

The dicta of Cato the Elder, a Roman statesman of the old school, are distinctly Krügeresque.

‘It is hard for a city to prosper in which fish is sold for more than an ox.’

‘The Roman people attach prices not only to purples but to habits. For just as dyers use chiefly that dye which they observe to be pleasing, so likewise the young men learn and imitate those things which receive commendation from us.’

‘The Romans are like sheep. Just as they are not persuaded singly, but follow their leader pell-mell ; so also do you, when meeting in one place, allow yourselves to be led by men whom you would never, as individuals, deign to employ as counsellors.’

‘Wise men are helped more by fools than fools by wise men, for wise men guard against the errors of fools, but fools cannot imitate the successes of wise men.’

‘If you often elect the same men as rulers, you will appear to hold either that office is not worth much, or that not many are worthy of office.’

'If I have done a good deed, I would rather go without a return, than if I have done evil, escape punishment for it.'

'I prefer a young man that blushes to one that turns pale.'

'The soul of one in love lives in the person of another.'

Pointing out one who had sold his paternal acres adjoining the seashore, he professed to admire him as stronger than the sea. 'For,' said he, 'what the sea barely washes, he has easily swallowed down whole.'

It would be easy to fill many more pages with such sayings ; but, perhaps, these will suffice, especially as they require for their due appreciation an 'atmosphere' very inadequately supplied in the preceding chapters. In conclusion, we wish to allocate some brief space to a pair of lives which stand apart from the rest, the only lives of the series which can be said even distantly to approach Carlyle's broader conception of heroism—the heroism of the pen as well as that of the sword.

Demosthenes and Cicero figure in the roll of fame rather as men of letters than as men of action ; nevertheless, it is as men of action that Plutarch has elected to deal with them. For this self-imposed limitation, though completely accordant with the idea of the work as a whole, he deems it necessary to apologise, and his apology takes the form of a personal explanation. It would have been much to his liking, he says, to compare the literary merits of those finished orators ; but, alas ! he cannot. Through force of circumstances he was obliged to postpone his Latin studies till late in life, and now feels no confidence in his ability rightly to adjudicate on their rival graces. He claims, however, that the character of the men, but faintly indicated in their speeches, is 'writ large' in their deeds ; and here, again, our own proverbial wisdom comes to his aid. 'Actions speak louder than words.' While, however, Plutarch formally abjures the part of literary connoisseur, the instinct of culture occasionally masters his resolve, and the student of literature will find much to interest him in the 'Life of Demosthenes.'

It is a striking coincidence that Cicero and Demosthenes, who may be termed the fine flower of ancient civic life, the highest embodiment of venerable constitutional traditions, passed their lives under very similar conditions. To both statesmen the republican form of government was inexpressibly dear ; and, in the case of Demosthenes, the fall of the republic implied the extinction of national independence. All will remember Milton's allusion to Isocrates—

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'... as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent.'

Well, Demosthenes was the compatriot and contemporary of Isocrates, and, like him, involved in the desperate game of politics. At Rome, the republic was attacked by internal rottenness and imminent, inevitable Cæsarism; at Athens, by internal rottenness and the encroachments of an alien power—that of Macedon.

Hitherto, we have hardly touched on Plutarch's comparative method of biography. It will be recollected, however, that in our first chapter Dr. Knox was cited as '*advocatus Diaboli*' and reported that 'the critics,' an anonymous, but terror-striking jury, had 'convicted' our author of 'partiality.' Several instances were given, and, among them, the present invidious comparison between Cicero and Demosthenes. So far as we are concerned, we make no secret of our belief that, as a man, Demosthenes was worth fifty Ciceros. Cicero was an accomplished orator, a reputable politician, and a citizen of blameless life. But just as he deluded himself about his 'poetry,' so, it seems to us, he greatly miscalculated his strength of character. He might have made a good legionary, but he did not possess, in a time of unparalleled difficulty, the adamant nerve necessary to a leader.

During the Catiline affair he kept a brave heart and steered the ship of state through the revolutionary storm, but later developments found him out. Plutarch mentions a letter of Brutus upbraiding Cicero, because from fear of Antony he courted that lion's whelp Octavian, and though it is impossible not to sympathise with the statesman in his dilemma, it is fair enough comment that he acted thus, not to secure the freedom of his country, but to gain a master favourable to himself. In the Comparison Plutarch advances other just criticisms. For example, when Cicero was in exile, he gave himself up to sloth; while Demosthenes, like a veritable Peter the Hermit, went from place to place preaching a crusade against Macedon.

In the manner of his death Cicero, in a sense, anticipated Cranmer. He met his end with dignity, but his prior conduct was of a kind to arouse pity rather than admiration. Demosthenes also attempted to save himself from the savage Antipater; but, when driven to bay, he made—according to the pagan way

of viewing things—an honourable exit from the world by taking poison. Facts like these remind us that the hero-life is not always, nor, perhaps, often, externally happy; but it may be hoped that compensation is found in the sense of duty strenuously and unflinchingly performed.

F. J. SNELL.

(The End.)

SWIFTS.

IN the last week of April there arrives at the mouths of our southern rivers what may without impropriety be called the champion summer migrant, in spite of the fact that it has no ear for music. Singing is not an essential characteristic of a bird; the meaning of the word is something which flies, and the stronger the wings the better the bird, while superlatively good vocal chords are nothing more than a graceful adjunct, leading only to idleness and vanity. Now, the swift is *par excellence* a flying thing. Only two creatures indeed could be compared with him, the common house-fly and the uncommon frigate-bird. Marvellously rapidly as the fly's wings move, the spasmodic employment of them disqualify it for competition; and the frigate-bird, which dwells in the air for a week at a time, outstripping the fastest storm ever concocted in the United States, is altogether beyond the ken of landlubbers. The swift, then, remains our ideal of strength and endurance. Every waking moment, even of Midsummer day, is spent on the wing. He can afford to chuckle complacently over the speed of the swallow, or give a long start to a Scotch express. To thoroughly realise his power and his intense enjoyment of that power, watch him when he leaves the wretched insects alone for an hour and takes to sport. A compact cluster of black bodies will suddenly sweep round the house-eaves, like a swirling gust of wind on a stormy night, or the rush of a level lot of horses swinging round Tattersall's corner; wild and excited screeching, sufficiently justifying their village name of "screechers," whistles out of their throats. Dr. Johnson, whose opinion given on everything in earth, sea, and sky, it is not now considered presumptuous to contradict, was inspired by this spectacle, or his love of gulling Boswell, to make a remarkable statement. Though he had as much sympathy with, and knowledge of, the giddy ethereal swift as he had of the mazurka, he informed his young friend that in autumn the swallow tribe 'conglobated' together by flying

round and round, and then all in a heap threw themselves under water, and lay in the bed of the river, bill to bill, wing to wing, foot to foot, until spring came round. Was it the reputation for this self-imposed asphyxia, rather than its charcoal hues, which gained the swift its nickname of 'the devil's bird'? But no, the Hindoo fakir can bury himself for the winter without incurring any opprobrious or demoniacal epithet, so the bird's blackness of hue must be the only reason for its being regarded as a feathered witch. Black was not always the hall-mark of respectability, as it seems to be in our dark ages, and very significantly the swallow, whose general darkness is redeemed by brightness of breast feathers, has not only disarmed suspicion but nearly attained to canonisation. A coloured waistcoat must ever be a guarantee of gentility.

There is an unexplained and obscure proceeding of the swifts, which is vastly more curious than the fanciful mystery of their hibernation. Just before dark, the careful husbands have been observed to go whirling round their consorts, evidently with the idea of driving them in to roost. Having taken this precaution, the whole body of males begin to rise in wide sweeps until they disappear in the shades of night. The next day at dawn they are again noticed descending one by one from the sky. One is led to infer from this that they spend the night hawking about, some thousands of feet up in the air. This is not impossible so far as the getting enough sleep is concerned, since their dislike of heat makes them take a good siesta in the middle of the day. On the other hand, the insects they feed upon are known to drop down into lower strata of the atmosphere, as the hours become cool; so what inducement can there be to pass the night amongst the clouds doing nothing at all, like a pack of frivolous witches having a night out on their broom-handles?

No bird finds greater favour with the French peasantry, because it leaves their crops of hemp alone. This is a cheap way of gaining popularity, as the possession of miserable little legs and distorted feet renders the swift incapable of tearing up hemp or any other plant. Once on the ground, it has the greatest possible difficulty in getting under weigh again. Heraldry has taken advantage of this deficiency to make the short-legged creature the emblem of younger sons, 'who being in a manner like unto that bird which lacketh feet, wherewith to settle upon land, and they lacking land whereon

to set their feet, may be thereby more reminded of that necessity wherein they stand, of earning unto themselves an estate by prowess of arms.' That is to say, younger sons, who have inherited the cat, should feel encouraged by the example of this bird, which has carved out for itself an estate in the air by a process presently to be described, to go out and win a parcel of ground-rents in Benin or a dairy farm on the outskirts of Bida. By a strange chance, this very absence of 'leg-drive' in the swift has been the means of adding a new delicacy to the dinner-table of Cathay. Debarred from collecting materials for its nest in field and ditch, it catches cottony seed, floating feathers, and thistle-down on the wing, and gums them together into a mucilaginous mass with the saliva which Nature provides in abundance at this season of the year. This and no other is the recipe used by the Malagasy swift in the composition of those edible nests which the Chinese turn into clear soup. Ignorance in this case decidedly adds to the bliss of dinner. But in our own country there are things 'with a past,' which it is equally wise to take with thankfulness of heart, asking no questions—dried figs, for example.

Ill-adapted as the swift's feet are for walking and perching—the fourth toe being placed in front with the other three, instead of behind—yet this deformity makes it easier for the bird to cling on to the wall while the nest is being built. In fact, the swift is nothing more nor less than a specialised woodpecker, which, finding its own profession overcrowded, has by slow degrees reduced its big body and auctioneering hammer of a head to a minimum, and forsaken the bark for the æther. As the swallow, too, is only a highly developed sparrow, there is no blood-relationship whatever between the pair, a fact confirmed by the way in which the swift keeps aloof from his alleged relatives in crossing the sea, and lets them have a full month's start. Obviously, a bird which requires a woodpecker's rations is bound to wait until insect food becomes plentiful. Not for him are the bleak fields, scarcely recovered from winter, where the translated sparrow picks up a living. Accordingly he delays his coming as long as possible, but when the rainy season is over in Africa, the sun blazes out, the herbage withers up, the flies follow suit, and wither up too, and the swift is forced to depart. After many days spent in loitering up the Atlantic seaboard, and billeting himself on the old chateaux, Brittany is reached, and then instead of coasting along to the usual

crossing-places at Caps de la Hogue and Gris Nez, the strong flyer makes a dash for Devon or Cornwall. On the next morning, our bird in broadcloth will be seen above the alders by the still pool, whirling round after the multitudinous gnats that have just been hatched out of the slime and ooze. In building the subsequent nest, the swift secures concealment, first by choosing a dark hole under the eaves, and secondly by never approaching the hole except at top speed, with the result that he vanishes into the inscrutable shadow, and deludes the eye of the watchful village urchin.

WHAT THE PROFESSOR SAW.

'Ah ! then if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw.'

WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLANT FROM HAARLEM.

A SIDE-STREET of the quaint old town of Altenhausen lay in afternoon sleepiness one day in June many years ago. Suddenly round the corner, stepping into the shadow of a house whose projecting upper storey was curiously painted in red and green, appeared two figures, that of a tall man followed by a small boy. Not unwatched. A little child peeped at them out of a high window with a helmet-shaped hood over it, and shouted back into the room.

'See, *Mütterchen*, here come the professor and Franz from the central station carrying something ells and ells long !'

The professor, a thin, elderly man with locks of the silvery whiteness that hair alone attains that has begun to grow grey early, strode in front, his hands behind his back ; Franz in hot pursuit, half running, half walking, bearing in his arms a huge parcel wrapped in folds of matting with bits of stick peeping out at the top. It was still very hot, and it seemed as if the stumpy little boy must succumb as they raced up the street one after the other. Suddenly, with an exclamation, the boy quickened his steps, the big parcel swaying ominously, and rushing forward plucked the long man by the paletot.

'Doesn't the Herr Professor observe that he has passed his house ?' he asked breathlessly and reproachfully.

The learned man stopped, stepped deliberately out into the street, and looked up at the rich façades with a pair of very blue eyes.

'Quite right, my boy,' he said, 'I have, yet I might have

known; the third from the top with the plain front redeemed by the oriel window.'

He turned, and strode back again, mounting the steps of the house he had described.

'Poor child!' he said kindly, as the boy trembling and gasping set down the parcel, wiping his brow. 'I would have carried *him* myself had I not been afraid of throwing him down; a misfortune too great to be realised. Here is for your trouble.' He laid a coin on the boy's palm. Franz looked, hesitated, reddened.

'A mark,' he said reflectively, 'that seems a little much for a kilometre, though it *was* a run.'

'A mark, say you so? I thought it fifty pence; but take it for your honesty. Hear me, Franz; walk sedately back, do not race, you are hot.'

Here the door flew open, and the arms of a stout and comely woman were thrown round the professor.

'My beloved Gottfried!'

'God greet you, Fanny!'

Frau Fanny released herself, and stepping back gazed up ecstatically into her husband's face. 'Looking well,' she said to herself; 'also cheerful, and fairly tidy. Gottfried!' breaking off sharply and angrily, 'where are the spectacles?'

'Alas! Fanny, getting out of the train at Amsterdam——'

She threw up her arms and clapped her hands together.

'Then I know,' she said half crying, half laughing, 'you have been stumbling and tumbling through Holland, running into lamp posts and apologising, falling into canals, and pulled out again dripping; had I been aware of it, I should not have slept a wink for the last fortnight.'

'*Nichts da*, Fanny; I had my eyeglasses.'

'And pray (witheringly) where are they? On your nose? Don't tell me that, they are not there.'

'Somewhere about me,' he returned slightly crestfallen; 'but where exactly I am not sure—please to look.'

She ran round him searching, and suddenly the eyeglasses and their chain came swinging round in front viciously.

'They were in the middle of your back.'

'I thought it very likely,' returned he cheerfully. 'Since the spectacles broke, I have lost the eyeglasses two or three times a day, having nothing to find them with. I think, Fanny, my Saxon ancestors must have intermarried with the blinking

Iberians of Greek legend whose pale watery eyes could barely see by day.'

'Alas! You can't see by night either. Don't you remember how you tried to scale the rostrum at an almost inaccessible point that evening you were lecturing? It was only the length of your legs that saved you from ridicule. If you would but keep your glasses on your nose! They used to say long ago you let them drop so as not to hide your fine eyes; but now——'

'It is the formation of the bridge of the nose; they refuse to adhere when I stoop. Enough, Fanny, *I have him.*'

'The *Eremurus robustus*!'

'The same. Come and help me.'

The big parcel was introduced into the passage, and on their knees they unrolled the many wrappings. Frau Fanny gave vent to many an '*ach!*' and '*II!*' of fervent admiration as the noble plant emerged; but all the same did not forget to make a coil of the disused string.

'*E—re—mu—rus,*' repeated the professor slowly, as if the mere repetition of the name were a satisfaction, while tenderly, like a mother lifting the face of her child by the chin, he raised one of the many pendant bells with his forefinger. 'Four exquisite spikes of pink blossoms, hanging like the bells in a Chinese pagoda, or like a giant asphodel from Elysian fields, eh, Fanny? The leaves dark and rigid, a perfect contrast. Well I have succeeded, I have the plant.'

'Naturally; it was your principal object in going to Holland.'

'Child, it was not at all a matter of course, I nearly failed.'

'*Himmel!* but I will hear it later; you must be famished.'

In the summer-house, under the shade of the large *Aristolochia* leaves that threw wavering patterns on the ground, the professor's tongue unlocked.

'I reached Haarlem,' he said, lighting his meerschau, 'and instantly repaired to the gardens of Vanderdecken that join on to the gardens of Vanderbilt, and slope down to the river Spaarne. Oh, Fanny, such a sight! such a paradise of flowers! A little formal perhaps as suits the Zuider Zee folk, but what colour! Half an acre of *Ixias*.'

'I know,' she nodded, 'a rich red.'

'No, of a strange green; the shade of the North Sea under a rain cloud, then a fiery belt of nasturtiums next to a line of many tinted foxgloves. More beautiful than all, a silvery field of the *Lilium Candidum*, exquisitely pure as if all the saints that

ever held them had cast them down there. Very well, to return to prose, never far distant. The great Vanderdecken, a little round man in a blue apron, rolled off his office stool and addressed me in excellent French. How I inwardly blushed, armed as I was, and ready with German Flemish, and a little bad English in default of Dutch, to find his French better than mine.'

"*Eremurus robustus*," said he. "*Hélas !* monsieur, a thousand excuses, a rare plant at present, my only available specimen sold to Mr. Smith of London the day before yesterday."

'I went down a little, "Then *Eremurus turkestanicus*."

"*Hélas !* again, I am desolated."

'Not he.'

'I admit mynheer looked supremely comfortable as he snipped off some old poppy heads, and said, "We want all for ourselves, the seed alone is worth five pounds."'

'My spirits sank ; I purchased sundry plants, but the zest had gone. I returned to Amsterdam. Now, listen ! As I was strolling along the Kinkerstraat three days later, my eyes (in glasses, Fanny) fixed themselves on a little cream house with green shutters with a broad band of paint round the door, reflecting itself coquettishly in the canal ; above it waved the restless arms of an invisible windmill. There was a shining path separating two tiny grass plats. A man in a blouse was raking an already painfully neat bed with a little rake, such as you use. I stood still and watched him. He raised himself and looked up at me, he smiled, I smiled, it was the freemasonry of gardeners. I ventured within the gate, stood opposite him and bowed. He bowed. "*Eremurus robustus*," said I. He laughed and nodded, and signing to me to wait, disappeared at the back of the house. To my delight, but hardly to my surprise, he reappeared, bearing this plant in his arms, growing in a wonderful tub, painted red and yellow. Believe me, I was sorry to deprive him of it, it was so well grown, so well cared for, each budding spike tied separately to a slim stick, but——'

'He wanted a *Heidengeld* (fortune) for it, I know.'

'Truly it was not cheap, too expensive for the funds of our Botanic Garden, adding the other plants I have collected ; so I have done myself the pleasure of making a present of it to the town. Come now, I am impatient to plant it.'

They sallied forth ; Frau Fanny in a light shawl, a hat over her cap, which peeped out ingenuously behind, bearing a rake

and several trowels—a whole armoury of tools, the professor in eyeglasses, carrying the tall and swaying plant. It was a slow, triumphal procession round the ramparts of the ancient town, where the good burghers and their wives were sauntering on their way to the coffee-gardens; the latter in the gay and dainty toilettes, for which Altenhausen is renowned.

‘A beautiful good evening, Herr Professor,’ was their greeting. ‘Delighted to welcome you back. You did not go in vain, we see. What a splendid, what a peculiar plant!’ Thus he was addressed from all sides, with many lifting of hats, and half curtsies, and wreathed smiles. ‘Good evening, Frau Doctorin; good evening, Herr Bürgermeister,’ repeated the professor.

‘They don’t understand anything about it,’ murmured Frau Fanny, ‘but they are all in the best of tempers, for we are going to have a grand commemoration festival, to which the Prince of Sigmaringen Logau, or perhaps some one even more important, is to be asked. Did I mention this in my last letter, Gottfried?’

The professor assented, but in reality he was only half attending, taken up as he was in sheltering the Eremurus from a sudden gust of wind as he opened the gate of the Botanic Garden. Then came the planting. The Curator from the lodge stood ready with a watering can, the professor dug deeply, Frau Fanny passed mould through a sieve.

‘A little less sand and more loam, Fanny,’ admonished the professor. ‘Now, Herr Schmidt, quick with the water; *halt, halt*, no need for a Niagara! Now, Fanny, shoot in the mould carefully, rapidly.’

What a patting, tucking in, running backwards to judge of the effect; fears of slugs started by the Frau Professorin, dissipated by the Curator, who would slaughter diligently, remorselessly every evening; fears of draught started by the professor met with anxious silence. Fair, tall, and stately at length stood the plant between the *Berberis Darwinii* and the *Forsythia elegans*.

‘It looks as if it had been there for years,’ said Frau Fanny, readjusting her cap with earthy fingers.

The Professor—‘Vanderdecken said it would prove hardy if covered with matting in the winter.’

The Curator—‘All Altenhausen will be here on Sunday!’ (Alas! Alas!)

CHAPTER II.

IT was one morning, three weeks later, when Frau Fanny Werner, yet in *déshabille*, pushed her head in at the door of her husband's study.

'I have knocked three times,' said she. 'The Herr Bürgermeister is just behind me, so be careful what you say. He wants to know whether he can speak with you.'

'Very agreeable,' responded the professor, according to the usual formula, but drearily.

His wife retired, and there entered a big rubicund man with watchful eyes. The professor, who was alternately reading and making notes, reluctantly let his finger slip out of the book, and looked up absently but kindly.

'Good morning, Herr Professor,' said the Bürgermeister. 'I see all the chairs are taken up by books; no matter, this pile of dictionaries will do nicely for me.'

He spoke as if he were addressing some one far off. Having a painful recollection of a former interview between them, which he had fondly imagined entirely satisfactory till the professor publicly admitted he could not remember one word of it, it was as well to speak distinctly. He seated himself, his stick between his knees, on which he set his hat, and twirled it. He coughed, made a sort of dramatic pause as he would have said himself, and wrinkled his placid face into a lamentable expression. The professor was wide awake now; he drew himself up, calmly waiting.

'I have come to condole,' said the Bürgermeister, slowly.

The professor did not wince, but his long fingers closed rather quickly on the book.

'I understand you,' he said, with dignity; 'you mean about that plant I brought from Holland three weeks ago.'

'Just so. What a shame, what a scandal! Be assured we are making every inquiry, hoping to bring the delinquent to justice.'

'*Ach*, Herr Bürgermeister, I do not imagine that the thing was deliberately planned. One luckless boy has a fancy for throwing stones—good, he looks for a mark, and beholds a tall plant peeping over a paling. He throws at it, a companion vies with him, and——'

'Your plant, presented by your generosity to the town, falls, crushed, ruined.'

‘Not quite; it will shoot again if it survive the winter. Understand me, I do not deny that this has been a vexation to me, almost a sorrow; but I do not look on it as a deliberate insult.’

The Bürgermeister looked a trifle dissatisfied.

‘I would also speak about the museum,’ he said. ‘I hear it is very little frequented, and those in charge do not do their best to make it attractive. When last there I noticed considerable disorder, dust everywhere, and a handsome shell, the *Cardita camerata* (for a wonder I remember the name), broken.’

‘*Concamerata*’ corrected the professor. ‘It is not broken, but cut through to show the structure—a scientific barbarism, I allow.’

‘Then the free library,’ continued the Bürgermeister, ‘is not a success. I fear the Altenhäuser, though there are a few bookworms among us, on the whole prefer the vapid story in the corner of the newspaper to graver literature. In short, Herr Professor, it does appear to me a scandal and a reproach that you, who with your brilliant talents have given up your chair at the university to live in and work for your native town, should meet with such shameful ingratitude.’

‘Herr Bürgermeister Meier,’ I thank you; I share your disappointment. As for myself, it was but natural that with advancing years I should seek a home here; it is natural, not meritorious, that having found that home I should live and work for this beloved town in which I first drew breath, in which I was educated. But I admit I *am* disappointed that our friends show so little interest, not only in deeper studies, but for the lighter branches of natural history which would have made their leisure hours happy. Yet we are progressing.’

‘The waterworks, the sanitary arrangements,’ suggested the Bürgermeister tentatively.

‘True; but just now I mean in charity and a nobler spirit. We no longer see such notices as this in the smaller inns, “No Jew is advised to enter here for fear of personal injury.” We are larger-hearted, less noisily but more truly patriotic; sometimes I even hope more religious.’

The Bürgermeister cleared his throat.

‘The tide of materialism advances——’ he began.

‘It advances and it ebbs; so it has done, and will do so, long as the world lasts; yet I am convinced, Herr Bürgermeister, and I thank God for it, the high-water mark reaches no further than formerly.’

The Bürgermeister shook his head, while his expression of somewhat forced melancholy gave place to one of cynicism.

'You are a happy man, a rose-coloured light (I trust it is not a delusive light) shines on everything to you. But to turn to another subject. Have you heard of this thousand years' commemoration festival we propose holding in two years' time?'

The professor searched in the recesses of his memory.

'I begin to think I heard it mentioned. The idea is a famous one.' His eyes kindled, while the Bürgermeister continued—

'It is more than an idea, it is a settled plan, met by all with enthusiasm. That clever young musician Helmuth is writing an oratorio for the occasion.'

'Famous!' exclaimed the professor, leaning forward; 'our ancient legend set to music, is it not so?'

'Exactly so; to be performed in the Dom in the presence of royalty of greater or less importance. It will be a splendid service.'

'It takes my fancy hugely,' said the professor, with sparkling eyes, clapping his hands together like a child. 'It will make us all feel young again. I will sing in a chorus if I have a note left in my throat.'

'Stay,' interposed the Bürgermeister in high good humour, 'you have not heard all yet. Not to speak of illuminations and fireworks, the great Ernst Neumann from Leipsic is to decorate the walls of the Rathhaus with frescoes.'

'So so; the conversion of the Saxons on one wall, on another the Pope giving St. Bernwardus leave to build the church.'

The Bürgermeister bowed.

'We shall listen respectfully to your suggestions. Frescoes such as these on three sides; but at the top of the hall over the Emperor's chair, the principal subject, the legend of legends, the story of the rose, the origin of the Dom, Louis the Pious hunting in the forest, the appearance of the Holy Virgin exhorting him to build the cathedral on the spot where the wild rose tree grows.'

'It will be magnificent,' murmured the professor. 'I am thankful I may hope to see that day, as also my Fanny. But, Herr Bürgermeister, this clever young artist, this Neumann, is a stranger; he must paint the legend not only with understanding but enthusiasm, as if he had known it from childhood; can he, will he do this?'

'He shall—he must; is it not sacred to us all?' *Wohlan, it will be a grand day!*

The professor sat thoughtful long after the Bürgermeister had left him. 'Strange,' he said to himself, 'the champion of progress, the sceptic—for such he is—holds our pretty story sacred. An inconsistency that shows there is a soft spot in his heart.'

He turned and looked out of the window, where against a blue sky freckled with clouds rose the mighty cathedral towers with the jackdaws wheeling round them; a bell-tower of copper shone as the sun touched it like molten gold. He smiled as he looked, and then his face grew a little sad. 'You do not care for the little knowledge and culture I can give you, old town,' he mused. 'It is as if my mother's birthday were at hand; all the other children have their presents ready, blundering Gottfried alone can find nothing she will care for to place on the table. Well, if I cannot, others can—young Helmuth, and that strange artist fellow from Leipsic.'

He settled himself resolutely to his writing, but with a sigh.

At dinner he talked of the proposed festival with eagerness, and then suddenly relapsed into silence.

'You are not pleased?' said his wife.

'*Bewahre*, never more so in my life,' asserted he, surprised.

But Frau Fanny was not put off. 'It dates from Bürgermeister Meier's visit,' she thought; 'thoroughly worldly is he, and withal a hypocritical old fox. "Sorry for the shameful destruction of the *Eremurus*," he says, thinking all the time that botany and such things are mere nonsense and childishness! A worldly, idealess man, with many bad qualities, unredeemed by frankness. I will cook Gottfried his *leibgericht* (favourite dish), chicken and watercress.'

But the chicken was eaten without comment.

'Perhaps, after all,' she told herself, 'he is not depressed, only absorbed in some work. Why, when he was writing that treatise on *Cryptogams* he only spoke twice in one week, and both times to say, "*Schatz*, I implore you, don't talk."

In her secret heart the Frau Professorin knew her husband was in low spirits.

'Fanny,' he said abruptly, one day, 'do you think the Domherren will allow me to be buried in the God's acre inside the cloisters? I have no fancy to lie in that smug cemetery without the town.'

'Heavens, if you talk like that I shall get my bonnet and run for Dr. Schwarz!'

'I am perfectly well; but one grows old.'

'Nonsense; you are as nimble as a colt; you only want exercise. Go and dig in the Botanic Garden—move a big shrub or two.'

The professor went out, not to dig, but to prowl round the town as if he had been a tourist. He stood among the crosses in the little graveyard at the Dom, looking thoughtfully at the threefold cloisters. Round the shafts of the slender sandstone pillars twined Virginian creeper flushing crimson, for it was autumn now, and the leaves of the famous rose tree against the cathedral apse were just beginning to fall. (The rose tree is vigorous still, but grows with a certain restraint, as befits its thousand years of cloud and sunshine.) He stood in the shadow of the church built by St. Bernwardus, and wondered at the massiveness of the great spires as if he had not known them all his life, passed through a street where every house front showed the vigorous and playful fancy of the old burghers, and leaning on the bridge near the mill looked long into the placid river. The boys playing marbles in the dust stopped and stared.

'Du,' whispered one; 'will he jump in?'

'Ne; he's asleep; his eyes are open, but he doesn't see,' answered another.

'Nothing to be done for her by me,' murmured the professor. 'It is high time I should give place to others, and with God's help I will bow myself off the stage with a good grace.'

Meanwhile, the artist from Leipzig arrived with his wife and family, and established himself in the house with the stone medallions in the market-place, and set up a scaffolding in the Rathhaus.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROFESSOR'S PRESENT.

ERNST NEUMANN was a small, red-haired, vivacious man, and withal an artist of *vaghissima invenzione*, as old Vasari said of Lippi. Long he paused for inspiration, then his grey eyes shot fire, and he plied his charcoal with a sort of fury and with a perfectly marvellous sureness of hand. He was soon a favourite in the town. True, he sometimes called forth momentary resentment by summarily sweeping away an ancient prejudice, or by a satirical smile at an old-fashioned idea; but then he was a genial companion, could tell a good story and sing a

good song, and, more especially, gained golden opinions by his admiration for Altenhäuser antiquities. He did not brook interference; he listened willingly while the subjects of the frescoes were given him; but, as to details, he knew the right type of face for the Saxons crowding to baptism, the exact shape of Charles the Great's sword, and needed no hints from secular or ecclesiastical enthusiasts.

In a year's time the frescoes glowed from the old walls—rich, harmonious, and extremely mediæval. He left the greatest work to the last, the legendary story of the Rose, the pride of the town.

'Now,' he said to himself, 'it behoves me to be very cautious when approaching this darling story of the old nest. Professor *Dingskirchen*, with the white locks, and that fussy little antiquarian assessor, with his "Now I will tell you something," will, without doubt, be prowling round ready to criticise. What care I? The story fascinates me, that is enough. I suppose Beato Angelico would have approached such a subject with fervent prayer and fasting; but, on the other hand, jolly Lippi and that unmitigated ruffian Veit-Stoss infused a beauty and tenderness into their paintings without those aids; Ernst Neumann is neither a ruffian nor a saint, but a highly respectable family-father; let us see how he succeeds. *Avanti!*' (He had studied in Italy.)

The painting *did* advance; never, it seemed, had he worked with greater success; the grouping, the colouring were alike beautiful, and day by day, as the more than life-sized figures glowed out under his hand in soft mellow colours, he felt 'Perhaps (who knows?) here is my *chef d'œuvre*.'

One afternoon, three months before the great June festival, the artist stood on the high scaffolding adding a few last touches. Childish pattering footsteps resounded through the vast empty hall. His little daughter Rikchen, aged six, had followed him in, and was now jumping from shadow to shadow thrown by the big stained glass windows. A pause; then resounded her shrill, clear voice—

'*Väterchen*, my doll, Adelheid-Kunigunde, has some red sticky paint on her face. Come down and get it off.'

Neumann peeped down from his height at the little figure far below.

'That comes of meddling. I am busy, wipe it off with your pinafore.'

Silence. The artist was again absorbed, till, in searching for a brush, he happened to glance downwards. What was Rikchen about? Up to mischief? No; standing motionless, her hands clasped tightly round her doll, her chubby face with the aureole of red-blond hair he had so often painted, up turned, gazing at the fresco.

'*Na,*' shouted her father, 'how does it please you? Yours is the first criticism.'

'The cloaks are very pretty.'

'Hardly gratifying. Think of something else to say.'

The child sighed profoundly.

'Out with it; I am waiting!'

'Is it a Bible story, *Väterchen*?'

'Something like one, but not quite; you might search the Bible from cover to cover without finding it. Why?'

'Because,' said Rikchen, 'the people don't look exactly good.'

No answer. *Väterchen* did not speak again for a long time, though Rikchen wanted to talk. Tired of waiting, she curled herself up in the carved Imperial chair and watched his right hand adding here and there a touch.

'*Väterchen,*' she ventured at last rather timidly.

Then he turned. 'You are still here, child? You had better go to your mother.'

'Mayn't I stay? There is somebody coming.'

Neumann descended. 'Aha!' he exclaimed cheerfully. 'Dr. Schwarz and Oberst Clausen. In the very nick of time—the two first *Altenhäuser* to see my finished work!'

Congratulations, handshakings, cheery voices re-echoing through the hall; then all three men walked away from the fresco, turned and looked up.

'Move a little more to the right, my friends,' said the artist—'now!'

Eager curiosity on two of the faces; on that of Neumann, carefully veiled anxiety. The kindly sun shone out suddenly and illumined the fresco, it gave a jewel-like richness.

A pause; then the colonel gave the verdict in his martial voice—

'Marvellous chiaroscuro.'

'Just so,' assented the doctor; "all the light concentrated on the principal figure, that of the Holy Virgin.'

'Very fine,' said the colonel. You clever fellow. (How did you get that soft blue on the cloak?'

(The cloaks again!) "It is scumbled over with red," said the artist, shortly.

'It is like the bloom on the grape,' said the doctor; 'altogether the colouring is lovely.'

Strophe and antistrophe! He must stop that.

'*Meine Herren*,' said Neumann, with forced lightness, 'confess it at once you are disappointed.'

'*Bewahre!*' rolled out in emphatic chorus by both men.

Yet, even as they spoke, they glanced at each other quickly, as much as to say, 'Bear me out.'

There was a sudden stab at Neumann's heart.

'Something you consider wanting,' he continued.

'*Mein Bester*,' exclaimed the colonel; 'I for one am no judge.'

'But you feel it,' persisted the artist, 'so did that child yonder, and children know. Don't talk to me of grouping and colouring, it is an insult.' His eyes flamed. 'There is only one thing to be done.'

'For heaven's sake, what?' asked the doctor.

Neumann seized a brush and quickly mounted the scaffolding. Furiously his hand passed over the still wet colours, blurring, and confusing them;—the lights and shadows mingled, the pure tints became leaden, then faint; it was a piteous sight.

'*Halt!*' shouted the colonel, as if commanding a regiment.

'Father, father, don't!' screamed the child, springing from the chair.

But Neumann did not stay his hand till all was chaos, then he descended, trembling; his face was very white.

'Are you mad?' asked the doctor. 'Remember there is only a short time now, and your fresco is ruined.'

'I know it,' said the artist, dully; 'but I do not regret it. I would do it again.'

A long and painful silence. No one dared look at the spoilt picture, where the figures were still just visible, dignified, shadowy, as if brought out to the light after centuries in a vault. The colonel looked down, twisting his moustache, embarrassed and sorry; the artist leaned apathetically against a pillar, exhausted; the doctor fidgeted; Rikchen cried softly to herself.

'There is some one coming!' whispered the doctor, as if he had been in church. 'Professor Werner!'

'I invited him,' sighed the artist. 'That only was wanting!'

'Let us make some excuse!' exclaimed the doctor, 'and get him out of the way. You are ill, or—— Too late!'

For the tall, spare figure of the professor was already coming towards them. Suddenly he stopped, felt along his coat in vain for some object, gave up the search, and, advancing towards Dr. Schwarz, held out his hand, with a smile.

'Good day, Herr Maler,' he said, bowed distantly to the other two men, and, unnoticing his series of mistakes, heedless of everything but the object of his visit, strode towards the fresco, looking up eagerly. He uncovered his head, as if in some sacred presence, showing his silvery hair and eager yet peaceful face. Rikchen, drying her eyes, stole up to him, strangely attracted. The artist snatched up a mahl-stock, and twisted it nervously round and round.

'Tell him, Schwarz,' murmured Oberst Clausen. 'It isn't really fair.'

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

The professor's voice broke the stillness.

'Beautiful!' he exclaimed. 'How very beautiful!'

The mahl-stock in the artist's hands broke.

'A work for posterity, eh, Herr Professor?' he asked bitterly.

The professor turned towards him gravely.

'Rightly said. Posterity will be the better for looking at it.

He turned back again as if impatient of interruption, gazing on and on, completely fascinated. The artist threw away the broken sticks, the passionate anger gave place to wondering surprise; he stood by the professor's side and addressed him quietly, as if speaking to one walking in his sleep.

'Will the Herr Professor tell us what he sees?'

The professor drew a long breath.

'I see the forest lit up by chequered sunbeams. The Emperor is lying on the moss in hunting dress——'

'So far he sees correctly,' murmured the artist.

'His eyes, still heavy with slumber, are full of longing, as also his extended arms, for it is the moment when the vision is passing away. It is this vision that is the wonder. Light, unembodied as a wreath of mist, you can see through it the trembling birch boughs, with their bronze-green leaves, the uncurled croziers of the ferns, higher yet the half-opened, crumpled roses on the tree. The holy Mary in her transparent mantle floats, and yet steps with the lightness and swiftness of Raphael's avenging angels expelling Heliodorus from the temple—soon she will have melted into the low-lying cloud that seems tangled in the branches. Now the picture does not quite follow the legend. It appears to me——' he hesitated.

'Go on, go on,' said the painter.

'Her face is bending over the Christ child, who has thrown Himself backwards in her arms, and fixes on the Emperor a sweet, yet awful smile. His little forefinger is upraised in warning—*Kaiserlein, Kaiserlein*, it seems to say. "Look, remember!" The colouring is pure, ethereal—a little cold with the mist of early dawn. Summer is on earth, and heaven stoops down to meet it. As you look, the sky is empty, the hushed blackbird pipes again, and faint and far sounds the hunter's horn. All is over; but we are the happier for having seen it.'

The professor ceased; the painter grasped his hand.

'A thousand thanks for your picture.'

The old man blushed and stammered.

'Is it possible, Herr Maler, I have been telling you about your own painting? Is it unfinished? Have I made a mistake? Schwarz, is that you and the Herr Oberst? I beg every one's pardon. I have lost my spectacles again—no, my eyeglasses—and I am as blind as a mole, as you all know.'

But the artist was already on the scaffolding again, repainting his fresco.

* * * * *

So the professor gave a present to Altenhausen after all. It was only a shadowy idea that he had imparted to Neumann, but it re-kindled the artist's imagination. The repainted fresco was immeasurably more beautiful than any of the others.

Eyes like the professor's perceive beauty where others see confusion; sometimes even—

... 'made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
... see into the life of things.'

B. J. PENNINGTON.

THE EVENING HOUR.

SWEET time of peace, when the swallows fly
To home and rest 'neath the quiet eaves;
When crimson bars are across the sky,
And shadows lengthen behind the sheaves.

When willows dip in a golden pool,
And the dark-massed elms are soft and blurred;
When sun-parched meadows grow damp and cool,
And distant cries of the night are heard.

Then darkness broods in the dusky lanes
Where the pale-winged moths flit to and fro;
While over the western hill remains
The tender light of the after-glow.

Shine, Evening Star! for the hour is thine,
Shy rival thou to the setting sun;
First-born of Night with thy charm divine,
Shed out thy light, for the day is done.

Steal forth from thy poppy-fields, O Sleep!
The earth grows weary, and fain would rest;
Touch her tired eyes with thy lips, and keep
Her head soft pillowed upon thy breast.

Come, gentle Night, o'er the misty wold!
With silver garments thyself adorn;
And bring, safe hid in thy mantle's fold,
The golden key to the gates of Morn.

ANNIE L. KNOWLES.

THE ANGELS OF THE 'DIVINA COMMEDIA' AS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE 'PARADISE LOST.'

A STUDY.

BY ALFREY PORTER.

I.

It would be difficult to name two greater poets than Dante and Milton, and since to both these men the unseen world and its denizens were at least as real as the world of sense which lay around them, it is natural to compare their thoughts of these high mysteries. It cannot be denied that Dante's imagination was the more spiritual of the two. Carlyle calls Milton's angels 'huge, large, distorted beings,' and though this judgment is one-sided and unjust, yet we cannot help agreeing with Lowell when he says that those of Dante are 'at once more real and more supernatural.' The long arguments in which Milton's spirits are so prone to indulge are less impressive than the silence or the short and intense words of Dante's; and the latter gains by his reticence.

The contrast runs through almost every detail of the poems, and is suggestive enough of the difference of character between Dante's intensely artistic nature, brought up as it was amongst the glorious works of the early Italian painters, and Milton's sturdy Protestant spirit, inclined, according to the bent of the time, rather too entirely to sermons and arguments, and helped but little by any outside influence of art. Milton's angels are scarcely more than magnified men; he shows us the archangel Michael himself, 'with hostile frown and visage all enflamed.' Dante's are always serene; even in anger the strength of the Supreme Will which they obey so gladly is evident in every movement and action, nor does he ever introduce the passions of earth into the calmness and serenity of Paradise. Milton is somewhat apt to confuse the idea of an angel and a demon, and

his fallen angels of evil retain so many of their angelic attributes that we cannot withhold from them a certain amount of admiration and sympathy. Dante's thoughts of the two are far more sharply distinct.

The first mention of an angel in the '*Divina Commedia*' occurs in the '*Inferno*' (canto ix. 79), and the description is full of power. He comes fleetly over the perturbed waters surrounding the City of Dis, the evil spirits flying, like 'frogs,' before him, strong in the strength of the Eternal Will—a strength so secure and certain that we feel it as we read, and the thought of a single angel overruling without effort or exertion the thousands of his opponents never startles us even for a moment. He speeds onwards, 'oft from his face removing the gross air'; opens the gate, utters a bitter rebuke to those who had kept it closed, and speeds away again, so full of 'other cares' that he does not even notice the pilgrims. It is a grand picture, and may be compared with that of Milton's Abdiel amongst the hosts of Satan, 'Amid the faithless, faithful only he' ('*Paradise Lost*,' book v. 897). Both are full of indignation and righteous scorn, but Dante's nameless spirit is the most impressive of the two, perhaps because he is the single Angel of the '*Inferno*,' and has all the power of contrast, whilst in the '*Paradise Lost*' we are almost overwhelmed with descriptions of these bright Intelligences. Abdiel has not the wonderful power of the single Angel of Hell. The single action given by Dante—the waving away of the 'thick air and dun'—shows more clearly than any words could do the hatefulness of the atmosphere of the *Inferno* to the spirit who has breathed the air of heaven. Abdiel's long and argumentative speeches have not the significance of this single and instinctive gesture of infinite repulsion.

It is noticeable also, that when taken not as individuals, but in the mass, Milton's Angels of Light are not easily to be distinguished from his Angels of darkness. The descriptions of the latter are quite as dazzling as are those of the Host of Heaven, and the mustering of the troops of hell beginning, 'Azazel as his right, a cherub tall' ('*Paradise Lost*,' book I.), might stand almost as well for the gathering of the heavenly armies. Dante never makes this mistake. To him, as Ruskin has often pointed out, evil is always hateful, ugly, and even grotesque; and he gains by this not only in truth, but also in contrast. His angelic spirits could never, by any possibility, be confused with his demons. Nor would he ever have allowed his

angels of evil to retain their titles and dignities in the 'Inferno' as Milton does. To Dante the mere fact of rebellion at once deprives the rebels of all such glory, and degrades them for ever from their high estate.

It is noticeable that whilst Dante names his demons, and adds grotesqueness and horror to them in doing so, he never (except when he speaks of Gabriel) names his angels. It is not easy to see the reason of this. Names are usually held to give individuality, but Milton's Michael, Uriel, and Gabriel might all be studies of one single angel. Dante's nameless Angels of the Purgatory, on the contrary, are entirely distinct from each other. His demons are much more alike.

It may be observed in passing, that those modern nations which have chiefly described the Spirit of Evil have each done so from different points of view. The Italians (Dante) have dwelt upon his Cruelty, the English (Milton) upon his Pride, and the Germans (Goethe) upon a kind of mocking cynicism which they attribute to him, and which has defined itself as Mephistophilian. It would need a Ruskin to draw out fully the significance and meaning of this singular result of national character.

The individual Angels of the Purgatory are twelve in number, the first being the Angel of the Sea, whose description is one of the most beautiful of all. The rapid Brightness growing nearer and nearer over the early morning sea; Dante's reverent awe, always so marked and beautiful a feature in his conduct; the swift and effortless guiding of the boat of penitents by its Angel-Pilot, in strong contrast to that Other Boatman of the Infernal Regions; the Celestial Light which so dazzles Dante that he cannot bear to look, and yet can see enough to tell us that the glorious Spirit is 'visibly written blessed in his looks'; the silent benediction of the penitents by the Angel;—all this is wonderful and unearthly. We are in another world. Milton's Uriel, 'gliding through the even, swift as a shooting star,' and his description of Raphael, in book v. of 'Paradise Lost,' come near it in their splendid beauty and imaginative power, but they have not the tenderness of Dante.

It is rather singular that Milton, in describing the march of the celestial hosts against Satan ('Paradise Lost,' book vi. 74), uses the same simile as Dante, and likens them to the birds as they flew to receive their names from Adam; but his idea is not so happy as the far less laboured 'Bird of God,' which Dante applies to the Angel of the Sea.

II.

The two protecting Angels of the Valley are the next encountered by the pilgrims, and the place itself is perhaps meant to remind us of the quiet Limbos at the entrance to the Inferno, as the green of the Angels' garments—the colour of Hope—reminds us of the want of it in the regions of hell.

Dante's picture of the Angels of the Valley is full of beauty and colour. The green-winged and garmented spirits, crowned with their golden hair, hover above the valley, bearing the flaming swords with broken points, which Dr. Plumptre takes to symbolize the Sword of the Spirit—the Word of God, no longer a terror to those who are true penitents. When the serpent appears these two 'Falcons of High Heaven' swoop swiftly down upon him, and he flies, 'hearing the air before their green wings driven,'—a line which gives a wonderful sense of movement.

Milton's description of Ithuriel and Zephon, guardians of Paradise, 'severe in youthful beauty,' 'dazzling the moon,' when they discover Satan in the garden of Eden, is not unlike in motive, and is quite as imaginative and powerful in treatment. Dante's scene, however, is given more briefly, and compresses much significance into few words, and he disdains to give the quality of courage (which Milton's Satan always possesses) to his serpent, who, as symbolizing evil, must, to Dante's truer thought, be cowardly also.

The Angel of the Gate of Purgatory is a grand figure. He bears a naked sword, and sits on the rock of adamant which forms the threshold of Purgatory; below him are the three steps of sincerity of Conscience, Penitence, and Atonement (Ruskin), symbolized by their respective colours of White, Black and Crimson. As the Angel of Penitence, his robe is ashy grey, but his sword and face are so dazzlingly bright that Dante cannot bear to behold them. He carries the gold and silver keys adjudging the fitness of the penitent to enter Purgatory, and here again a contrast may be traced between this Celestial Warder, and Minos, who guards the second Circle of Hell. Both are Spirits of Judgment, Minos deciding the degrees of torment due to the sinners who come before him, as the Angel of the Gate the requests of the penitents to pass within, and both warn Dante of the danger of entering the place they guard. It is this Angel who draws the seven P's (Peccata), signs of sins

to be overcome within the Purgatory, upon Dante's forehead. There is nothing like this grand figure in Milton, nor, so far as I know, in any other writer.

The Angel of Humility, who meets us at the end of the circle of the Proud, is one of the loveliest of all. He is the only Angel at all fully described in the 'Purgatory,' who is not too bright for Dante to gaze upon—a touching symbol of his sweet humility. The lines which describe this quality are those by which he lingers in our memories—

‘The glory in his face
Tremulous as a star at daybreak is,’

and are far more descriptive of angelic tenderness and purity than even Milton's dazzling description of Raphael ('Paradise Lost,' book v.). The Puritan poet, curiously enough, gives a splendid picture of the outward appearance of his Celestial Spirit, but Dante gives us his very heart,—his arms and wings are opened with eager encouragement to mortals—he *yearns* to men—so few will hear his voice, eager as he is to help them.

‘Oh, race of mortals born on high to soar,
Why fall ye down before a little air?’

(The breath of fame or pride, Dante's own besetting sin.) It is this lovely spirit who erases the sign of Pride from Dante's forehead, and it is a wonderful note of true humility, as Ruskin, I believe, somewhere remarks, that Dante is not conscious that he has overcome this sin until afterwards. Spenser's Angel of Help ('Fairy Queen,' book ii. canto viii. 5) may be compared to the Angel of the First Circle, but though beautiful in himself he shrivels into a toy Cupid beside Dante's starry Spirit.

The Angel of Mercy at the end of the Circle of the Envious, is the most gloriously bright of any whom Dante has yet seen. His splendour mingles with the light of the setting sun, and is sent upwards again from the ground, till Dante cannot bear the mere reflection of its radiance, and tries to screen his eyes from the glory. Virgil tells him that when his sight (his spiritual nature) is still further purified, he will not find these visions too bright to bear. To the pure in heart is granted the Beatific Vision, not of Angels merely, but of God Himself. It is a striking note of the difference between Dante and Milton that these touches of symbolism are everywhere to be found in the former, and seldom or never in the latter. To Dante all he sees reflects some spiritual truth, and it is this which makes his

Angels so far more unearthly than those of Milton, who rests much more in outward detail. Bunyan has far more of Dante's feeling, though he is without his marvellous beauty of thought. Is it another subtle touch of symbolism that it is in the Circle of Malignity and Envy, and just before entering that of the Wrathful, that Dante encounters this, the Angel of the Sunset? 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.'

The Angel of Peace belongs to the Circle of the Passionate or Wrathful, and is the next met with by the pilgrims. It is he whom Marco sees, dimly glimmering through the mist of Blinding Anger, and dares not wait his coming. His chief attribute is the magical sweetness of his tone; so that, as Dante had already prayed that he might see again the brightness of the Angel of the Morning Sea, so here, although the light is too intense for his gaze to bear, yet the wonderful music of the Angel's voice gave him such eager longing—

'To look upon his face that spoke to me,
As, till 'tis met, can never tranquil stay.'

Milton has nothing like this, even in the harmonies of his Angels of the Nativity. Dante's Celestial Spirits can rarely, in fact, be compared to those of any other writer; they are unique, and the nearest approach to them is made, not by the poets, but the painters, in the creations of Botticelli, Angelico, Perugino, and Luini, down to our own Rossetti, Blake, and Burne Jones. Nothing else can come near them.

III.

The Angel of Renunciation in the Circle of Sloth seems intended to point, not only to the self-denial of endeavour as opposed to indolence, but also to the giving up of all that keeps the soul from God, appearing, as he does, just after Dante's vision of the Syren, Love of Lower good (compare canto xxxi. 43).

Dante is hardly yet free from her spell, though he is convinced by the revelation of her real hatefulness that he must break from it, and seek the Higher path; yet, like so many of us now, the thought of thorough Renunciation is hard to him. His soul hangs in suspense, and is full of surmisings, strange and anxious doubts. And therefore, though the Angel of sweet tones and swan-like wings promises comfort to those who mourn over all

they must resign, he cannot at once take it in, and needs Virgil's exhortation to look upwards :

‘And thy raised ken
Fix on the lure which Heaven's Eternal King
Whirls in the rolling spheres.’

Is the angel intended by the ‘lure’? Or is it, as Plumptre thinks, the beauty of the heavens? Perhaps the former; for when Virgil ceases speaking, Dante hears the call, ‘Come enter here,’ which he had not heeded before, and follows the voice. Immediately afterwards he enters the Circle of the Avaricious, and we know that the wolf of Avarice had formerly been a snare to him (compare ‘Inferno,’ canto i. 45).

The Angel of Justice, who meets Dante at the end of the Circle of Avarice and Prodigality, is too slightly described to be dwelt upon here, though it may be noted, as Dr. Plumptre observes, that now, since he has conquered the love of money, he thirsts for righteousness—for that justice which will give him no more than is really due to him.

The next Angel—that of Self-Denial, in the Circle of the Gluttonous—is the only one who seems really terrible to Dante. The symbolism is true, for abstinence in the sense of hungering *only* ‘within the limits of the right’ has been a hard task to mankind from Adam and Eve downwards. Small wonder that the pilgrim is ‘smitten with dismay’ when he sees that ‘aspect dread.’ The very appearance of the Angel is awful, glowing as he does like a furnace fire; but the metaphor reminds us also of the Seraphim—the Burning Ones—who glow in colour like this awful Being, yet glow from Love. So, too, indeed, does the Angel of Abstinence, for it is only the burning love of God within which can give the fiery zeal needful to consume all inordinate earthly appetites. The remaining lines of the description are beautiful with the sense of rest, and of the fragrance and the ‘soft air of May’ which those experience who follow the upward way. It reminds us somewhat of the description in ‘John Inglesant,’ when the hero, who has been sorely tempted and yet has overcome, looks from the heated room into the morning dawn. There is the same sense of freshness and peace, which, as Dante says, specially mark this Angel.

The two Spirits of the Cleansing Fire are the only remaining individual Angels of Purgatory. It is a strange scene, with its background of sunset, its foreground of awful flame, and the

'great Glad Angels' standing, the one on the brink of the fire nearest to Dante, and the other on the further side, with the shrinking terrified pilgrim in the midst, clinging trembling to Virgil, his steadfast guide and helper.

Dante clearly considered this—the Ordeal of Purity—the most terrible of all. Dr. Plumptre points out that he had actually seen the burning of heretics, and knew the fearful power of fire as we can never do in this nineteenth century.

The Angel's exhortation is full of encouragement, and it is a wonderful touch which makes his face so joyful, and his voice so full of life. 'That voice which had of life than ours far more,' even while he stands on the threshold of what seems certain death, and does indeed signify the 'death unto sin' which must be passed through by every penitent soul. We remember Tennyson :—

'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,
More life, and fuller, what we want.'

It needs all the encouragement which Virgil can give, before, nerved with the thought of Beatrice, Dante dares to enter the flames. We can feel that the sympathy of the Angels is with him, and though it is not declared beyond the 'Come, ye blessed,' we are conscious also of their joy when he has conquered, and at last obtains Virgil's splendid blessing : 'Thee, o'er Thyself, I crown and consecrate.' The sympathy and tenderness of Dante's angels is indeed one of their most marked characteristics, and it is constantly shown in hundreds of minute and delicate touches throughout the Purgatory and the Paradise. In his nameless Angel of the Inferno Dante has shown that he can draw a stern and scornful spirit when he chooses to do so ; but he cares far more so to delineate his Angels as that we should be impressed with their love rather than with their power, though it is also true that Dante's Spirits are no merely weak and wavering phantoms, such as painters and preachers have too often pictured them. To Milton they were actors in a great drama of the Past ; to Dante, if we accept, as we surely must, the idea of the 'Purgatory' as a great allegory of the discipline of man, they are the real and living allies of each mortal soul in the great Drama of the Ages.

CHRISTMAS IN AN ITALIAN HOSPITAL.

Dec. 23rd, 189.—My women were lamenting the dreariness of Christmas in hospital to-day, and asking if there would be no difference made even in the food. As it is my first Christmas here, I had to ask the *infermiere*, and they told us that the Suora always tried to get something extra, generally a hot *sabaglione*—a sort of custard made of eggs, marsala, and sugar, all frothy.

‘No fowls?’ asked Agata, a pretty girl with supposed necrosis of one of the cervical vertebræ, and certain neurosis; much spoilt by the doctors.

‘What an idea!’ answered Teresina, the nicest of the nurses. ‘Think what it would cost to give fowls to all the hospital; there are over eight hundred patients just now.’

‘But they need not give all over the hospital; I mean only in the clinical wards, or only in the women’s wards; that would not cost much.’

‘True; but don’t you think that would be rather unjust?’ I suggest.

Agata lifted her pretty eyebrows interrogatively. No such idea troubled her. They accept inequality curiously easily here. It is simply a matter of what Fate or Providence chooses to give or not give. One can always pray the Madonna for a thing, or beg a fellow-creature for it; if it comes, good, they feel they have deserved it, almost earned it in fact. Those who don’t get it, have themselves to thank for not having also begged for it.

So, after a moment’s thought, she answered—‘But *our* having fowls won’t hurt those who don’t. Besides, they needn’t even know of it. Then, too, you know that we always do have better food in the clinical wards; and that is only just, as we have to undergo so many fatigues with the examinations of doctors and students.’

Having all learnt by now Agata’s phenomenal powers of proving herself right, we did not try to convince her of the

selfishness of her point of view. But Teresina, and my good little Anna, gave me an understanding smile, as I simply remarked that we would see if we could not make some little difference in honour of Christmas to console them for being away from their families.

Anna is a complete contrast to Agata; they are typical examples of town and country breeding, proving the correctness of Tolstoi's belief in the immense moral superiority of mother Nature as educator. Anna, a little contadina of some eighteen years, has the charm of manner that comes from absence of self-seeking. Unable to read or write, she yet remembers all the instruction given by her parroco, and can relate stories from the Bible or from the lives of the saints *ad lib.* Agata, poor child, has described herself! Intelligent, pretty, and often even affectionate, but so hopelessly egoistic that we can only care for her out of compassion for her sufferings.

However, I should like immensely to give them a real Christmas dinner (those who are well enough, *va sans dire*), only I feel that it might hurt the Suora's feelings, a stranger doing what she for thirty years had never done. It would entail getting the Professor to order the extra cooking of the Suore, who superintend the kitchen; and even though we undertook all the expense, it would give a good deal of trouble, and cause talking, etc. So I fear the Christmas capons, dear though they be to Italian hearts, must be given up for this year.

I think the best thing will be to imitate what we have done for several years at Christmas in the Florentine hospitals. We have obtained leave to go in the quiet afternoon hours, and distribute warm white shawls and stockings and petticoats—it is *de règle* for everything to be white in our hospitals—and cakes and fruit and sweets. Sometimes one of us recites something amusing; but we do it all as quietly as possible, seeking to attract no notice. Since the feeling is rather strong in Italy that hospitals are solely for the treatment of sick bodies; minds and souls being unknown quantities which are best ignored.

It is all a great contrast to the festivities which take place in English hospitals—where we begin with singing carols at 6 a.m. and end up with a concert or magic lantern, or Christmas tree, in the theatre, or even in the wards. But I do not think we shall ever aim at more than a Christmas dinner, and some little gift; with, if possible, music at Mass, and at benediction. A movable harmonium, with voluntary choir, going from ward to

ward, would give untold pleasure, and surely do harm to no one. But we have yet to wait for this, though I am convinced it will come before long, as Italian ladies are beginning to visit hospitals, and really interest themselves in the patients, and will ultimately obtain from the authorities permission for those things which certainly conduce to the well-being of patients when regarded as human beings, though possibly extraneous to it when viewing them as merely diseased bodies.

Dec. 24th.—The chief is quite pleased that we should have a quiet little *festa* to-morrow afternoon; and Suor M—— made no objection, though I fear she does not quite approve of even so small an innovation. Suor E—— in the woman's surgical ward (ours is medical) was different; she seemed really glad that her patients should have a little pleasure; but then she is quite young, and so does not mind changes. Old people seldom like them; and Suor M—— seems really to suffer by them, so I do not wonder at her wishing we would let things alone.

I went to a friend in my hours off duty, and she promised to bring a lady to recite at 3.30 to-morrow. We went together and ordered all the cakes, chocolates, etc., for our thirteen medical, and the sixteen surgical patients. Afterwards I went in search of presents for our thirteen, with twenty-five frs. given me by another kind friend for them. It is always difficult choosing gifts, and it took me a long time trying to find useful things for the women, and pleasing ones for the girls. Finally, I got four very pretty brooches for the former, and plain earrings for my little Anna, who had lost one of hers in her dismay at coming to the hospital. For the women I got handkerchiefs, except for Elisabetta—a widow with one child—for her I chose stuff for a frock for her little one; and for poor Carmela, who is dying of cancer, socks for the good little husband, who cries so pathetically over her sufferings.

I also found some nice bright-coloured shawls for my own gifts to the four *infermiere*, and vases for the altar to present to Suor M——, leaving all at my rooms ready for to-morrow.

It was very touching this evening. Contessa P—— came just at dusk, and brought a packet of 'santini' (religious Christmas cards), and a charming little 'Presepio' in cardboard (a representation of the Nativity). She carried this round to all the patients, giving me the cards to distribute to-morrow with the other gifts. The patients were enchanted with the little *crèche*, which was really very pretty when lit up with a small oil wick.

Poor Carmela happened to be dozing, and woke to find the vision of Donna Maria with her mobile sympathising face, holding the little *Presepio* to her. The poor soul was so overcome that she wept piteously; her sufferings are appalling, and she is very embittered, no one, except her faithful old husband, caring much for her. Donna Maria was moved at her distress, and encouraged her to relate her trouble. So the whole sad story came out; her long illness, her husband's injured leg (he is an ex-Garibaldian, and has well served his *patria*), his consequent inability to work, his thankfulness for part of her food smuggled (against rules) over to him, as she herself had no appetite nor power of digestion.

Donna Maria whispered to Suor M—— that she would like to give the unfortunate woman ten frs. for her husband, and would send it to her this evening, having no change with her. Carmela heard and kissed her hand, still crying, but with less bitterness, seeming to think the Nativity had some little message of comfort even for her.

Elisabetta likewise began to cry as she gazed at the Bambin Gesù, and told Donna Maria of her own little girl, alone with her grandfather, both with no chance of Christmas festivities. She is one of the sweetest natured women, our Elisabetta; a *contadina*, like Anna, and also unable to read or write, but very devout; happy if one reads stories of S. Francesco (i Fioretti) whilst she knits away at socks for her father, or stockings for her eight-year-old girl, but always sad at heart from the longing to return to them.

We were all so glad when Donna Maria told Suor M—— that she would send ten frs. also for Elisabetta. None of the patients showed any jealousy at these two gifts, they seemed to feel that Carmela was so immeasurably more to be pitied than themselves (her sufferings are *too* terrible), that they could not object to any little bit of good falling to her; and Elisabetta they both pity and love, as she is always doing kindnesses for every one, being generally able to walk about.

Donna Maria left us the little *Presepio*; so we stood it on the altar, and I asked Teresina to buy oil to keep the little wick constantly burning. It was a delightful thought of Donna Maria, and I know it cost her something coming to us, for she doesn't really like hospitals, and is nervous about illness. She looked white and tired, though she stayed little more than half an hour, but she told me the sadness of it all moved her greatly.

Still, surely what we want are people who *feel with the sorrowful*; we who are always surrounded by suffering, frequently fail to realise its extent and bitterness, and then the perception of others quickens ours, rendering us more capable of consoling. People who feel no compassion, who are blind to the sufferings of others, are useless in hospitals. 'What costs nothing, is worth nothing' may be as truly said of one's feelings as of one's purse.

Christmas Day. Up at six to go to early celebration. It was so beautiful walking under the stars, and seeing the sky become gradually luminous. Afterwards I got flowers for Suor M——'s vases in the Piazza di Spagna, then home to breakfast, and in the ward before the doctors came for the 'visita.'

Every one called out 'Buona festa!' and the *infermiere* were pleased with their shawls, whilst the patients were full of smiling expectations of 'un po' di divertimento.' They had had Mass very early, about five; several of the surgical convalescents coming to it, as there is no altar in their ward. It seems scarcely an hygienic proceeding for sick folk, even though convalescent, to rise at five on a winter's morning, and one wishes Mass could be arranged for seven or eight o'clock; but the excuse of 'ward work' is always brought forward as an insuperable objection.

We did not attempt any decorations, it is not the custom in Italy, except the altar. Suor M—— put some fresh flowers there, and told me the money had come from Donna Maria after I left last night, and had been given to Carmela and Elisabetta.

There was less to do than usual in the ward, as all the extra cleanings had been got through yesterday. The brass knobs of our white beds shone after friction with lemon and sand (no Brook's monkey brand here); the linen and counterpanes were spotless, the patients' dressing-gowns and pelerines were also fresh from the wash. The little ward is really very pretty, with its mass of colour concentrated at the altar, contrasting with the semi-tones of white and cream prevailing everywhere else; walls, iron-work, *infermiere's* pinafores, all being white as the beds and patients' costumes. Only the floor and an occasional neckerchief possess any colour—the nuns wearing grey and black, with occasionally a white apron.

Suor M—— declared she would have dinner earlier, immediately after the departure of the relations, who have

entrance from eleven to twelve. She consequently sent Teresina off to the kitchen soon after 11.30, as there is about ten minutes' walk through endless male wards before reaching that part of the hospital.

The patients had a great many visitors; Carmela, of course, her faithful 'Darby,' who for once did not weep in his joy at the unexpected Christmas gift.

Only Elisabetta and Anna had no one to visit them, one coming from Viterbo, and the other beyond Tivoli. But we pretended I had come to see them, and wrote the letter which was to accompany the ten frs. for Elisabetta's little one, and they were as merry as it was in their quiet natures to be.

At twelve all the friends and relations left; and, Teresina coming back with the first relay, Suor M—— hastened into her so-called kitchen—a tiny anti-chamber with a gas-stove, and a cupboard, where plates, etc., are kept.

'The convalescents may get up and eat at table,' the Suora announced; and we help the two weakest to get into petticoats and dressing-gowns, and prepare the small table, decorating it with a bunch of flowers which had been presented to Agata.

Suor M—— has by now got the bread and wine ready, and they are distributed—one glass of good red wine, and an astonishing lump of bread, to all except the three unfortunates who are on strict diet. The nun now ladles out spoonfuls of excellent soup into white bowls, and these, too, are handed to every patient. Next comes the thought for those on diet, and Suor M—— begins to whip up eggs to make what here they term *un cordiale*, but what is simply an egg or two beaten up and added to broth.

The *infermiera* stands and looks on, no one ventures to hand anything unless the Suora puts it in their hands, and as she insists on preparing everything herself, we often have to wait some time before being able to serve the patients.

Teresina has brought the second dish; steak and spinach, the latter a great treat, as we see from the patients' smiles when Teresina remarks on what she is bringing on passing through the ward.

Suor M—— stands the meat near the gas-stove, and goes on beating her eggs, which in due time are ready, and handed to Maria and Teresina to be carried to the 'poor creatures who even on Christmas Day may not eat.'

By this time the other patients might be weary of waiting,

were time of any value to them, but happily pauses of ten or fifteen minutes in no way disturb them. What they do often grumble at though, is that the meat loses much of its heat, first by waiting, and then being put on cold plates and carried through the wards, reaches them devoid of all caloric! I have repeatedly suggested warming the plates in hot water; but innovations, unless ordered by a favourite doctor, do not find favour in our good autocratic Suora's eyes.

However, the meat is generally of excellent quality, and to-day it is especially good, whilst the addition of the vegetable makes it far more tasty. Suor M—— and I have to go round with a knife to cut the meat into eatable pieces. It is a curious fact that in this hospital knives are considered an unnecessary luxury for the patients; they are each given a table-napkin, and as they can wipe their fingers on that, knives are dispensed with, the meat being held entire either in the hand or on the fork, and bitten like bread. As several of them very much disliked this rather barbaric proceeding, I took to keeping a large clasp knife in the ward, and, with Suor M——, going the round as rapidly as possible, to reduce the meat into pieces fit for the fork.

The Suora had decided to give them the *sabaglione* in the evening, and I told them that they must wait for their dessert till I could bring it. They were delighted to have something to look forward to, and so I left to get my lunch and read my Christmas letters.

By 3.30 everything was ready: the number of the patient's bed written on every present, flowers in the vases, and all the cakes and sweets in baskets so as to be easily distributed. My two friends, and the lady who is to recite, have arrived, and we are now ready to enter the ward. One friend carries the presents, another the basket of cakes and oranges, the third the one that contained chocolate and caramels, whilst the *santini* and flowers fall to my share.

The ward is very tidy, and a little chorus of 'Buona festa' greets us. We go first to Suor M—— and present the vases; she is a great lover of flowers, and remarks on the beauty of the roses and carnations, as she places them on the altar.

Then we begin at No. 1, and go all round the ward, giving to each her gift, and her share of edibles, which are duly spread on the beds, or held up to the admiration one of the other.

As soon as the conversation about the gifts has a little subsided, we ask Suor M—— if the lady may recite something

to amuse the patients. She assents politely, and chairs are placed for us at the top of the ward. Signora C—— had confided that she knew very few Italian things, as she usually recited in French. She chooses a silly enough little poem about a dream of a feast, every dish of which is fully described. The patients are, however, delighted; proof of a fact which often strikes me, viz. that just as English invariably talk weather, no two Italians (barring the *illuminati*) can meet without talking food. Happily the poem ended with a nice little moral, about giving to others what pleased one's self, so I hope Suor M—— will not find that we instil the sin of gluttony.

It is now time to go upstairs, and we find sweet Suor E—— waiting for us, her faithful little shadow, Marietta, in attendance. This poor child, for some time the show of the hospital, was found a month ago in a sort of cupboard under the staircase, where her mother had kept her for some eighteen months without ever seeing daylight. Food was thrown in to her, but in very insufficient quantities, as was proved by the terrible state of emaciation in which she was found, when the gossiping of neighbours put the police on the track of this incredible barbarity. The child was all over sores and dirt, seeming a real wild animal, the Suora told me, with long, matted hair, eyebrows and lashes also phenomenally developed, and unable even to speak. For the first weeks she was quite dangerous, growling and biting, or throwing anything that came handy at the other patients, or any one who displeased her. But gradually she was won by Suor E——'s invariable kindness, and her firmness in reproving the wild outbreaks of temper. And now she is simply her shadow, happy only when with her, helping her, and doing her bidding.

The ward is not nearly full, many of the patients having left to spend Christmas with their families. I do not know most of those who remain, for I seldom come to this ward, my work being in the medical one. We only give them cakes and sweets, and a *santino*; but they seem delighted, and Suor Elisabetta receives the surplus, promising to distribute with discretion to those who to-day were not in fit condition for feasting. She unfastens her bunch of keys, giving them to Marietta, and placing the food in the child's skirt, as she bids her lock them away in the cupboard.

It is touching to see the little creature's pride at the importance of the commission, and the look of half-smiling, half-serious

content, with which she nestles up against the Suora after returning the keys. It is surely an example of the omnipotence of love.

It is now quite late for my friends, who have several other Christmas engagements to attend to; so we say good-bye to Suor Elisabetta and her 'children,' and go downstairs to do the same to Suor M—— and hers.

After seeing *qu'elle buone Signore* drive away, I return to the ward, and find that the Suora has gone to the convent, and the convalescents have placed the *Presepio* on the bed-table of one of the older patients, Caterina, and beguiled Teresina to give them all the bits of candle-ends she could collect. They have quite a supply of them placed in rows before the *Presepio*, and are busy lighting them as I come in.

Caterina sits up in bed, and to our astonishment begins to sing hymns to the Bambin Gesù, with a power and expression phenomenal in an elderly sick person. She seems galvanised into life, as she gesticulates with perfect grace, clasping her hands over her heart, or pointing them at the Christ-child, at the refrain, *Stringetelo al cuor*.

It is such a pretty picture altogether, the blaze of light shining on the little grotto, and the smiling or earnest faces of the patients in their white garments. Anna, with her pretty soft voice, whispers thanks to me and my friends for the little *festa*, shyly putting my hand to her lips as I lay it on her shoulder. We ask Caterina, after one or two other hymns, if she knows that delicious *Tu scendi dalle stelle*; and she sings it through from beginning to end, most of us joining softly in the chorus. There is something in the simple ingenuousness of this little poem which always goes straight to one's heart, and makes one feel almost like crying, as does anything really beautiful and good. These are the verses:—

A GESÙ BAMBINO.

Tu scendi dalle stelle
 O Re del Cielo
 E vieni in una grotta
 Al freddo, al gelo.
 O Bambino mio divino
 Io ti vedo qui tremar :
 O Dio beato,
 Ahi quanto ti costò
 L'avermi amato !

A te che sei del mondo
Il Creatore
Mancano pane e fuoco
O mio Signore.
Caro eletto pargoletto,
Quanto questa povertà
Pui m'innamora ;
Giacchè ti fece amor
Povero ancora.

Tu lasci del tuo Padre
Il divin seno
Per venire a penar
Su questo fieno ;
Dolce amore del mio cuore,
Dove amor ti trasportò ?
O Gesù mio,
Perchè tanto patir ?
Per amor mio.

Ma se fu tuo volere
Il tuo patire,
Perchè vuoi pianger poi
Perchè vagire ?
Sposo mio, amato Dio,
Mio Gesù, t'intendo sì ;
Ab mio Signore !
Tu piangi non per duol
Ma per amore.

Tu piangi per vederti
Da me ingrato
Dopo sì grande amor
Sì poco amato.
O diletto del mio petto,
Se già un tempo fu così :
Or te sol bramo,
Caro, non pianger più
Ch'io t'amo, io t'amo.

Tu dormi, o Gesù mio,
Ma intanto il core
Non dorme no, ma veglia
A tutte l'ore :
Deh ! mio bello e puro agnello,
A che pensi, dimmi tu ?
O amore immenso !
A morire per te,
Rispondi, io penso.

Dunque a morir per me
Tu pensi, O Dio :
E che altro fuor de te
Amar poss'io ?
O Maria, speranza mia,
S'io poc'amo il tuo Gesù ;
Non ti sdegnare,
Amalo tu per me
S'io nol so amare.

'Love him for me, if I know not how to love him.' . . . The pathos of this touches me infinitely. We do know so little how to love. 'He who loveth Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me.' And do not we rather spend our lives in struggling against 'our cross' in fleeing from it, and so refusing to 'follow Him' ? Yet surely there is no real peace but in its acceptance. In accepting we find peace, and even blessedness. Carlyle's 'everlasting Yea ; man can do without happiness, and so find blessedness.' . . . But Suor M—— comes in, and smiles benevolently on the little group, calling off Teresina to help in the concoction of the famous *sabaglione*. And as I feel sure she would like to have her 'children' all to herself for this the traditional part of the festivities, I discreetly retire, amidst a chorus of *Felicissima notte* and *Buon ripose* with the refrain of *Stringeteto al cuor* running in head and heart.

E. VERE.

THROUGH PINK GLASSES.

THE long-expected Life of Lord Tennyson by his son (modestly styled a Memoir, although it fills two substantial volumes) will, perhaps, be something of a disappointment to those readers who hunger after *personalia* and humorous anecdote. This is only as it should be, for the poet had often expressed strongly enough his detestation of the common practice of biographers—readers of 'The Dead Prophet' know how strongly. But to all real lovers of Tennyson the book will be deeply interesting. For many years the biographer acted as his father's secretary, and he presents us in these volumes with material enough to add considerably to our knowledge of the poet's inner life. There is, of course, an abundance of correspondence; and there is also an unexpectedly large number of hitherto unpublished poems, interesting in themselves, and even more interesting from the fact that their author decided to leave them unpublished. But perhaps the chief charm of the book consists in the conversations, and in the poet's literary notes and criticisms.

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Of a very different order, but scarcely less entrancing, are the late Mrs. Oliphant's annals of the publishing house of Blackwood, under the name of 'William Blackwood and his Sons: their Magazine and Friends.' There is plenty here to satisfy the most insatiable of anecdote-hunters. It could scarcely be otherwise, for the very names of 'Christopher North,' Lockhart, Maginn, and the rest of the band who contributed to the early numbers of the magazine, are eloquent of the days when periodical literature was a sort of open warfare, and contributors to magazines fought duels, hectoring their editors, and, in spite of princely pay, seemed to be in a state of chronic destitution. Samuel Warren, perhaps the vainest writer of his day, De Quincey, and 'George Eliot,' also figure among those who assisted to raise 'Blackwood's' to its once so dazzling height.

A third volume of the annals is promised, but not from the same hand. Mrs. Oliphant's much-regretted death came before she had finished correcting the proofs of the second volume.

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'St. Ives,' from which Stevenson turned, just before his death, to take up the unfinished 'Weir of Hermiston,' is now published in book form, with the concluding chapters by Mr. Quiller-Couch. I think there can be little doubt that this history of the adventures of a French prisoner in England will rank among the best of Stevenson's novels, handicapped as it is by lack of the author's revision, and still more by the weakness of his health at the time he wrote it. There is certainly no lack of spirit in the book; adventures succeed each other with unflagging rapidity, for the Vicomte de St. Ives is not the sort of hero to let the grass grow under his feet. He is, indeed, one of the best drawn, as he is one of the most enterprising, of his author's characters; he is as worthy a representative of the French as was Alan Breck of the Scottish soldier of his time, gay, chivalrous, endowed with the same light-hearted courage and the same touch of vanity.

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Perhaps the finest passage in the book is the account of the duel between the hero and the ruffianly Goguelat—a duel with scissors!—and the refusal of the latter, loyal in death, to betray the name of his assailant. It must be confessed that the heroine is not altogether satisfactory. Flora Gilchrist does not remove the reproach under which Stevenson always laboured—of being unable to draw a woman. But, for all that, there is a very pretty love-scene. Stevenson was always a master of dialogue; the reason of his common failure in depicting feminine character lay, I fancy, in a lurking belief that all women were alike inexplicable. He could not lay hold of any salient points, and was content to suppose that a girl was a mere 'bag of emotions.' 'Catriona' is generally held to contain the solitary exception to his list of feminine failures, but even Catriona is not entirely convincing.

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A new book by Mr. Rudyard Kipling is always acceptable. Surely no author ever took so much pains as he to saturate himself with the mode of life which he describes. In 'Captains Courageous' we all take passage with Harvey Cheyne on the Atlantic liner, and are swept off with him to continue our

journey on the fishing schooner *We're Here* of Gloucester. I do not know that life on an American fishing schooner has ever been painted before in fiction ; I am certain it has never been portrayed in so life-like a fashion. Disko Troop, the skipper, his son Dan, and all the curiously assorted crew, are admirably drawn ; and the hard work, the little jealousies, and the rough humour of a fishing fleet in the North Atlantic, are described with all the wealth of detail of which Mr. Kipling is so great a master. The picture is so convincing that the reader would be inclined to think Mr. Kipling had spent all his life fishing in these waters, did he not know some dozens of stories by the same author laid in widely different scenes, all of which bore the same evidence of (apparently) lifelong study.

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And yet, with all this, the book is a little disappointing. For one thing, there is practically no plot in the story at all. The idea is the transformation of Harvey Cheyne, son of an American railway magnate and millionaire, from an effeminate and pampered cub into a self-reliant, alert man of business. This is effected by his compulsory sojourn on the *We're Here*, where he is promptly taught his value as a man, apart from the prospective ownership of inherited dollars. The change is certainly very satisfactory from the point of view of Harvey's parents ; but it seems a slight motive on which to hang a whole volume. The fact is, that, in common with all Mr. Kipling's attempts to write a full-blown novel, 'Captains Courageous' is merely a short story, somewhat unduly expanded. The author desired an excuse for describing a season on the banks, and he found a very plausible one. So far as the motive will go, it is worked out, but the sea-life is all that really holds the reader. It is curious to notice how the interest of the story suddenly evaporates as soon as the *We're Here* comes into harbour. The book might just as well have stopped at this point—except that the general public must have a certain amount of material for its money.

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The making of anthologies has always been a pleasing relaxation for the man of letters. Nearly every season one or more of these collections make their appearance, purporting to be chosen upon a different plan, or from a new point of view. The second series of 'The Golden Treasury'—Professor Palgrave's legacy to lovers of poetry—is the most important of

those recently issued, and is welcome as adding some gems from the works of more modern poets to those in his former admirable selection. Tennyson, who was, of course, unrepresented in the old series, holds pride of place here, and it is evident that Mr. Palgrave had no mean opinion of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, and of Arthur O'Shaughnessy—names which are not often seen in collections of this sort.

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Mrs. Meynell—known herself as a graceful singer—comes forward with 'The Flower of the Mind, a choice among the best poems.' Her aim, I gather from the introduction, is to compile a selection from the whole body of English poetry from Chaucer to Wordsworth, 'by a gatherer intent upon nothing except the quality of poetry.' No doubt we have some few anthologies that do not answer to this description—as Mr. Henley's 'Lyra Heroica'—but I should have hesitated to term hers, as she does, the 'more rare attempt.' Yet another volume of selections is the 'Four Poets' of Mr. Oswald Crawford, compiled from the works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. One is inclined to wonder why Byron, a poet perhaps more representative of his age than any of these, should not be included. Messrs. George Bell and Sons send me one more anthology, of a rather different stamp—'The Silver Cross,' a collection of poems and hymns for the sick and suffering. It is arranged by Miss Helen Douglas, a daughter, I believe, of the Bishop of Aberdeen, and it has an introduction by Bishop Wilkinson; Whittier, Mrs. Browning, Newman, Keble, and Miss Procter are some of the poets laid under contribution by Miss Douglas, who prints also two or three verses of her own. The book is well edited, and the print and binding unexceptionable.

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I notice also that Mr. Henley is represented by a selection of 'English Lyrics.' No doubt there are several others, forthcoming or already published, which have escaped my notice. There seems no reason why every lover of poetry should not present the world with a bound volume of his, or her, favourite poems—except that the publishers would probably raise an objection. Any one can compile an anthology; one has only to mark passages (as Goldsmith did) with a red-lead pencil; but then, as that writer used to remark, with great gravity, 'A man shews his judgment in these selections, and a man may be twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.'

FROM MY ATTIC WINDOW.

The Business of Christmas. THE unceasing struggle of many lives, often the finest, is to keep details in their proper place.

Attention to details is essential. If the lambs' tails in the picture are not painted in, the picture will be spoiled. But your landscape is not all lambs' tails. They have to be subordinated and kept to their proper place, or the harmony will be wanting. The picture has to be made up of details, but the artist knows how to make the public forget that. They see only the end, the whole idea, the colouring.

'Carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,
Is not the imperative labour after all.'

Yes, but to do the carpet-dusting well, so as to keep the imperative labour in view, there is the difficulty. Failing to do that is why so many lives, especially so many women's lives, seem to have no colour about them, no harmony, no consistency. It is all lost in detail. They do not 'contend to the uttermost, their life's prize be what it will.' They do not so much as remember that there is a life's prize at all. They do not see that character-making is more important than dressmaking, temper more disastrous than a tear.

What they have done for all life, the majority of us have done for Christmas. We have killed the real festival under a mass of detail, we have made a business of our cheerfulness. And to make a business of any sentiment is to quench it outright. Those who are responsible for bringing out Christmas annuals are dead tired of it by the time it comes. The railway officials and the postmen cannot possibly see sentiments of peace and goodwill in a season that brings them anxiety and work which even tips cannot mitigate. Housekeepers in a lesser degree lose their remembrance of what it might be in a consciousness of what it is. It is only the children and lovers (who are for the time very childlike, bless them!) for whom Christmas is

still a time of delicious surprise and surprising delight, of gifts from no one knows where, and general goodwill. We cannot get back the snowy Christmas or the family coach. But we can get back or get forward to the true inwardness of the Christmas spirit. We can remember that in the matter of gifts it is infinitely more important how we give than what we give, that sentiment is more important than circumstance. We can grow more of the spirit of the children, to whom by right the Christ-mass belongs, and the essence of that spirit is simplicity and faith.

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**Courtship in
Early New
England.**

Evidently the widows and the widowers were the only people in the New England of the seventeenth century for whom life was anything but a vale of tears, if an account of social life at that time in the *Chicago Record* is anywhere near the truth. A girl who was unmarried was an 'ancient maid' at twenty-five, and as such was a source of mortification to her parents and brothers. And, to do the maidens justice, it must be said there seem very few of them who brought this form of disgrace on their upbringing. The bachelors seem to have had an equally unpleasant time, for they were taxed if they remained unmarried after a certain time. They were not permitted to choose their own places of residence, or to live alone; and if they resented these restrictions, and thought things that 'broke through language and escaped,' they were sold for a term into service, presumably to give them opportunity of pondering the advantages of matrimony. But when the poor young man had decided in favour of dual blessedness, his path was still hedged about by the kindly care of a grandmotherly hand. He could not make a 'motion of marriage' to any young woman without obtaining the consent of her kinsfolk. Imagine having to explain to an early Puritan audience, in solemn conclave assembled, the early risings of the shy first love! But the punishment that waited on neglect of this regulation was the whipping-post and cat-o'-nine tails—sufficient to make the young man ponder his ways and be wise in time.

But the lines of the widow and widower fall in much pleasanter places. Indeed, it must have been a problem to the New Englanders how to become a widow without the preliminary stages of maid and wife. Under the peculiar circumstances, I should have wished that widows, like poets, were born, and not

made! For they could court and be courted without any preliminary permission except their own. A widower with experience was preferred to a young man; and a widow under eighty could remarry as many times as she pleased, so much were they in request by wooers. It is surprising that any one was found willing to be the kind of preliminary experiment, and to die off opportunely. But love would have its way even in New England in the Puritan days.

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The Educated
Woman's
Problem.

One of the problems which are riddling our brows and worrying our hearts in these days is—How are educated women to find a living, by which I mean, make a living by their own efforts? Every single body of us who has any sympathy which can be tapped, is being continually sought out by girls who have been trained to do a little of everything, and nothing well. And it is so difficult to advise even those who are willing to be trained, which of course (if girls would only remember that it is 'of course!') is a *sine qua non* of remunerative work. Girls climb up the stairs to the corner of my Attic Window and hope, because it is near the stars, they will find wisdom here. But though I can always show them my sunset, provided they come at the right time, and give them my sympathy, I cannot always show them the right and best way to make a livelihood. I have heard of market-gardening, and piano-tuning, and opening tea-rooms, and mending bachelors' socks, and taking pet dogs out for an airing, but in none of those things does there seem to be an immediate opening for the girl in my window-seat. And I fancy every one feels as helpless as I do at times. There is the work, the right work, waiting for every one on this earth. But how to bring the right worker to the right work at the right time? That is the baffling question.

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The New
Bureau.

If things, including the National Council of Women Workers, are what they seem, which on a poet's authority we know they are not, it would appear that we are on the eve of better times. For in the Women's Employment Bureau, which is being started, will be found the concentrated wisdom of all the best authorities always ready, and always up to date, for the benefit of the would-be Woman Worker. Briefly, then, the Bureau, as it is sketched by Sir Walter Besant, and outlined in detail by the National Women's

Council, erstwhile known as the Women Workers Union, is this: That a Central Bureau be established in London, with branches in other towns, to become a sort of central sorting-house for sending the work to the worker, or the worker to the work. It will concern itself with work and pay, with employers and employed; it will be always on the alert to find fresh channels for the work of educated women; to learn from its branches in different towns where there are at the moment any openings for any special form of commerce or enterprise. By means of its affiliation to the International Council of Women, it will be able to do the same in other lands. Above all, it is to be practical, and it will demand from the women, for whom it is intended that they shall be practical too, and not demand *instantly* lucrative appointments, for which they have not had any special training. Mrs. Creighton is the President of the scheme, which is now rapidly crystallizing into a fact, and the Women's Council is at its back—or rather at its head. And these things make me really hopeful that the Bureau may become a genuine and useful factor in the life and prospects of the educated gentlewoman. For the Council has asked and obtained the advice and assistance of a large number of men and women who are specialists, and, in addition, the stores of information amassed by the Labour Department of the Board of Trade will be placed at its service. Here is an honest attempt at solving a problem. Let us at the very least be thankful.

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**The Drunken
Child.**

When the history of the social life of the latter half of the nineteenth century comes to be written, are there many things which will stain its pages more deeply than the story of our child drunkards? This expression is not one of effect, it is one of fact.

It was at the annual conference of one of the Women's Temperance Societies recently held in Bristol, that some terrible figures were brought forward and removed the subject from the dimness of imagination into the light of day and definiteness. Mrs. Vanse, a lady who works on the side of temperance in London, said, in her address on 'the drunken child,' that there were hundreds of children under thirteen who went to bed drunk every night. That thousands of babies were never sober—that is, never free from the influence of alcohol—from the hour they were born. That in London alone, out of 80,000 persons who went into public-houses on Saturday night, over 30,000 were

women, and a large percentage carried babies. That a small public house in the East End was visited by 137 children in ten minutes. And these things are only the fraction of the truth. This only takes London into account. What about Liverpool, and Hull, and Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and a score of other towns, yes, and villages too, where this is copied on a smaller scale? What about the unending effect of it all, the lives of those drink-sodden children, and the still more terrible prospects for the lives of their children?

"Do we hear those children weeping,
Ere the sorrows come with years?"

to echo, or rather to misquote, that other 'Cry of the Children.' Yes, we hear, but we cannot answer. We can only work and pray.

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Lord Aber-
deen and
his Appre-
ciations.

The Governor-General of Canada has a great deal for which to thank a certain delegate of Toronto. For hers was the ready wit that turneth away wrath.

At a Conference of Canadian women in Toronto the conversation turned on tea, it being a Temperance Conference. I presume it was on the merits of tea as a beverage. The President remarked that the Governor-General had praised the beverage supplied to him by the ladies at a public function, observing, 'That's the best tea I ever tasted.' A delegate from another place rose to her feet and informed the meeting that his Excellency had used the very same words in speaking of tea supplied by her own branch of the Union. The situation was then merely funny, but when a third delegate rose and stated that she also had received similar praise from Her Majesty's representative at a function in their district, things looked dark for the Earl of Aberdeen. But the situation was saved by the brilliant suggestion of the third speaker.

'It must be that we all use the same tea!' she said. The meeting with laughter forgave the too appreciative tea drinker.

But all situations are not saved so effectively. Indeed, the capacity not only for putting one's foot into the wrong place once, but of floundering hopelessly in one's efforts to extricate oneself, make social amenities a nightmare to those afflicted. A hostess, with whom I am most intimately acquainted, last week was welcoming a late arrival who apologised profusely for his late appearance. 'Oh, we really had not noticed it!' the amiable

hostess murmured. And if it had not been for the tactless laugh peculiar to husbands, she would have gone to bed quite happy. But her apologies covered her with confusion and social misery. It is only Irish beggars and the Royal Family who are never at a loss for a tactful rejoinder.

ANNIE GROSER HURD.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Faith of his Father, by Helen Shipton (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.). It was well said, by one of Miss Bremer's heroines, that there is no sorrow like that of losing esteem for one long looked up to and revered. When such a blow falls on an inexperienced lad, like the hero of Miss Helen Shipton's story, *The Faith of his Father*, one cannot wonder if his own religion suffers shipwreck, especially where much of it is imitation. To criticise the plot of this interesting tale would be to reveal it—a wrong both to author and readers—but we cannot refrain from a wish that Sherlock Holmes could have been called in at the catastrophe. 'One blast upon his bugle-horn' would have been well worth that bag of sovereigns. Two scenes in the book are strikingly dramatic; the one with the telephone, which might have been even more tragic than it is, and the other of the unconscious confession. The details of the flood are given with much spirit; and if there be something of anti-climax in the latter part of the volume, it is atoned for by the working out of the purpose; every evil impulse followed bringing its own retribution, as surely as every good one leads to something better still.

The Homeward Voyage, by Harry Collingwood (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.). When the experienced captain of a fast-sailing clipper consents, in the height of the gold fever, to ship two millions' worth of bullion for England, with no safeguard but a crew picked up anyhow in Melbourne, one may feel pretty sure that trouble is at hand. Under such auspices begins *The Homeward Voyage* (by Harry Collingwood, S.P.C.K.), a book of adventure for boys, in which they will find plenty to excite interest, though the author's style is too prolix not to invite occasional skipping. Of course the Melbourne crew are thieves, and so is one of the passengers, an American journalist, with a genius for conspiracy, joined to a stronger regard for his own personal safety than might have been looked for in the leader of such an enterprise. All of us, who are happy enough to enjoy the modern sea story, are familiar with the brave young man, who, either as an unappreciated lieutenant or (as in the present instance) a passenger who has served in the navy, is forced by circumstances to the front, and by his skill in navigation and general gallant qualities becomes the good genius of the conspirators' victims. How Jack Fortescue plays his difficult part, till one set of rogues rids him of another, and rescue comes for everybody, is told with unflagging spirit, such good measure being finally dealt to all the villains, that the reader is left in excellent spirits.

Seaton Court, by Maud Carew (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.). Of a different stamp, and appealing to different sympathies, is *Seaton Court*. It contains some pretty descriptions, and a good deal of gentle, kindly feeling, which would be more effective if we could sometimes lose the sense of unreality. That a warm-hearted girl of fourteen, brought up by such parents, in an atmosphere of faith and love, should herself have tasted the joy of personal religion is neither unnatural nor rare. The question is, whether she would have been so ready to talk about it, or capable of expressing herself so clearly and concisely. When she is dealing with Alwyn's doubts, she might be the teacher of a boys' Bible Class. We have to accept, as a feature of the present times, the introduction of scepticism into a story for young girls:

but, at any rate, the value of truth and sincerity in home life is well brought out, the predicament of the truth-teller being one that might well perplex a conscientious child. That any boy in the present day could be kept under a glass case, like Alwyn Dumaresq, till nearly sixteen, is as hard to believe as that any lad who came on a tall girl in a wood would ask her if she were Vivien or Maid Marian. We fear the author is no true lover of dogs. Spoilt as poor Colin evidently was, and very likely often a nuisance, a dog who was friendly enough to jump into your lap must have retained some remnant of a better nature that should have saved him from such general opprobrium, even though 'a favourite has no friends.' ANNA H. DRURY.

Wild Gwen, by Marie S. Tassell (S.P.C.K., 2s.). Wild Gwen is the curly-haired, high-strung, saucy, and enchanting little girl with whom we are all so familiar. Children with straight hair and an ordinary degree of common sense and propriety will soon feel deplorably commonplace. Gwen is in a school with a perfectly fiendish German governess, and the most injudicious head-mistress whom we ever encountered, even in fiction. There is the usual false accusation, ostracism and heroic endurance, told in an interesting way. Girls, especially if they don't go to school, will enjoy it; but we do not think that romantic emotionalism in the relations of girls and their teachers is altogether wholesome. Gwen's friends should have sent her to another school.

Miss Carr's Young Ladies, by M. Bramston (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.). This clever story appeared in the Scottish G.F.S. Magazine. Of all the young ladies who work for Miss Carr, we take the greatest interest in Kate Holder, brought up as a Secularist, and gradually brought to accept the truths of religion by the influence of the good Ethel Ives, the enthusiasm of Bell Mason—also a capital study—and also by the frank and innocent interest in the subject of her little brother. Alec is a delightful sketch, all the more pathetic because he is devoid of conventional pathos. There is not much story until the end; but all the talk is fresh and natural, and the good advice is unusually good.

The Red House by the Rockies, by Anne Mercier and Violet Watt (S.P.C.K., 9d.), is a very lifelike description of a household in the far West. The local colouring is so fresh and pleasant that it might have been worth while to work up the Indian Rising into something more of a story. It would have supplied many incidents.

The Siege Perilous, by Austin Clare (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.), is a very well-written and thoughtful story told in the first person by a little boy, the son of a Scotch soldier, in the earlier years of the century. The boy and his sister are left behind with Scotch grandparents—very well-drawn characters—and it is by the gradually working out of his natural selfishness that Roger finally can sit in the Siege Perilous. He does not, however, after all, win a very decisive victory over himself, and the allusions to the Arthur legends are not quite in keeping with the date of the story, which, however, is quite one of the best of the very excellent set of stories provided for us this year by S.P.C.K.

NATIONAL SOCIETY.

The National Society has its usual parcel of books, several of them for younger readers than usual. *Miss Barton's Bicycle* is borrowed without leave by two naughty children and lost for a time; and *The Two Ellens* have the one a good, the other a spoiling mother, and in consequence the latter catches scarlet fever, nearly dies, and reforms. *The Tuckers' Turkey* begins a volume of slight stories to be read at one sitting. *Plain Jeremiah*, by Audrey Curtis, is a shepherd lad, who falls in the way of the four most impertinent, ill-managed children we were ever called on to sympathise with. A soldier father would certainly have taught better discipline. Miss Bramston's *Told by Two* is on superior lines. The two are a nursery maid and

her nursling, looking back as grandmothers to their earlier days, and bringing out the effects of over-harshness on a timid nature. The latter part, when the maid is supposed to have stolen a case of diamonds, really thrown away by the girl in a jealous passion, is, we think, overdrawn. Such an accusation would certainly not be believed in her own parish, where her character and that of her family were well known.

Esmé Stuart has drawn, in *The Knights of Rosmullion*, a Don Quixote of a boy, to whom the Morte d'Arthur is as the hidalgos' books of chivalry, and his little sister is his Sancho, between her common sense and her faith in him.

One Red Rose, by Mary H. Debenham, is a very interesting story of a wild Irish girl and her stiff English aunt, who has to pay the yearly rent of a red rose as the tenure of her house.

The Sunday School Union has two excellent books, not at all on the Sunday School level, *Marion Hastings' Awakening* and *Making Allowances*, both by Edith Edwards.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Founded on Paper, by C. M. Yonge (National Society, 3s. 6d.). This story is concerned with the descendants of *The Carbonels*, and shows us the village of Uphill after sixty years of civilisation. Between 1830 and 1890 the villages have advanced in education, refinement, social position, and in all the pleasantness of life. We need hardly say that in both books they and their environment are described with what is really 'realism,' unexaggerated truth to life. Here, in this squire-led village, is all the development for which social reformers sigh, and the picture is not a fancy one. It would, no doubt, repay the impartial study of the advocates of 'secular' education; but it is also edifying for some who in these days are perhaps goaded into calling all education secular, or who have not left off thinking social improvement dangerous. Two wrongs will never make a right, and because some people think 'religious instruction' needless, its advocates, if they wish to carry on the work of their fathers, should not say that they 'care for nothing if they may teach the catechism,' or make remarks of that nature. The scholarly clergy and enthusiastic laymen who gave education to our villages gave it with no niggard hand, and the 'old times' were not times of stagnation or of freedom from change and development, as these tales well show. We hope Capt. Carbonel's descendants will continue to lead the van. The parson who taught Latin to his clever pupil teacher, the young lady who read 'The Christian Year' and 'Sintram' with her most thoughtful Sunday scholar, had no thought but of giving their pupils of their best.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Formby Reminiscences, by the Author of *Desultory Retravings*, with illustrations. (Gardner, Darton and Co.) This is an out-of-the-way book. Every word of it is true, and yet it has the grace, the appropriateness, the artistic completeness of a fancy picture. It is a book that one reads with a certain reverence, feeling that the ignorant hands of a critic are hardly justified in touching it. Indeed, criticism has not much business with these thoughts, set down both with pain and pleasure by a solitary, refined mind, which has lived on its own recollections for many years, and in writing them must have been moved more by the wish to have them in a concrete form than to make them known to the public. Yet the public has reason to be grateful; at least, that happy section of it which knows how to appreciate a book of this kind. Mrs. Jacson, herself a grandchild of the house, gives a most charming description of the life at Formby Hall during the second quarter of this century. The grandfather, squire and parson, white-haired, of flowing converse; the aunts with their different and noble characteristics; the wonderfully quaint poor people; the venerable house with its ancient customs, home of many centuries of Formbys; the sand-hills and sea, the garden, rabbit-warren, wood; all making up a paradise for the imaginative

child who spent so many happy holidays there, in an atmosphere which in these after years she has tried most successfully to make her readers share. She tells us little things; but they contain much. The book would be worth reading if only because it makes known to us the 'Aunt Mary,' who for so long was the guardian angel, the leading spirit of Formby Hall, and the object of her little niece's constant, unchanging love. It is good for us to study these patriarchal memories, to enter into minds so far removed, in old days of Formby loneliness, from the world's common life and thought. We can imagine that to some people, not too modern in their tastes, this book, small and attractive, will become a favourite companion. Its calm, old-world air is resting and refreshing in the hurry of to-day.

E.C.P.

Stray Thoughts on Reading, by Lucy H. M. Soulsby (Longmans, Green and Co., 2s. 6d. nett.). The stray thoughts are very well worth sharing, and the essays on Dante, Wordsworth, and Browning especially strike us as exactly what is likely to be helpful to thoughtful girls when beginning to stretch up into new fields of thought and admiration. The lists of books are excellent, but why does the author say that they are not intended for real readers, but for unliterary folk who require encouragement to study? May a reviewer who never could claim to be a 'real reader' admit that they contain most appalling counsels of perfection? The theological list especially is calculated to frighten a bishop. But as an ideal they are excellently chosen. One exception we must take. The power to read 'old-fashioned' books is a note, not only of culture, but of the literary temperament. It is not the way, except under the personal influence that can do anything, to make ordinary girls begin to like superior books to give them those with which they have nothing in common. And Miss Soulsby is not up to date in her indictment of 'yellow backs.' Where else will she find the cheap editions of Mrs. Oliphant and Anthony Trollope—the very books she recommends? The books that 'every school-girl's library *should* be without,' to say nothing of those of most other people, have either crept about of late in modest brown and grey covers, or have worn sober and respectable cloth backs in the best of good taste! But we heartily recommend a little book calculated to make young readers think, judge, and select, none the less because in some cases we might judge a little differently ourselves.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life, from the letters of Major W. T. Johnson (A. D. Innes and Co., 6s.). These letters make an interesting contribution to the story of our soldiers' work in India. Major Johnson was at Rugby in the great days of Arnold, and carried their earnestness and conscientiousness into his future life. He went through the stirring times of the Indian Mutiny, and his letters give clear and extremely convincing accounts of all the events in which he shared. They have the note of perfect genuineness.

Perpetua: a Story of Nimes in A.D. 213, by S. Baring Gould (Isbister and Company, Limited), is a very interesting story of early Christian times, for which the author's name is a sufficient recommendation. *My Garden and Other Poems*, by Margaret Henderson (David Douglas), contains some very sweet and graceful verses, and would make a pretty Christmas present. *Floral Fancies*, by E. L. Williams (George Bell), is a tiny book containing little allegories and religious fancies, suggested by different flowers. They are prettily imagined. *The Time Spell*, by M. Carta Sturge (Arrowsmith, Bristol), is an occult story of a French chateau, a little in the style of Shorthouse, with very good illustrations. *The Penitent Pilgrim and Letters from Heaven* (David Nutt) are two sixpenny books, 'edited' by Mr. G. E. Watts, and are of a mystical character. The first appears to be taken from a seventeenth-century original, and is much the most interesting. *The Imperial Souvenir*, by Antony Salmone (David Nutt, 1s.), contains the last verse of God save the Queen, translated into every language spoken in the Empire. It is extremely curious and exciting to the imagination, and to a linguist would be most interesting.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p. 600.)

FIRST SHELF.

Christmas greetings should begin our Christmas China Cupboard. Chelsea China sends the best of good wishes to all her correspondents, old and new. One of them gently suggested to her that Homer sometimes nods. She begs them to forgive all the 'nods' that have led her to make mistakes and omissions during the past year, and hopes that a few 'wreathed smiles' may have made amends for them.

The China Cupboard papers, in their variety, and sometimes in their little errors with regard to rules, are a fine discipline for a woolly-headed person! Please, next year, read the rules and keep them. Stick to one *nom-de-plume* from January to December, and don't write on both sides of the paper. We have had some good compositions sent in, and some lively correspondence. We hope in 1898 for more of both.

NATIONAL UNION OF WOMEN WORKERS.

We suppose that the observer from the Attic Window will have looked out on the Croydon Conference and recorded her observations. The *Guardian* tells us that the way the conference was conducted was 'an education in itself,' and certainly it seems to Chelsea China, that more even than the helpful advice of experts in our own subjects, more even than the 'eye-openers' we get from hearing of other people's interests, is the effect of the personal touch with the best of Women Workers. We ought to learn from what we have seen both how to speak and how to leave off speaking. Each one of us should take the chair at our local G. F. S., or other gathering, more efficiently from seeing the methods of the President of the National Conference. And more than all, we learn that we can have no difficulties which others have not faced, no hopes that others do not share. It is the great advantage of great meetings that we are cured of saying, 'Down here, that is impossible,' 'My girls can never be stirred up,' and so on. As we listen to one experienced worker after another, we find that our discouragements are far from being unique.

VARIETY SUBJECT FOR OCTOBER.

Give all the information possible about a wayside hedge.

Charming papers have been received on this subject from *Brown Linnet*, *Holly Leaf*, *Doronicum*, *Skena Vaw*, *Sir Bors*, and *Thames Valley*. They all contribute information, but on the whole deal more in description. *Brown Linnet's* is the prettiest. *Thames Valley* very good. But on the

whole, Chelsea China feels that she has derived most information from *Winsfred Spurling* and *Enots*, and assigns the prize to the first. Our studies of nature always produce excellent papers, though fewer than might be wished. They are always good reading.

GIVE ALL THE INFORMATION POSSIBLE ABOUT A WAYSIDE HEDGE.

In these frugal days, the fiat has gone forth against hedges—on the score of expense, taking up of space above, and encroachments of hungry roots below ground.

About here buildings on wire fences take their place.

So the particular wayside hedge I wish to describe may be looked upon as an antique.

I cannot vouch for the age of each tree and bush, but the road was hedged and ditched, at least in the reign of 'Our Lord Sovereign the King, in Eltham' (Henry VIII.), for it is mentioned in a survey under the heading of 'Presentment of Highways;' but it may be older than his reign.

There is an old-fashioned sound about the words used in hedging and ditching; such as *cop*, *quickset*, *dub*, and *plashing*.

A *cop* is the name for a hedge raised on a bank.

Before planting a hedge, the ground should be prepared, dug a spit deep, and, if low and swampy, a sloping ditch should be made and a bank raised with the earth taken out of the ditch, and the bushes planted on the top; if the ground is high and dry the bushes should be planted at the bottom of the bank, and no ditch should be made, as it drains the moisture from the roots.

A *quickset* hedge means a living hedge; hawthorns being often used for the purpose, they are called quicks. The autumn is the best time to plant them, when about three years old; if planted at an angle of 45 degrees instead of upright, they throw out more branches.

To *dub* is to give a quick stroke with a slashing hook, instead of clipping the hedges. A skilled hedger dubs upwards; this prevents the stems from splitting, and rain cannot lodge in and decay them. Hedges should be dubbed twice a year, and cut right in or down once in eight years; they should be trimmed in the shape of a cone, then every part is equally exposed to light, air, and rain. If cut perpendicularly, the lower branches perish, and cause gaps in the hedge. The best way to fill a gap is by *plashing*.

Plashing means layering the lower stems; namely, cutting half through the stem underneath a shoot and pegging it into the ground, so that through the cut roots will form.

Either through the changeable soil or unskilful dubbing, the hedge I am writing about is most luxuriant in places, stunted in others. It extends for some distance—a road on one side, fields on the other.

It begins with a row of tall elms, the Common Elm and the Wych Elm—*Ulmus suberosa* and *campêstris*. The leaves are now a bronze-green; low bushes of elm and maple, *acer campêstris*, follow; the maples have been severely cut back, so have not such a wealth of golden leaves as usual. Then come a line of the Common Beech, *Fâgus sylvatica*—their thin, shrivelled, yellow leaves cling to the branches all the winter; the Hornbeam, *Cârpînus Bêtilus*, which also keeps its elm-shaped leaves; and the evergreen Privet, *Ligûstrum vulgâre*—its old name of Prim-wort fits it well, the small, dull, green leaves always look neat. Just now it is covered with green berries turning black.

For some way further, maple and hawthorn, *Cratægus Oxyacînthâ*, seem planted in regular order, and are cut properly.

But then the hedge seems to grow wild, and there comes a thick tangle of briars, brambles, ivy, elders, hawthorns, blackthorns, crabs, oaks, hazels,

and hollies, of all shapes and sizes. This part of the hedge must be very old ; it is certainly the most picturesque.

The hollies are magnificent ; some are crowned with scarlet berries. Perhaps it was from these trees that branches were pulled to decorate Eltham Palace, when Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., and Henry VIII. each spent a merry Christmas there.

In one place an oak, *Quercus pedunculata*, and a holly, *Ilex aquifolium*, grow side by side, and a briar clings to them, the rose hips mingling with the holly-berries. This sight made me think of Shakespeare's words—

'The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips ;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you.'

Plenty of birds hop about the branches and partake of Nature's bounty, and they repay her by being such clever hedgers. For instance, it is almost a hopeless task to fill up a gap in an old hedge with a new shrub ; unless the bank is pulled to pieces and fresh sods put in it, the shrub is sure to die ; but often a bird drops a seed or berry into the earth, and it grows and flourishes into a strong bush.

This accounts for the presence of a snowberry bush, *Symphoricarpos racemosus*—birds are fond of the white berries, and one must have brought it in its beak from a distant garden. It must be comparatively young to the rest of the hedge, as it was a novelty introduced from North America in 1817.

The hawthorns have gnarled, lichen-stained old branches ; some of the leaves are red, others are insect-eaten. They are sparsely dotted with haws, in spite of their thick covering of blossom last May.

The leaves of the crab-apple, *Pyrus Malus*, are turning purple ; in May its pink-and-white blossom beautified the hedge.

The sloe, or blackthorn, *Prunus spinosa*, is losing its leaves. It was the first bush to flower in the spring ; its tiny white stars studded the bare branches in March, before the leaves came.

The hazel, *Corylus Avellana*, has golden leaves amongst the green, and is bearing flowers for the second time this year. In the spring it was covered with long catkins.

The oak leaves, which were raw-sienna and brown-pink in June, have deepened to burnt-sienna and crimson.

The elder, *Sambucus nigra*, has only one cluster of purple berries left on it.

Most of the bushes recur several times, but there are a few single specimens, such as—

A wild cherry, *Prunus Avium*, which had drooping clusters of white flowers in May, and has now bright crimson leaves.

An alder buckthorn, *Rhamnus Frangula*, with slender madder-brown stems and smooth green leaves. Its green flowers bloomed in May ; it now bears a few deep-purple berries.

And a box-tree, *Buxus sempervirens*, which has seen better days ; now it resembles a well-worn toothbrush. It has a thick grey stump, out of which grow a few sprouts of oval, shining, evergreen leaves.

After a time the bank grows lower and lower, until it merges into the ditch, through which water runs ; by the side grow the common ash, *Fraxinus excelsior*, and the white willow, *Salix alba*.

Here ends the hedge proper.

I wish that with honesty I could remove mentally to this hedge two bushes that grow in a lane a few fields off. They are the Dwarf Birch, *Betula nana*, and the Spindle-tree, *Eubonymus Europæus*, which is now covered with beautiful square coral berries.

Bacon says that hedges should be built upon 'carpenter's worke,' and

most hedges have a temporary fence to protect the young bushes from the browsing of cattle.

In parts of this hedge young saplings, supported by forked branches, have been used as a rail. Polecats, hedgehogs, and kites used to breed in the hedges about, at the beginning of this century.

This is all the real information I can give about the hedge ; but often as I walk solitary along it (alas ! the ubiquity of the bicycle will soon prevent this), I seem to see an ancient herbalist (several lived near here), and he darts from one bush to another, gathering simples to fill his wallet—hazel nuts to make his prescription for a cold in the head.

'Take small note kennels and roost hem, and ete hem with a lytyl powder of pepyr, when thou gost to bed.'—Elder blossoms because they are 'singular good for the inflammation of wounds'—beech-leaves because they are cool and binding, therefore 'good to be applied to hot swellings to discuss them ;' and willow-leaves because, 'when you have the crampe, if it doe come of a hot cause, annoynte the sinews with the oyle of water-lillies and willows and roses.'—WINIFRED SPURLING.

A WAYSIDE HEDGE.

This we take to mean a hedge in the sense of a simple hedgerow, otherwise to 'give all the information possible' about all the various kinds of living fences and living walls of our waysides, with their endless variety of construction, berries, leaves, fruits, flowers, bird and insect life, must be impossible in the space allotted to the subject by the 'Monthly Packet.' We will, then, select an old-fashioned hedgerow, originally made by planting two rows of young hawthorn plants at a distance of several feet apart. This hedge we will suppose to have been neglected for many years, with the result that few of the original hawthorn plants have survived, some having been broken off, some choked by weeds, some having died owing to dry seasons and other causes, the few survivors having attained the size of small trees. Then the rest of our hedge is composed of a tangled mass of plant growth, forming an impenetrable fence, beautiful in its wildness.

But let us examine more closely into its component plants. Here are hazel bushes, and young oak trees, grown from nuts and acorns, probably dropped by Nature's carriers, the squirrels ; also many different species of the wild rose, whose seeds were brought there by others of Nature's carrier-planters, the birds and the field mice, field voles, and shrews. Some of these creatures have also brought into our hedgerow the seeds of the blackberry, holly, elder, privet, and blackthorn. Then we find the willow and willow bushes, whose fluffy catkin seeds have been wafted to our hedge by the spring breezes, together with those of the poplars and aspen. And besides all these, and forming part of the hedge, are the honeysuckle, with its fragrant flowers ; the gorse or furze, with its golden bloom and scent of apricots ; broom, with its yellow masses of flowers ; bird-cherry, with its white tassel-like sprays, often called wild lilac ; the guelder rose (which, as every one knows, is not a rose at all), with its curious white clusters ; its near relation, the wayfaring tree ; buckthorn, with its purple berries and rich autumnal tints ; the elegant birch ; mountain ash or rowan tree, with its bunches of coral in autumn ; dogwood or cornel, with its ever-changing tints of leaf and branch ; the spindle tree, with its wax-like seed vessels, brightening up our hedge in winter ; elder, with its rich dark purple clusters of berries, which make the rustic wine ; the glossy ivy climbing over and covering all bare stems within its reach, and many other shrubs and plants besides. And then to complete our hedgerow, we find here and there a timber tree, of ash, oak, elm, beech, or sycamore, which has outgrown and overtopped the rest of the hedge, and affords a welcome shade on the road beneath.

Next let us look into the wild life of our hedgerow, which adds so much

to its interest. In early spring from some conspicuous branch we hear the welcome notes of the cuckoo, the harbinger of spring, and the charming songs of the thrush and the blackbird, the robin and the hedgesparrow, the monotonous song of the yellowhammer, and the 'spink' of the chaffinch. We also see, taking a last toll from Nature's bounteous store of berries, the last of our winter friends, the fieldfare and the redwing. A few months later, in the bushes, shrubs, and trees of our hedgerow, we find advantage taken of every convenient nook or hole by our bird friends, wherein to place their nests and start the family home. The list is still too long to give in full, although the number of our useful birds is sadly diminishing year by year, must I say owing to the continuance of the thoughtless fashion of wearing feathers as trimmings, etc.? I fear I must. Here, however, we may perhaps find the nest of the magpie, built on the highest branch and domed with thorns; the nests of the thrush and blackbird, built in a fork of one of the lower shrubs; the neat, mossy nest of the chaffinch, resembling so nearly its surroundings as to be very difficult to find; the home of the spotted flycatcher, built upon some jutting branch; the nest also of the greenfinch, built in the thickest leafy hawthorn bush; and in the summer and early autumn months our hedge is alive with the little tits, and our many warblers come from southern climes, all of whom help in keeping down our insect foes.

And last and least comes the host of caterpillar and insect life, of which almost every plant, tree, and shrub in our hedge has its own peculiar kinds, besides the many that are equally common to several plants, trees, and shrubs alike. Thus the hawthorn's caterpillar foes number upwards of twenty-four different kinds, the willow and poplar have twice as many, and the oak upwards of a hundred, while the bird-cherry has only one or two such foes.

With all this wealth of life and beauty our wayside hedge becomes an endless study of animal and plant life, beautiful to the eye and instructive to the mind.—ENOTS.

PRIZE WINNER FOR OCTOBER.

Miss Winifred Spurling, 18, Kidbrook Park, Blackheath.

SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER.

Describe *one* Christmas custom, personally observed.

SECOND SHELF.

PROSE COMPOSITION FOR OCTOBER.

A Pair of Friends. A Sudden Cause of Dispute. A Discovery. A Reconciliation.

Chelsea China has found it very difficult to choose between two or three of these papers. *Holly Leaf* has perhaps the best incident, but *Shamrock's* dispute is the most neatly turned out of hand. *Robin's* is the prettiest, though it should have been stated somewhere that the children were American, as they obviously are. *Dinah Doe's* cause of dispute is too big for the space and for the occasion. *Winifred Spurling's* and *Brown Linnets* are also very good.

On the whole, *Holly Leaf* must have the prize. *Shamrock*, whose signature is new and very welcome, is added.

TWO FRIENDS.

They were both old men, though one was 'slightly older than the other. John Bunyan was eighty-six, and Sandy Sharpe seventy-nine. They were both ugly—quite difficult to say which was the ugliest. John Bunyan had five front teeth left, and Sandy Sharpe only four. They were staunch friends these two; they always sat together at the kirk, and presented each other with peppermints to suck during the sermon, the only difference between the two sets of peppermints being that Sandy's were always wrapped up in a little piece of newspaper, and John's were just loose in his pocket, and as likely as not two or three bits of tobacco would come out at the same time as the peppermints. But, alas! the best of friends will part; and one terribly sad Sunday the Established Kirk 'Mount Zion' saw only Sandy seated within its walls; naughty old John Bunyan had walked a mile further on, and gone to the 'Free.'

'Me and John hae cast oot,' was all that could be got out of Sandy.

And 'Hoots,' followed by a grunt, was the extent of John's confidence when tackled by his nearest neighbour on the subject. The dispute had not been in word, but rather in deed.

It was Saturday night, it was raining hard, and John's rheumatics were troubling him, and all his snuff was done. He reached down exactly enough money from the shelf to buy a quarter of a pound more; then, thrusting the money at Sandy, said, 'Gang to the shop, and see and no be lang.' Sandy soon arrived back, threw his parcel on the table, and without a word, shuffled out of the house and went home.

'What's up wi' Sandy the nicht?' was John's inward comment on his friend's unusual behaviour, as with a grunt of satisfaction he filled his mull, preparatory to taking a pinch. 'There is something wrang here surely,' as he examined the snuff close to the light. 'Eh! Sandy, I wadna hae thoct it o' you.'

That was a sad, dreary week for the two friends that followed; never a word or a nod between them.

At the end of the week Sandy's laird arrived to call upon John, anxious to sift this grave matter to the bottom. From John he heard how 'Sandy had played him fause;' instead of buying him 'yon graund coorse kind of snuff,' he had bought him an inferior quality and kept the extry siller.'

'John, my man, it is you that is Sandy's debtor this time,' said the laird quietly; 'he bought you the best kind as a surprise.'

Off trudged John to Sandy with a newspaper parcel, which he deposited on his bed. 'It's grandfaither's funeral hat; maybe ye'll wear it to-morrow when we gang to Mount Zion thegither.'—HOLLY LEAF.

A PAIR OF FRIENDS. A SUDDEN CAUSE OF DISPUTE. A DISCOVERY.
A RECONCILIATION.'

It was true! Miss Payne was alone, for the first time these twenty years. She and Miss Anderson, two old maiden ladies, had lived together in that same little red house for what seemed to the villagers countless ages. And Miss Anderson had gone suddenly, taking a 'sight of luggage,' as old Joe Green told Mrs. Jones, when discussing this wonderful event, and fabulating many tales to account for the parting of such devoted friends.

'It is all Jock's fault,' sighed poor Miss Payne, in the now solitary drawing-room, looking pensively at the fat terrier on the rug, who, at this remark, gave a faint groan, which caused Miss Payne to rush (if her frail little toddle could be termed 'rushing') to hug and pet him. 'You are my own dearest dog!' she whispered. 'Matilda shan't poison you—no, she shan't!' (This very vindictively for such a mild-looking little lady.) Then, suddenly remembering her loss, she was reduced to tears, and murmured

between her sobs—'I was too hasty! . . . I will have Jock! . . . It is my own house . . . I saw her giving him arsenic . . . it was arsenic! . . . she could not deny it! . . . and she told me she gave it as a tonic . . . a tonic! . . . that's what I call prevaricating, and that Matilda should stoop!' . . . Here a fresh burst of tears cut short all power of articulation.

Days went by. The villagers missed seeing the old ladies pass on their daily walk, and the children rejoiced in no longer meeting Jock on their return from school, for Jock had a liking for children's legs. Miss Payne always said, 'It was so sweet of him,' and it wounded her feelings when Miss Anderson chastised him, saying severely, 'Perhaps it is not so sweet for the children!'

The truth was Jock was ill, and Miss Payne was forced to send for the veterinary, in whom she had great faith, but longed at the same time for Matilda's advice, till, remembering the evil intentions of the latter with regard to Jock, she would cry out, 'She has killed you, darling, I believe! I am thankful she has gone!'

The veterinary came, and seemed not much alarmed at the dog's state, but advised Miss Payne to feed him less, and promised to send a tonic. 'But,' he added, moving towards the door, 'I must warn you not to give more than the exact dose—half a drop. It is arsenic, a poison, you—'

Here a scream from Miss Payne cut short his advice, and he ran back in time to support her into a chair, where she seemed ready to faint.

'But I assure you,' the poor man hastened to add, 'arsenic is the best tonic for dogs, if the proper dose is given.'

Miss Anderson returned, having received an imploring letter from Miss Payne, who was in a fever of delight at having her dear Matilda back. And on any fine afternoon the trio may be seen walking down the village street, while Miss Payne constantly asserts that 'Matilda is the best authority on dogs!'

CLASS LIST FOR OCTOBER.

DISTINCTION.—*Shamrock, Robin.*

CLASS I.

Dinah Doe, Winifred Spurling, Brown Linnet, Carlotta (omitted by mistake in August), *Miranda, Scotland Yard.*

CLASS II.

Lindum, Cynthia, Frideswide.

PRIZE WINNER FOR OCTOBER.

Miss Lucy B. Drummond-Hay, Seggieden, Perth, Scotland.

SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER.

The London Express.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. What tree

'Wreathes its old fantastic roots so high?'

2. Who did two ladies consider might lie under a tea-cup or

'creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio?'

3. Who

'rode sublime

Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,

The secrets of th' abyss to spy?'

4. Who were (a) 'pensive Selima,' (b) 'young Misagathus,' (c) 'my Lady Squeamish?'

5. What happened because

‘a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear’?

6. On what kind of stool did the immortal Alfred sit?

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER QUESTIONS.

(From the works of THOMAS GRAY and WILLIAM COWPER.)

1. ‘Yonder nodding beech.’ (GRAY’S ‘Elegy,’ l. 101.)
2. ‘A wicked imp they call’d a poet,’ *i.e.* GRAY himself. (‘A Long Story,’ st. 11 and 17.)
3. Milton. (GRAY’S ‘Progress of Poesy,’ III. 2.)
4. (a) A favourite cat, drown’d in a tub of gold-fishes. (Poem of same name—GRAY.) (b) ‘A scorner of God and goodness, who tried to urge his horse over a precipice in vain, but afterwards met the same death he had sought.’ (COWPER, ‘The Task,’ bk. vi.) (c) A sensitive plant. (‘As for you, my Lady Squeamish, who reckon every touch a blemish.’) (COWPER, Fables—‘The Poet, The Oyster, and The Sensitive Plant.’)

5.

‘Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might
As he had done before.’

(COWPER, ‘John Gilpin,’ ver. 52.)

6.

‘Joint-stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A mossy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat.’

(COWPER, ‘The Task,’ bk. i.; ‘The Sofa,’ l. 18–21.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

A. C. R., A. E. L., All-Fours, Atalanta, Athena, Cavalier, Cymraes, Dianora, Double-Dummy, Eupareia, Eleanor, E. T., F. R. D., Helen, Holly-Leaf, Isabel, Kittiwake, Lenore, Malaprop, Mesech, Scott, Sophonisba, Syndicate, The Bratchet, Trimmer, W. Adey, White Cat, Workman, Irnham, Melton Mowbray, Questing Beast, 36; Feu-Follet, Findhorn, Honeylands, Nemo, S. G. Newstead, Aspley Guise, 34; Elmira, Isolda, R. V. H., 30; M. R. A., 26; M. P. Okeden, 23.

Fourteen Streams is credited with 36 marks for September.

Feu-Follet.—You lost marks from going too far afield to seek the ‘Tuscan Artist.’ However, as you gave the reference to Galileo as well, they shall be restored!

Malaprop.—You gave no reference at all to the poem in Ans. 4 to September. Read notice to Ans. No. 5.

Truham.—You did not answer the first part of Question 1 from Milton, either in the letter or in the spirit. The whole point of the answer lies in the misquoted ‘Lest bad men should boast,’ etc. You only answered Part 2 of the question.

S. G. Newstead.—Your answers were credited to *Heather*, which *nom de plume* you used in a previous set of answers.

NOTICE.—Next year it is proposed to make certain differences in the marks awarded for the Search Questions, so as to give more scope for various degrees of difficulty in the questions and excellence in the answers. The method of the questions will also be slightly varied, to give as wide an interest as possible, and to suit all tastes.

N.B.—Competitors (*new and old*!) are particularly requested to read and attend to the Rules—given each month on the last page.

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

(From various authors.)

1. Who was so fair that she made her pearls look dusky?
2. What was kept in Cluny's cage?
3. Who were (1) Pleyson of Undershott, (2) 'Colombe of Ravesteyn,'
- (3) Annabel Lee?
4. Who said that 'when she was born a star danced'?
5. Where are these lines?—

'The autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying;
Old age begins sighing.'

6. Who said this?—'Every matter hath two handles—by the one it may be carried; by the other, not. If thy brother do thee wrong, take not this thing by the handle, *He wrongs me*; for that is the handle whereby it may not be carried. But take it rather by the handle, *He is my brother, nourished with me*; and thou wilt take it by a handle whereby it may be carried.'

QUERY.

Will any of the China Cupboard readers tell 'Norna' where to find 'The Knight of Intercession,' by the Rev. S. J. Stone, or be kind enough to copy it for her, if not too long?

IN MEMORIAM—F. W.

Among our earlier contributors may be gratefully remembered Florence Wilford, who passed from this world on the 21st of September.

She was the daughter of a military family; but on her mother's death, soon after her birth, she was placed under the care of her great-aunt, one of those highly cultivated and exquisitely refined ladies whom the modern world is apt to suppose far less advanced than themselves.

Unconsciously perhaps, the relations between herself and her aunt, and later the sudden plunge into family life in a garrison town, were portrayed in 'A Maiden of Our Own Day,' which has the rare merit of delicacy of touch and feeling in showing the ways of an officer's family.

This, as well as 'Christina,' first appeared in the 'Churchmen's Companion,' but Miss Wilford's earliest publication was 'The Master of Churchill Abbots.' To serve the cause of the Church, especially in writing for little children, was her special desire—almost dedication. 'Play and Earnest,' 'Uncle Mark's Snowballs,' 'Little Lives and a Great Love,' and 'The King of a Day' all breathe this spirit, and are full of playful humour.

In our own pages 'Dominie Freylinghausen' was a well-studied and excellent piece of work on American days before the time of Independence, and she also gave us several excellent Christmas stories; but her most ambitious work was 'Nigel Bartram's Ideal,' where a sensational story written in early days becomes the bane of a young wife's life.

All Miss Wilford's writings are full of keen observation and a peculiar grace and humour, kept under constant restraint by high and deep principle. Those who knew her best could see that there was a power in her that might have resulted in strong tragedy and equally developed irony if her native delicacy and recoil from everything doubtful had not kept it in check. It might be the worse for the writer, but the better for the woman.

Cares and sorrows set in upon her thickly after the loss of her good old aunt and the break-up of her home; but the sweet energy and playful spirit revived whenever it was possible, and 'A Mother and her Sons,' her last publication, is a useful contribution to Church homely literature.

We take leave of Florence Wilford with the feeling that the much-trying, patient spirit of a saint has been among us.—CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Chelsea China must endorse all praise of a most delicate and peaceful writer, who, but for health, would have made a much wider mark.

ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION.

CLASS LIST FOR OCTOBER.

CLASS I.

Gem, 38; *Double Dummy*, *Thames Valley*, and *Green Mantle*, 33; *Oka*, 30.

CLASS II.

Maiden Aunt, 23.

CLASS III.

M. P. Overden, 14.

REMARKS.

Gem's was a very good paper. She obtained full marks for questions 2 and 3.

Thames Valley and *Cobweb* drew very good plans, and obtained full marks for that question.

Double Dummy also drew a good plan of Agincourt.

Maiden Aunt mistook question 3, which accounts for her low number of marks.

M. P. Overden's answers were too scanty. She should read more widely on the subjects.

The question least well answered was number 2. The effect of the war was bad for both England and France. England could not hold France, and though the brilliant successes may have given an impetus to national life at the outset, the inevitable failure to keep what was won counteracted it. The country became demoralised by the long war, and when it was over the disbanded soldiers became a vexation and danger. The Wars of the Roses may be attributed largely to the French wars.

QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Discuss with table the Yorkist claim to the throne. Compare it with that of Prince Edward.
2. Describe the state of England in fifteenth century.
3. Give a life and character of Warwick the king maker.
4. Give shortly the course of events in the Wars of the Roses.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

MODERN ORGANISATIONS AND DEVELOPMENTS.

QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

41. Mention the chief religious orders founded in this reign, and say what is their general ideal.
42. Of what utility (as a method of work) are societies within the Church? Name ten of the greatest of this reign, including some for women.
43. Give some account of the beginning of Keble College, and of any other modern efforts for the better training of the clergy.
44. A short account of Temporary Parochial Missions, Harriet Monsell; Retreats, Father Lowder.

ADDITIONAL QUESTION.

(Optional.)

What are the uses of the study of Church history?

Books recommended:—Perry's and Hore's *Church Histories*, *Official Year-book of the Church of England*; *Harriet Monsell*, by Rev. T. S. Carter (Masters and Co.); *Charles Lowder*, by the author of *St. Theresa*, 3s. 6d. (Kegan Paul); *Reports* of various societies.